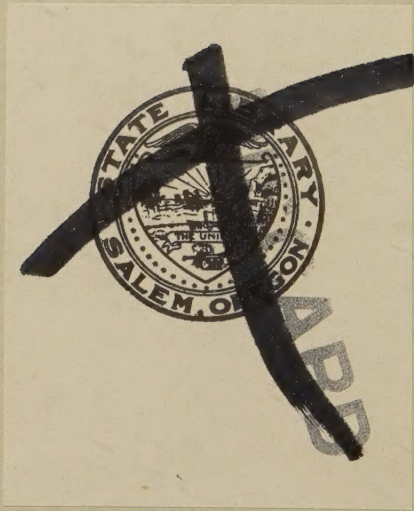
STATE
SALEM, OREGON

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

RIVERSIDE EDITTON.

VOLUME IX.

ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY.

BY

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY.
The Riverside Press, Cambridge.
1880.

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The Riverside Press, Cambridge:
Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

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ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN

WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

LETTER I.

My dear Sir:

When I had the pleasure of meeting you at Ch——, for the second time in my life, I was much concerned to remark the general dejection of your manner. I may now add, that I was also much surprised; your cousin's visit to me having made it no longer a point of delicacy to suppress that feeling. General report had represented you as in possession of all which enters into the worldly estimate of happiness,—great opulence, unclouded reputation, and freedom from unhappy connections. That you had the priceless blessing of unfluctuating health, I know upon your own authority. And the concurring opinions of your friends, together with my own opportunities for observation, left me no room to doubt that you wanted not the last and mightiest among the sources of happiness,—a fortunate constitution of mind, both for moral and intellectual ends. So many blessings as

these, meeting in the person of one man, and yet all in some mysterious way defeated and poisoned, presented a problem too interesting, both to the selfish and the generous curiosity of men, to make it at all wonderful that at that time and place you should have been the subject of much discussion. Now and then some solutions of the mystery were hazarded; in particular I remember one from a young lady of seventeen, who said, with a positive air, "That Mr. M——'s dejection was well known to arise from an unfortunate attachment in early life," which assurance appeared to have great weight with some other young ladies of sixteen. But, upon the whole, I think that no account of the matter was proposed at that time which satisfied myself, or was likely to satisfy any reflecting person.

At length the visit of your cousin L—— in his road to Th—— has cleared up the mystery in a way more agreeable to myself than I could have ventured to anticipate from any communication short of that which should acquaint me with the entire dispersion of the dejection under which you labored. I allow myself to call such a disclosure agreeable, partly upon the ground that where the grief or dejection of our friends admits of no important alleviation, it is yet satisfactory to know that it may be traced to causes of adequate dignity; and, in this particular case, I have not only that assurance, but the prospect of contributing some assistance to your emancipation from these depressing recollections, by coöperating with your own efforts in the way you have pointed out for supplying the defects of your early education

L — explained to me all that your own letter had left imperfect; in particular how it was that you came to be defrauded of the education to which even your earliest and humblest prospects had entitled you; by what heroic efforts, but how vainly, you labored to repair that greatest of losses; what remarkable events concurred to raise you to your present state of prosperity; and all other circumstances which appeared necessary to put me fully in possession of your present wishes and intentions.

The two questions which you addressed to me through him I have answered below: these were questions which I could answer easily and without meditation; but for the main subject of our future correspondence, it is so weighty, and demands such close attention (as even *I* find, who have revolved the principal points almost daily for many years), that I would willingly keep it wholly distinct from the hasty letter which I am now obliged to write; on which account it is that I shall forbear to enter at present upon the series of letters which I have promised, even if I should find that my time were not exhausted by the answers to your *two questions below.*

To your first question,— whether to you, with your purposes and at your age of thirty-two, a residence at either of our English universities, or at any foreign university, can be of much service? — my answer is, firmly and unhesitatingly, no. The majority of the undergraduates of your own standing, in an academic sense, will be your juniors by twelve or fourteen years; a disparity of age which could not but make your society mutually burthensome. What, then is

it that you would seek in a university? Lectures? These, whether public or private, are surely the very worst modes of acquiring any sort of accurate knowledge; and are just as much inferior to a good book on the same subject, as that book hastily read aloud, and then immediately withdrawn, would be inferior to the same book left in your possession, and open at any hour, to be consulted, retraced, collated, and in the fullest sense studied. But, besides this, university lectures are naturally adapted, not so much to the general purpose of communicating knowledge, as to the specific purpose of meeting a particular form of examination for degrees, and a particular profession to which the whole course of the education is known to be directed. The two single advantages which lectures can ever acquire, to balance those which they forego, are either, *first*, the obvious one of a better apparatus for displaying illustrative experiments than most students can command; and the cases where this becomes of importance it cannot be necessary to mention; *second*, the advantage of a rhetorical delivery, when *that* is of any use (as in lectures on poetry, &c.). These, however, are advantages more easily commanded in a great capital than in the most splendid university. What, then, remains to a university, except its libraries? And with regard to those the answer is short: to the greatest of them undergraduates have not free access; to the inferior ones (of their own college, &c.) the libraries of the great capitals are often equal or superior; and, for mere purposes of study, your own private library is far preferable to the Bodleian or the Vatican. To you, therefore, a uni-

versity can offer no attraction except on the assumption that you see cause to adopt a profession; and, as a degree from some university would in that case be useful (and indispensable except for the bar), your determination on this first question must still be dependent on that which you form upon the second.

In this second question you call for my opinion upon the 11th chapter of Mr. Coleridge's Biographia Literaria, as applied to the circumstances in which you yourself are placed. This chapter, to express its substance in the most general terms, is a dissuasion from what Herder, in a passage there quoted, calls "Die Authorschaft:" or, as Mr. Coleridge expresses it, "the trade of authorship;" and the amount of the advice is, — that, for the sake of his own happiness and respectability, every man should adopt some trade or profession, and should make literature a subordinate pursuit. On this advice, I understand you to ask, *first*, whether it is naturally to be interpreted, as extending to cases such as yours; and, *second*, if so, what is my judgment on such advice so extended? As to my judgment upon this advice, supposing it addressed to men of your age and situation, you will easily collect, from all which I shall say, that I think it as bad as can well be given.

Waiving this, however, and to consider your other question, — in what sense, and with what restrictions, the whole chapter is to be interpreted, — that is a point which I find it no easy matter to settle. Mr. Coleridge, who does not usually offend by laxity and indecision of purpose, has, in this instance, allowed

the very objects of his advice to shift and fluctuate before him; and, from the beginning to the end, nothing is firmly constructed for the apprehension to grasp, nor are the grounds of judgment steadily maintained. From the title of the chapter (an affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors), and, from the express words of Herder, in the passage cited from him as the final words of the chapter, which words discountenance "authorship" only as "zu früh oder unmässig gebraucht" (practised too early, or with too little temperance), it would have been a natural presumption that Mr. Coleridge's counsels regarded chiefly or altogether the case of very youthful authors, and the unfortunate thirst for premature distinction. And if this had been the purpose of the chapter, excepting that the evil involved in such a case is not very great, and is generally intercepted by the difficulties which prevent, and overpunished by the mortifications which attend any such juvenile acts of presumption, there could have been no room for differing with Mr. Coleridge, except upon the propriety of occupying his great powers with topics of such trivial interest. But this, though from the title it naturally should have been, is *not* the evil, or any part of it, which Mr. Coleridge is contemplating. What Mr. Coleridge really has in his view are two most different objections to literature, as the principal pursuit of life; which, as I have said, continually alternate with each other as the objects of his arguments, and sometimes become perplexed together, though incapable of blending into any real coalition. The objections urged are: *First.* To literature con-

sidered as a means of livelihood; — as any part of the resources which a man should allow himself to rely on for his current income, or worldly credit, and respectability; here the evils anticipated by Mr. Coleridge are of a high and positive character, and such as tend directly to degrade the character, and indirectly to aggravate some heavy domestic evils. *Second.* To literature considered as the means of sufficiently occupying the intellect. Here the evil apprehended is an evil of defect; it is alleged that literature is not adequate to the main end of giving due and regular excitement to the mind and the spirits, unless combined with some other summons to mental exercise of periodical recurrence, — determined by an overruling cause, acting from without, — and not dependent therefore on the accidents of individual will, or the caprices of momentary feeling springing out of temper or bodily health. Upon the last objection, as by far the most important in any case, and the only one at all applicable to yours, I would wish to say a word; because my thoughts on that matter are from the abundance of my heart, and drawn up from the very depths of my own experience. If there has ever lived a man who might claim the privilege of speaking with emphasis and authority on this great question, — By what means shall a man best support the activity of his own mind in solitude? — I probably am that man; and upon this ground, that I have passed more of my life in absolute and unmitigated solitude, voluntarily, and for intellectual purposes, than any person of my age whom I have ever either met with, heard of, or read of. With such pretensions, what is it that I offer as the result

of my experience — and how far does it coincide with the doctrine of Mr. Coleridge? Briefly this: I wholly agree with him that literature, in the proper acceptation of the term, as denoting what is otherwise called *Belles Lettres*, &c.,— that is, the most eminent of the fine arts, and so understood, therefore, as to exclude *all science* whatsoever, — is not, to use a Greek word, *αὐτάρκης*, — not self-sufficing; no, not even when the mind is so far advanced that it can bring what have hitherto passed for merely literary or *æsthetic* questions under the light of philosophic principles; when problems of "taste" have expanded to problems of human nature. And why? Simply for this reason,— that our power to exercise the faculties on such subjects is not, as it is on others, in defiance of our own spirits; the difficulties and resistances to our progress in these investigations are not susceptible of minute and equable partition (as in mathematics); and, therefore, the movements of the mind cannot be continuous, but are either of necessity tumultuary and *per saltum*, or none at all. When, on the contrary, the difficulty is pretty equally dispersed and broken up into a series of steps, no one of which demands any exertion sensibly more intense than the rest, nothing is required of the student beyond that sort of application and coherent attention which, in a sincere student of any standing, may be presumed as a habit already and inveterately established. The dilemma, therefore, to which a student of pure literature is continually reduced — such a student, suppose, as the Schlegels, or any other man who has cultivated no acquaintance with the severer sciences — is this: either he studies lit-

erature as a mere man of taste, and perhaps also as a philologer, — and in that case his understanding must find a daily want of some masculine exercise to call it out and give it play, — or (which is the rarest thing in the world), having begun to study literature as a philosopher, he seeks to renew that elevated walk of study at all opportunities ; but this is often as hopeless an effort as to a great poet it would be to sit down upon any predetermination to compose in his character of poet. Hence, therefore, — if (as too often it happens) he has not cultivated those studies (mathematics, *e. g.*) which present such difficulties as will bend to a resolute effort of the mind, and which have the additional recommendation that they are apt to stimulate and irritate the mind to make that effort, — he is often thrown by the very cravings of an unsatisfied intellect, and not by passion or inclination, upon some vulgar excitement of business or pleasure, which becomes constantly more necessary to him.

I should do injustice to myself if I were to say that I owed this view of the case solely to my own experience ; the truth is, I easily foresaw, upon the suggestion almost of an instant, that literature would not suffice for my mind with my purposes. I foresaw this, and I provided for it from the very first ; but how ? *Not* in the way recommended by Mr. Coleridge, but according to a plan which you will collect from the letters I am to write, and which, therefore, I need not here anticipate. What, however, you you will say (for *that* is the main inquiry), what has been the success ? Has it warranted me to look back upon my past life, and to pronounce it upon

the whole a happy one? I answer in calmness, and with sincerity of heart, Yes. To you, with your knowledge of life, I need not say that it is a vain thing for any man to hope that he can arrive at my age without many troubles; every man has his own, and more especially he who has not insulated himself in this world, but has formed attachments and connections, and has thus multiplied the avenues through which his peace is assailable. But, setting aside these inevitable deductions, I assure you that the great account of my days, if summed up, would present a great overbalance of happiness; and of happiness during those years which I lived in solitude, of necessity derived exclusively from intellectual sources. Such an evil, indeed, as time hanging heavy on my hands, I never experienced for a moment. On the other hand, to illustrate the benefits of my plan by a picture of the very opposite plan, though pursued under the most splendid advantages, I would direct your eyes to the case of an eminent living Englishman, with talents of the first order, and yet, upon the evidence of all his works, ill-satisfied at any time either with himself or those of his own age. This Englishman set out in life, as I conjecture, with a plan of study modelled upon that of Leibnitz; that is to say, he designed to make himself (as Leibnitz most truly was) a *Polyhistor*, or Catholic student. For this reason, and because at a very early age I had become familiar with the writings of Leibnitz, I have been often tempted to draw a parallel between that eminent German and the no ess eminent Englishman of whom I speak. In many things they agreed; these I shall notice at some

other opportunity; only in general I will say, that, as both had minds not merely powerful, but distinguished for variety and compass of power, so in both were these fine endowments completed and accomplished for works of Herculean endurance and continuity, by the alliance of a bodily constitution resembling that of horses. They were centaurs, — heroic intellects with brutal capacities of body. What partiality in nature! In general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the great lottery of this life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach; but that any man should draw both is truly astonishing, and, I suppose, happens only once in a century. Thus far (as indeed much further) they agreed. The points of difference were many, and not less remarkable. Two I shall allege as pertinent to the matter before me. First, I remarked that Leibnitz, however anxious to throw out his mind upon the whole encyclopædia of human research, yet did not forget to pay the price at which only any *right* to be thus discursive can be earned He sacrificed to the austerer muses. Knowing that God geometrizes eternally, he rightly supposed that in the universal temple Mathesis must furnish the master-key which would open most shrines. The Englishman, on the contrary, I remarked to have been too self-indulgent, and almost a voluptuary in his studies; sparing himself all toil, and thinking, apparently, to evade the necessity of artificial power by an extraordinary exertion of his own native power. Neither as a boy nor as a man had he submitted to any regular study or discipline of thought. His

choice of subjects had lain too much amongst those dependent upon politics, or other fleeting interests; and, when this had not happened, yet never amongst those which admitted of *continuous* thinking and study, and which support the spirits by perpetual influxes of pleasure, from the constant sense of success and difficulty overcome. As to the use of books, the German had been a discursive reader, — the Englishman, a desultory reader.

Secondly, I remarked that Leibnitz was always cheerful and obliging, most courteous and communicative to his fellow-laborers in literature or science; with a single exception (which rests, I think, as the sole stain upon his memory), just, and even generously just, to the claims of others; uncensorious, and yet patient of censure; willing to teach, and most willing to be taught. Our English contemporary was not, I think, naturally less amiable than Leibnitz · and therefore I ascribe it to his unfortunate plan of study — leaving him, of necessity, too often with no subjects for intellectual exertion but such as cannot be pursued successfully, unless in a state of genial spirits — that we find him continually in ill-humor, distempered and untuned with uncharitable feelings; directing too harsh and acrimonious a spirit of criticism always against the age in which he lives, sometimes even against individuals; querulous[1] under criticism, almost to the extent of believing himself the object of conspiracies and organized persecution; finally (which to me is far the gloomiest part of the picture), he neither will consent to believe that any man of his own age (at least of his own country) can teach *him* anything, — professing all

his obligations to those *who are dead*, or else to some rusty old German; nor, finally, will he consent to teach others, with the simple-minded magnanimity of a scholar, who should not seek to mystify and perplex his pupil, or to illuminate only with half-lights, nor put himself on his guard against his reader, as against a person seeking to grow as knowing as himself. On the contrary, who should rejoice to believe — if he could believe it — that all the world knew as much as himself; and should adopt as his motto (which I make it my pride to have done from my earliest days) the simple grandeur of that line in Chaucer's description of *his* scholar:

"That gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

Such were the two features of difference which I had occasion perpetually to remark between two great scholars, in many other features so closely resembling each other. In general these two features would be thought to exist independently; but, with my previous theory of the necessity, in all cases, that, with studies of so uncertain and even morbid an effect upon the spirits as literature, should be combined some analytic exercise of *inevitable* healthy action, in this respect it was natural that *I* should connect them in my mind as cause and effect; and, in that view, they gave a double attestation to Mr. Coleridge's advice where it agrees with mine, and to mine where it differs from his.

Thus far I have considered Mr. Coleridge's advice simply as it respects the student. But the object of his studies is also entitled to some consideration. If

it were better for the literary body that all should pursue a profession as their ἔργον (or business), and literature as a πάρεργον (an accessary, or mere by-business), how far is literature itself likely to benefit by such an arrangement? Mr. Coleridge insists upon it that it will; and at page 225 he alleges seven names, to which at page 233 he adds an eighth, of celebrated men, who have shown "the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment." On various grounds it would be easy, I think, to cut down the list, as a list any way favorable for Mr. Coleridge's purpose, to one name, namely, that of Lord Bacon. But, waiving his examples, let us consider his arguments. The main business, the ἔργον, after exhausting a man's powers during the day, is supposed to leave three hours at night for the πάρεργον. Now, we are to consider that our bright ideal of a literatus may chance to be married, — in fact, Mr. Coleridge agrees to allow him a wife. Let us suppose a wife, therefore; and the more so, because else he will perhaps take one without our permission. I ask, then, what portion of these three hours is our student to give up to the pleasure of his wife's society? For, if a man finds pleasure in his wife's company at any time, I take it for granted that he would wish to spend the evening with her. Well, if you think so (says Mr. Coleridge, in effect, who had at first supposed the learned man to "retire into his study"), in fact, he need *not* retire. How then? Why, he is to study, not in his study, but in his drawing-room, whilst "the social silence, or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister, will be like a restorative atmos-

phere." Silence, by the way, is a strange mode of social pleasure. I know not what Mr. Coleridge does when he sits with a young woman; for my part, I do "mon possible" to entertain her, both with my wit and my wisdom; and am happy to hear *her* talk, even though she should chance to be my own wife; and never think of tolerating silence for one instant. But, not to quarrel about tastes, what is this "sister" that so pleasantly intrudes herself into the party? The wife, I understand; but, in the north of England, or any place where I have lived, wives do not commonly present men with sisters, but with children. Suppose, then, our student's wife should give him a son; or, what is noisier, a daughter; or, what is noisier than either, both? What's to be done then? Here's a worshipful audience for a philosopher! — here's a promising company for "undisturbing voices," and "social silence!" I admire Mr. Coleridge's way of blinking this question, of masking this youthful battery with "a sister." Children, however, are incidents that do and will occur in this life, and must not be blinked. I have seen the case again and again; and I say it, and say it with pain, that there is no more respect for philosophy amongst that lively part of society than Mr. Coleridge and I have for French philosophy. They may, however, be banished to their nursery. True; but, if they are ever admitted to the drawing-room, in houses where not so much company is kept, I observe that this visit is most interesting to all parties in the evening; and, if they would otherwise be admitted, no good-natured student would wish to have their expulsion charged upon his books. After

all, however, it is clear that Mr. Coleridge's voice is for the "retiring" system; and he gives us pretty plainly to understand (p. 230) that it is far better for men to be separated from their wives throughout the day. But, in saying this, he forgets that, in the case under consideration, the question is not so properly whether they are ever to be separated, as whether they are ever to meet. Indeed, taking what Mr. Coleridge says on the subject as addressed to literary men especially, I know not why they should be supposed likely to make unhappy marriages more than other men. They are not called upon to pass more of their time with their wives than country gentlemen, or men generally without a profession. On the other hand, if we are to understand the words of Mr. Coleridge as of universal application, I hope that he gives us a very unfair view of the average tenor of life in this important particular. Yet, if it be settled that men will quarrel, and must quarrel with their wives, or their wives with them, unless separated, would not a large screen meet the emergency? Or, might not the learned man, as soon as breakfast is ended, bow to his wife and withdraw to his library, where he might study or be sulky according to his taste, leaving her for the rest of the day to amuse or to employ herself in the way most agreeable to her sex, rank, and previous education? But, in whatever way this difficulty may be disposed of, one point is clear to my judgment: that literature must decay unless we have a class *wholly* dedicated to that service, — not pursuing it as an amusement only, with wearied and preöccupied minds. The reproach of being a "*nation boutiquiére*," now so

eminently inapplicable to the English, would become indeed just, and in the most unfortunate sense just, if, from all our overstocked trades and professions, we could not spare men enough to compose a garrison on permanent duty for the service of the highest purposes which grace and dignify our nature.

You will not infer from all this any abatement in my old respect for Mr. Coleridge's great and various powers; no man admires them more. But there is no treason, I hope, in starting a little game now and then from the thickets of *The Friend*, the *Biographia Literaria*, or even from Mr. Coleridge's *Sermons*, considering that they are *Lay* ones. Young men must have some exercise this frosty weather. Hereafter I shall have occasion to break a lance with Mr. Coleridge on more difficult questions; and very happy I shall be if the amusement which I shall make it my business to strike out, by my hammering, from the flinty rock of his metaphysics, should either tempt any one to look into his valuable writings, or should tempt Mr. Coleridge to sally out of his hiding-place into a philosophic passion, and to attack me with the same freedom. Such an exhibition must be amusing to the public. I conceive that two trancendentalists, who are also two ——s, can hardly ever before have stripped in any ring. But, by the way, I wish he would leave transcendentalism to me and other young men; for, to say the truth, it does not prosper in his hands. *I* will take charge of the public principles in that point, and he will thus be more at leisure to give us another *Ancient Mariner*, which, I will answer for it, the whole literary body would receive with gratitude and a fervent "plaunite."

LETTER II.

OUTLINE OF THE WORK. — NOTICE OF FORMER WRITERS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

My dear M—— :

In this, my second and last letter of preface, I shall settle the idea and the arrangement of my papers. There will be in all about seven, of which four will exhibit the material on which the student is to work ; the other three, the tools with which the workmanship is to be conducted. First, *what* is to be done, and, secondly, *how* is the natural and obvious distribution of the work ; that is to say, the business is to assign, first, the end, and, secondly, the means. And, because the end should reasonably determine the means, it would seem natural that, in the arrangement of the work, all which relates to *that* should have precedency. Nevertheless, I mean to invert this order, and for the following reason : All that part of the means, which are so entirely determined by the end as to presuppose its full and circumstantial development, may be concluded specially restricted to that individual end. In proportion to this restriction they will, therefore, be of narrow application, and are best treated in direct connection, and concurrently with the object to

which they are thus appropriated. On the other hand, those means or instruments of thought, which are sufficiently complex and important to claim a separate attention to themselves, are usually of such large and extensive use that they belong indifferently to all schemes of study, and may safely be premised in any plan, however novel in its principles or peculiar in its tendencies. What are these general instruments of study? According to my view they are three, — first, Logic; secondly, Languages; thirdly, Arts of Memory. With respect to these, it is not necessary that any special end should be previously given. Be his end what it may, every student must have thoughts to arrange, knowledge to transplant, and facts to record. Means which are thus universally requisite may safely have precedency of the end; and it will not be a preposterous order if I dedicate my first three letters to the several subjects of Logic, Languages, and Arts of Memory, which will compose one half of my scheme, leaving to the other half the task of unfolding the course of study for which these instruments will be available. Having thus settled the arrangement, and implicitly, therefore, settled in part the idea or *ratio* of my scheme, I shall go on to add what may be necessary to confine your expectations to the right track, and prevent them from going above or below the true character of the mark I aim at. I profess, then, to attempt something much higher than merely directions for a course of reading. Not that such a work might not be of eminent service; and in particular at this time, and with a constant adaptation to the case of rich men, not literary, I am

of opinion that no more useful book could be executed than a series of letters (addressed, for example, to country gentlemen, merchants, &c.) on the formation of a library. The uses of such a treatise, however, are not those which I contemplate; for, either it would presume and refer to a plan of study already settled, — and in that light it is a mere complement of the plan I propose to execute, — or else it would attempt to *involve* a plan of study in the course of reading suggested; and *that* would be neither more nor less than to do *in concreto*, what it is far more convenient, as well as more philosophical, to do (as I am now going to do) directly and *in abstracto*. A mere course of reading, therefore, is much below what I propose; on the other hand, an organon of the human understanding is as much above it. Such a work is a labor for a life; that is to say, though it may take up but a small part of every day, yet could it in no other way accumulate its materials than by keeping the mind everlastingly on the watch to seize upon such notices as may arise daily throughout a life under the favor of accident or occasion. Forty years are not too large a period for such a work; and my present work, however maturely meditated, must be executed with rapidity. Here, in fact, I do but sketch or trace in outline (ὡς ἐν τυπῳ περιλαβειν) what there it would become my duty to develop, to fill up in detail, to apply, and to illustrate on the most extensive scale.

After having attempted in my first part to put you in possession of the best method for acquiring the *instruments* of study; and, with respect to logic in particular, having directed a philosophic light upon

its true meaning and purpose, with the hope of extinguishing that anarchy of errors which have possessed this ground from the time of Lord Bacon to the moment at which I write; I then, in the second division, address myself to the question of *ends*. Upon which word let me distinguish: upon ends, in an absolute sense, as ultimate ends, it is presumption in any man to offer counsel to another of mature age. Advice of that sort, given under whatever hollow pretences of kindness, is to be looked upon as arrogance in the most repulsive shape; and to be rejected with that sort of summary disdain, which any man not of servile nature would testify towards him who should attempt to influence his choice of a wife. A student of mature age must be presumed to be best acquainted with his own talents and his own intellectual infirmities, with his "forte" and his "foible," with his own former experience of failure or success, and with the direction in which his inclinations point. Far be it from me to violate by the spirit of my counsels a pride so reasonable, which, in truth, I hold sacred. My scheme takes an humbler ground. *Ends*, indeed, in a secondary sense, the latter half professes to deal with; but such ends as, though bearing that character in relation to what is purely and merely instrumental, yet again become *means* in relation to ends absolutely so called. The *final* application of your powers and knowledge it is for yourself only to determine; my pretensions in regard to that election are limited to this,—that I profess to place you on a vantage ground from which you may determine more wisely, by determining from a higher point of survey. My purpose is not to map

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the whole course of your journey, but to serve as your guide to that station at which you may be able to lay down your future route for yourself. The former half of my work I have already described to you; the latter half endeavors to construct such a system of study as shall combine these two advantages: 1. Systematic unity; that is, such a principle of *internal* connection, as that the several parts of the plan shall furnish assistance interchangeably. 2. The largest possible compass of *external* relations. Some empires, you know, are built for growth; others are essentially improgressive, but are built for duration, on some principle of strong internal cohesion. Systems of knowledge, however, and schemes of study, should propose both ends: they should take their foundations broad and deep,

"And lay great bases for eternity,"

which is the surest key to internal and systematic connection; and, secondly, they should provide for future growth and accretion, regarding all knowledge as a nucleus and centre of accumulation for other knowledge. It is on this latter principle, by the way, that the system of education in our public schools, however otherwise defective, is justly held superior to the specious novelties of our suburban academies; for it is more radical, and adapted to a larger superstructure. Such, I say, is the character of my scheme; and, by the very act of claiming for it, as one of its benefits, that it leaves you in the *centre* of large and comprehensive relations to other parts of knowledge, it is pretty apparent that I do

not presume to suggest in what direction of these manifold relations you should afterwards advance; *that*, as I have now sufficiently explained, will be left to your own self-knowledge; but to your self-knowledge illumined at the point where I leave you by that other knowledge which my scheme of study professes to communicate.

From this general outline of my own plan, I am led by an easy transition to a question of yours, respecting the merits of the most celebrated amongst those who have trod the same ground in past times. Excepting only a little treatise of Erasmus, *de Ratione Studii*, all the essays on this subject by eminent continental writers appeared in the seventeenth century; and, of these, a large majority before the year 1640. They were universally written in Latin; and, the Latin of that age being good, they are so far agreeable to read; beyond this, and the praise of elegance in their composition and arrangement, I have not much to say in their behalf. About the year 1645, Lewis Elzevir published a *corpus* of these essays, amounting in all to four-and-twenty. In point of elegance and good sense, their merits are various; thus far they differ; but, in regard to the main point, they hold a lamentable equality of pretension — being all thoroughly hollow and barren of any practical use:[2] I cannot give you a better notion of their true place and relation to the class of works of which you are in search of, than by an analogy drawn from the idea of didactic poetry, as it exists in the Roman literature and our own. So thoroughly is this sometimes misunderstood, that I have seen it insisted on as a merit in a didactic poem, that the art which it

professed to deliver might be learned and practised in all its technicalities, without other assistance than that which the poem supplied. But, had this been true, so far from being a praise, it would instantly have degraded the poem from its rank as a work among the products of Fine Arts; *ipso facto*, such a poem would have settled down from that high intellectual rank into the ignoble pretensions of mechanic art, in which the metre, and the style which metre introduces, would immediately have lost their justification. The true idea of didactic poetry is this: either the poet selects an art which furnishes the *occasion* for a series of picturesque exhibitions (as Virgil, Dyer, &c.); and, in that case, it is true that he derives part of his power from the art which he delivers; not, however, from what is essential to the art, but from its accidents and adjuncts. Either he does this, or else (as is the case with Lord Roscommon, Pope, &c.), so far from seeking in his subject for any part of the *power*, he seeks in *that* only for the *resistance* with which he contends by means of the power derived from the verse and the artifices of style. To one case or other of this alternative all didactic poems are reducible; and, allowing for the differences of rhetoric and poetry, the same ideal must have presided in the composition of the various essays of the seventeenth century, addressed to students; the subject was felt to be austere and unattractive, and almost purely scholastic; it was the ambition of the writers, therefore, to show that they could present it in a graceful shape; and that under their treatment the subject might become interesting to the reader, as an arena, upon which skill was ex-

hibited, baffling or evading difficulties, even at the price of all benefit to the anxious and earnest disciple. *Spartam nactus es*, was their motto, *hanc exorna;* and, like Cicero, in his Idea of an Orator, with relation to the practical duties; or, Lord Shaftesbury, with relation to the accurate knowledge of the academic philosophy; they must be supposed deliberately to have made a *selection* from the arts or doctrines before them, for the sake of a beautiful composition which should preserve all its parts in harmony, and only secondarily (if at all) to have regarded the interests of the student. By all of them the invitation held out was not so much *Indocti discant*, as *Ament meminisse periti.*

In our own country there have been numerous "letters," &c., on this interesting subject; but not one that has laid any hold on the public mind, except the two works of Dr. Watts, especially that upon the "Improvement of the Mind." Being the most imbecile of books, it must have owed its success, 1. To the sectarian zeal of his party in religion — his fellows and his followers; 2. To the fact of its having gained for its author, from two Scotch universities, the highest degree they could bestow; 3. To the distinguished honor of having been adopted as a lecture-book (q. as an examination-book?) by both English universities; 4. To the extravagant praise of Dr. Johnson, amongst whose infirmities it was to praise warmly when he was flattered by the sense of his own great superiority in powers and knowledge. Dr. Johnson supposes it to have been modelled on Locke's Conduct of the Understanding; but surely this is as ludicrous as to charge upon Silence any

elaborate imitation of Mr. Justice Shallow. That Silence may have borrowed from another man half of a joke, or echoed the roar of his laughter, is possible; but of any more grave or laborious attempts to rob he stands ludicrously acquitted by the exemplary imbecility of his nature. No; Dr. Watts did *not* steal from Mr. Locke; in matters of dulness a man is easily original; and I suppose that even Feeble or Shallow might have had credit for the effort necessary to the following counsels, taken at random from Dr. Watts, at the page where the book has happened to fall open.

1. Get a distinct and comprehensive knowledge of the subject which you treat of; survey it on all sides, and make yourself perfect master of it; then (then! what then? — Think of Feeble making an inference. Well, "then") you will have all the sentiments that relate to it in your view; 2. Be well skilled in the language which you speak; 3. Acquire a variety of words, a *copia verborum*. Let your memory be rich in synonymous terms, p. 228, edit. 1817.

Well done, most magnanimous Feeble! Such counsels I suppose that any man might have produced, and you will not wish to see criticized. Let me rather inquire, what common defect it is which has made the works of much more ingenious men, and in particular that of Locke, utterly useless for the end proposed. The error in these books is the same which occurs in books of ethics, and which has made them more or less useless for any practical purpose. As it is important to put an end to all delusion in matters of such grave and general concern as the improvement of our understandings, or

the moral valuation of actions, and as I repeat that the delusion here alluded to has affected both equally (so far as they can be affected by the books written professedly to assist them), it may be worth while to spend a few lines in exposing it. I believe that you are so far acquainted with the structure of a syllogism as to know how to distinguish between the major and minor proposition; there is, indeed, a technical rule which makes it impossible to err; but you will have no need of *that*, if you once apprehend the *rationale* of a syllogism in the light under which I will here place it. In every syllogism one of the two premises (the major) lays down a rule, under which rule the other (the minor) brings the subject of your argument as a particular case. The minor is, therefore, distinguished from the major by an act of the *judgment, namely*, a subsumption of a special case under a rule. Now consider how this applies to morals: here the conscience supplies the general rule, or major proposition, and about this there is no question; but, to bring the special case of conduct, which is the subject of your inquiry, under this general rule; here first commences the difficulty, and just upon this point are ethical treatises for the most part silent. Accordingly no man thinks of consulting them for his direction under any moral perplexities; if he reads them at all, it is for the gratification of his understanding in surveying the order and relation amongst the several members of a system; never for the information of his moral judgment.

For any practical use in that way, a *casuistry*, that is, a subsumption of the *cases* most frequently recurring in ordinary life, should be combined[3] with the

system of moral principles,— the latter supplying the major (or normal) proposition ; the former supplying the minor proposition, which brings the special case under the rule. With the help of this explanation, you will easily understand on what principle I venture to denounce, as unprofitable, the whole class of books written on the model of Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*. According to Locke, the student is not to hurry, but again not to loiter ; not to be too precipitate, nor yet too hesitating ; not to be too confiding, but far less too suspicious ; not too obstinate in his own opinions, yet again (for the love of God !) not too resigned to those of others ; not too general in his divisions, but (as he regards his own soul) not too minute, &c. &c. &c.

But surely no man, bent on the improvement of his faculties, was ever guilty of these errors under these names, that is, knowingly and deliberately. If he is so at all, it is either that he has not reflected on his own method, or that, having done so, he has allowed himself in the act or habit offending these rules on a false view of its tendency and character ; because, in fact, having adopted as his rule (or major) that very golden mean which Mr. Locke recommends, and which, without Mr. Locke's suggestion, he would have adopted for himself, it has yet been possible for him, by an erroneous judgment, to take up an act or habit under the rule,— which with better advice he would have excluded ; which advice is exactly what Mr. Locke has — *not* given. Over and above all this, the method of the book is aphoristic ; and, as might be expected from that method, without a plan ; and which is partly the

cause and partly the consequence of having a plan without foundation.

This word *foundation* leads me to one remark suggested by your letter; and with that I shall conclude my own. When I spoke above of the student's taking his foundations broad and deep, I had my eye chiefly on the corner-stones of strong-built knowledge, namely, on logic; on a proper choice of languages; on a particular part of what is called metaphysics; and on mathematics. Now you allege (I suppose upon occasion of my references to mathematics in my last letter) that you have no "genius" for mathematics; and you speak with the usual awe (*pavor attonitorum*) of the supposed "profundity" of intellect necessary to a great progress in this direction. Be assured that you are in utter error; though it be an error all but universal. In mathematics, upon two irresistible arguments which I shall set in a clear light, when I come to explain the procedure of the mind with regard to that sort of evidence, and that sort of investigation, there can be no subtlety; all minds are levelled except as to the rapidity of the course, and, from the entire absence of all those acts of mind which do really imply profundity of intellect, it is a question whether an idiot might not be made an excellent mathematician. Listen not to the romantic notions of the world on this subject; above all listen not to mathematicians. Mathematicians, *as mathematicians*, have no business with the question. It is one thing to understand mathematics; another, and far different, to understand the philosophy of mathematics. With respect to this, it is memorable, that in no one of the great

philosophical questions which the ascent of mathematics has from time to time brought up above the horizon of our speculative view, has any mathematician who was merely such (however eminent) had depth of intellect adequate to its solution, without insisting on the absurdities published by mathematicians, on the philosophy of the *infinite*, since that notion was introduced into mathematics, or on the fruitless attempts of all but a metaphysician to settle the strife between the conflicting modes of valuing *living forces*;—I need only ask what English or French mathematician has been able to exhibit the notion of *negative quantities*, in a theory endurable even to a popular philosophy, or which has commanded any assent? Or again, what Algebra is there existing which does not contain a false and ludicrous account of the procedure in that science, as contrasted with the procedure in geometry? But, not to trouble you with more of these cases so opprobrious to mathematicians, lay this to heart, that mathematics are very easy and very important; they are, in fact, the organ of one large division of human knowledge. And, as it is of consequence that you should lose no time by waiting for my letter on that subject, let me forestall so much of it, as to advise that you would immediately commence with Euclid; reading those eight books of the Elements which are usually read, and the Data. If you should go no further, so much geometry will be useful and delightful; and so much, by reading for two hours a-day, you will easily accomplish in about thirteen weeks, that is, one quarter of a year.

LETTER III.

My dear Sir:

In my three following letters I am to consider, 1st, Languages; 2d, Logic; Arts of Memory; not as parts of knowledge sought or valued on their own account, but simply as the most general amongst the means and instruments of the student, estimated therefore with a reference to the number and importance of the *ends* which they further, and fairly to be presumed in all schemes of self-improvement liberally planned. In this letter I will speak of languages; my thoughts, and a twenty years' experience as a student, having furnished me with some hints that may be useful in determining your choice, where choice is at first sight so difficult, and the evils of an erroneous choice so great. On this Babel of an earth which you and I inhabit, there are said to be about three thousand languages and jargons. Of nearly five hundred you will find a specimen in the Mithridates of Adelung, and in some other German works of more moderate bulk.[4] The final purposes of this vast engine for separating nations it is not difficult in part to perceive; and it is presumable that those purposes have been nearly fulfilled; since there can be little doubt that within the next two

centuries all the barbarous languages of the earth (that is, those without a literature) will be one after one strangled and exterminated by four European languages, namely, the English, the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Russian. Central Africa, and *that* only, can resist the momentum of civilization for a longer period. Now, languages are sometimes studied, not as a key to so many bodies of literature, but as an object *per se;* for example, by Sir William Jones, Dr. Leyden, &c.; and where the researches are conducted with the enthusiasm and the sagacity of the late extraordinary Professor of Oriental Languages in Edinburgh, Dr. Alexander Murray, it is impossible to withhold one's admiration; *he* had a theory, and distinct purposes, which shed light upon his paths that are else "as dark as Erebus." Such labors conducted in such a spirit must be important, if the eldest records of the human race be important; for the affinities of language furnish the main clue for ascending, through the labyrinths of nations, to their earliest origins and connections. To a professed linguist, therefore, the natural advice would be — examine the structure of as many languages as possible; gather as many thousand specimens as possible into your *hortus siccus,* beginning with the eldest forms of the Teutonic, namely, the Visigothic and the Icelandic, for which the aids rendered by modern learning are immense. To a professed philologist, I say, the natural advice would be this. But to you, who have no such purposes, and whom I suppose to wish for languages simply as avenues to literature, not otherwise accessible, I will frankly say — start from this principle — that the act of

learning a language is in itself an evil; and so frame your selection of languages, that the largest possible body of literature *available for your purposes* shall be laid open to you at the least possible price of time and mental energy squandered in this direction. I say this with some earnestness. For I will not conceal from you, that one of the habits most unfavorable to the growth and sincere culture of the intellect in our day, is the facility with which men surrender themselves to the barren and ungenial labor of language-learning. Unless balanced by studies that give more exercise, more excitement, and more aliment to the faculties, I am convinced, by all I have observed, that this practice is the dry rot of the human mind. How should it be otherwise? The act of learning a science is good, not only for the knowledge which results, but for the exercise which attends it; the energies which the learner is obliged to put forth are true intellectual energies, and his very errors are full of instruction. He fails to construct some leading idea, or he even misconstructs it; he places himself in a false position with respect to certain propositions; views them from a false centre; makes a false or an imperfect antithesis; apprehends a definition with insufficient rigor; or fails in his use of it to keep it self-consistent. These and a thousand other errors are met by a thousand appropriate resources — all of a true intellectual character; comparing, combining, distinguishing, generalizing, subdividing, acts of abstraction and evolution, of synthesis and analysis, until the most torpid minds are ventilated, and healthily excited by this introversion of the faculties upon themselves.

But, in the study of language (with an exception, however, to a certain extent, in favor of Latin and Greek, which I shall notice hereafter), nothing of all this can take place, and for one simple reason, — that all is arbitrary. Wherever there is a law and system wherever there is relation and correspondence of parts, the intellect will make its way, — will interfuse amongst the dry bones the blood and pulses of life, and create "a soul under the ribs of death." But whatsoever is arbitrary and conventional, — which yields no reason why it should be this way rather than that, obeying no theory or law, — must, by its lifeless forms, kill and mortify the action of the intellect. If this be true, it becomes every student to keep watch upon himself, that he does not, upon any light temptation, allow himself an overbalance of study in this direction; for the temptations to such an excess, which in our days are more powerful than formerly, are at all times too powerful. Of all the weapons in the armory of the scholar, none is so showy or so captivating to commonplace minds as skill in languages. *Vanity* is, therefore, one cause of the undue application to languages. A second is the national *fashion*. What nation but ourselves ever made the language of its eternal enemy an essential part of even a decent[5] education? What should we think of Roman policy, if, during the second Punic war, the Carthaginian language had been taught as a matter of course to the children of every Roman citizen? But a third cause, which I believe has more efficacy than either of the former, is mere *levity*, — the simple fact of being unballasted by any sufficient weight of plan or settled purpose to pre-

sent a counterpoise to the slightest momentum this way or that, arising from any impulse of accident or personal caprice. When there is no resistance, a breath of air will be sufficient to determine the motion. I remember once that, happening to spend an autumn in Ilfracombe, on the west coast of Devonshire, I found all the young ladies whom I knew busily employed on the study of marine botany. On the opposite shore of the channel, in all the South Welsh ports of Tenby, &c., they were no less busy upon conchology. In neither case from any previous love of the science, but simply availing themselves of their local advantages. Now, here a man must have been truly ill-natured to laugh; for the studies were in both instances beautiful. A love for it was created, if it had not preëxisted; and, to women and young women, the very absence of all austere unity of purpose and self-determination was becoming and graceful. Yet, when this same levity and liability to casual impulses come forward in the acts and purposes of a man, I must own that I have often been unable to check myself in something like a contemptuous feeling; nor should I wish to check myself, but for remembering how many men of energetic minds constantly give way to slight and inadequate motives, simply for want of being summoned to any anxious reviews of their own conduct. How many cases have I known where a particular study — as, suppose, of the Hartleian philosophy — was pursued throughout a whole college simply because a man of talents had talked of it in the junior common-room? How many where a book became popular because it had been mentioned in the House of Commons?

How many where a man resolved to learn Welsh because he was spending a month or two at Barmouth? — or Italian because he had found a Milan series of the poets in his aunt's library? — or the violin because he had bought a fine one at an auction?

In 1808–9 you must well remember what a strong impulse the opening of the Peninsular War communicated to our current literature. The presses of London and the provinces teemed with editions of Spanish books, dictionaries, and grammars; and the motions of the British armies were accompanied by a corresponding activity among British compositors. From the just interest which is now renewed in Spanish affairs, I suppose something of the same scene will recur. Now, for my own part, — though undoubtedly I would, for the sake of Calderon alone (judging of him through a German translation), most willingly study the Spanish literature (if I had leisure), — yet I should be ashamed to do so upon the irrelevant and *occasional* summons of an interesting situation in Spanish affairs. I should feel that by such an act I confessed a want of preöccupation in my mind, — a want of self-origination in my plans, — an inertness of will, which, above all things, I do and ought to detest. If it were right for me (right, I mean, in relation to my previous scheme of study) to have dedicated a portion of my life to the Spanish literature, it must have been right before the Spanish politics took an interesting aspect. If it were not right, it could not become so upon a suggestion so purely verbal as the recurrence of the word Spanish in the London journals.

This, I am sure, you will interpret candidly. I am not supposing you less furnished with powers of self-determination than myself. I have no personal allusion or exception; but I suppose every man liable to be acted on unduly, or by inadequate impulses, so long as he is not possessed by some plan that may steady that levity of nature which is implied in the mere state of indifference to all settled plans. This levity, in our days, meets with an accidental ally in the extraordinary facilities for studying languages in the shape of elementary books; which facilities of themselves form a fourth cause of the disproportionate study given to languages. But a fifth cause occurs to me, of a less selfish and indolent character than any of the preceding; and, as it seems to me hardly possible that it should not influence you more or less to make your choice of languages too large and comprehensive, I shall tell you, from my own case, what may be sufficient to set you on your guard against too much indulgence to a feeling in itself just and natural. In my youthful days, I never entered a great library, suppose of one hundred thousand volumes, but my predominant feeling was one of pain and disturbance of mind, — not much unlike that which drew tears from Xerxes, on viewing his immense army, and reflecting that in one hundred years not one soul would remain alive. To me, with respect to the books, the same effect would be brought about by my own death. Here, said I, are one hundred thousand books, the worst of them capable of giving me some pleasure and instruction; and before I can have had time to extract the honey from one twentieth of this hive, in all likelihood I

shall be summoned away. This thought, I am sure, must often have occurred to yourself; and you may judge how much it was aggravated when I found that, subtracting all merely professional books — books of reference, as dictionaries, &c. &c. &c. — from the universal library of Europe, there would still remain a total of not less than twelve hundred thousand books over and above what the presses of Europe are still disemboguing into the ocean of literature, many of them immense folios or quartos. Now, I had been told by an eminent English author, that, with respect to one single work, namely, the History of Thuanus, a calculation had been made by a Portuguese monk, which showed that barely to read over the words (and allowing no time for reflection) would require three years' labor, at the rate of (I think) three hours a day. Further, I had myself ascertained that to read a duodecimo volume, in prose, of four hundred pages, — all skipping being barred, and the rapid reading which belongs to the vulgar interest of a novel, — was a very sufficient work for one day. Consequently, three hundred and sixty-five per annum — that is (with a very small allowance for the claims of life on one's own account and that of one's friends), one thousand for every triennium; that is, ten thousand for thirty years — will be as much as a man who lives for that only can hope to accomplish. From the age of twenty to eighty, therefore, — if a man were so unhappy as to live to eighty, — the utmost he could hope to travel through would be twenty thousand volumes, — a number not, perhaps, above *five per cent.* of what the mere *current* literature of Europe would accumulate

in that period of years. Now, from this amount of twenty thousand make a deduction on account of books of larger size, books to be studied and books to be read slowly and many times over (as all works in which the composition is a principal part of their pretensions), — allow a fair discount for such deductions, and the twenty thousand will perhaps shrink to eight or five thousand. All this arithmetical statement you must not conceive to relate to any fanciful case of misery. No; I protest to you that I speak of as real a case of suffering as ever can have existed. And it soon increased: for the same panic seized upon me with respect to the works of art. I found that I had no chance of hearing the twenty-five thousandth part of the music that had been produced. And so of other arts. Nor was this all; for, happening to say to myself, one night as I entered a long street, "I shall never see the one thousandth part of the people who are living in this single street," it occurred to me that every man and woman was a most interesting book, if one knew how to read them. Here opened upon me a new world of misery; for, if books and works of art existed by millions, men existed by hundreds of millions. Nay, even if it had been possible for me to know all of my own generation, yet, like Dr. Faustus, who desired to see "Helen of Greece," I should still have been dissatisfied; for what was one generation to all that were past? Nay, my madness took yet a higher flight; for I considered that I stood on a little isthmus of time, which connected the two great worlds, the past and the future. I stood in equal relation to both; I asked for admittance to one as much as to

the other. Even if a necromancer could have brought up the great men of the seventeenth century, I should have said, What good does all this do me? Where are those of the twentieth century? — and so onward! In short, I never turned my thoughts this way but I fell into a downright midsummer madness. I could not enjoy what I had, — craving for that which I had not, and could not have; was thirsty, like Tantalus, in the midst of waters; even when using my present wealth, thought only of its perishableness; and "wept to have what I so feared to lose."

But all this, you will say, was, by my own admission, "madness." Madness, I grant; but such a madness! — not as lunatics suffer; no hallucination of the brain; but a madness like that of misers, — the usurpation and despotism of one feeling, natural in itself, but travelling into an excess, which at last upset all which should have balanced it. And I must assert that, with allowance for difference of degrees, no madness is more common. Many of those who give themselves up to the study of languages do so under the same disease which I have described; and, if they do not carry it on to the same extremity of wretchedness, it is because they are not so logical, and so consistent in their madness, as I was. Under our present enormous accumulation of books, I do affirm that a miserable distraction of choice (which is the germ of such a madness) must be very generally incident to the times; that the symptoms of it are, in fact, very prevalent; and that one of the chief symptoms is an enormous "gluttonism" for books, and for adding language to lan-

guage ; and in this way it is that literature becomes much more a source of torment than of pleasure. Nay, I will go further, and will say that, of many who escape this disease, some owe their privilege simply to the narrowness of their minds, and contracted range of their sympathies with literature, which, enlarged, they would soon lose it. Others, again, owe it to their situation ; as, for instance, in a country town, where books being few, a man can use up all his materials ; his appetite is unpalled, and he is grateful for the loan of a MS., &c. But bring him up to London ; show him the wagon-loads of unused stores which he is at liberty to work up ; tell him that these even are but a trifle, perhaps, to what he may find in the libraries of Paris, Dresden, Milan, &c., of religious houses, of English noblemen, &c., — and this same man who came up to London blithe and happy will leave it pale and sad. You have ruined his peace of mind. A subject which he fancied himself capable of exhausting he finds to be a labor for centuries. He has no longer the healthy pleasure of feeling himself master of his materials ; he is degraded into their slave. Perhaps I dwell too much on this subject ; but allow me, before I leave it, to illustrate what I have said by the case of two eminent literati, who are at this moment exhibiting themselves as a couple of figurantes (if I may so say) on the stage of Europe, and who have sacrificed their own happiness and dignity of mind to the very madness I have been describing ; or, if not, to the far more selfish passion for notoriety and ostentatious display. The men I mean are F. Bouterwek

and Frederick Schlegel, better known to the English public as the friend of Madame de Staël.

The history of the first is somewhat ludicrous. Coming upon the stage at a time when Kant possessed the national mind of Germany, he thought it would be a good speculation not to fall into the train of the philosopher, but to open a sort of chapel of dissent. He saw no reason why men should not swear by Bouterwek, as well as by Kant; and, connecting this fact with the subsequent confession of Bouterwek, that he was in reality playing off a conscious hoax, it is laughable to mention, that for a time he absolutely found some followers — who worshipped him, but suspiciously and provisionally. Unfortunately, however, as he had no leisure or ability to understand Kant, he was obliged to adopt Dr. Priestley's plan of revoking and cancelling in every successive work all his former works, as false, pestilent, and heretical. This upset him. The philosopher was unfrocked; and in that line of business he found himself bankrupt. At this crisis things looked ill. However, being young, he pleaded his tender years. George Barnwell and others had been led astray as well as himself, by keeping bad company: he had now quitted all connection with metaphysics; and begged to inform the public that he had opened an entirely new concern for criticism in all its branches. He kept his word; he left off hoaxing, and applied himself to a respectable line of business.

The fruits of his labors were a history, in twelve volumes, of modern literature from the end of the thirteenth century. Of this work I have examined all that I pretend to judge of, namely, the two sections

relating to the German and the English literature; and, not to do him injustice, if it professed to be no more than a bibliographical record of books, it is executed with a very laudable care and fidelity. But imagine to yourself the vast compass of his plan. He professes to give the history of, — 1. Spanish; 2. Portuguese; 3. English; 4. German; 5. French; 6. Italian literature; no sketch, observe, or abstract of them, but a full and formal history. Conceive, if you can, the monstrous and insane pretensions involved in such a scheme. At starting he had five languages to learn, besides the dialects of his own; not only so, but five languages, each through all its varieties for the space of half a millennium: English, for instance, not merely of this day, but the English of Chaucer, of the Metrical Romances; nay, even of Robert of Gloucester, in 1280. Next, the mere printed books (to say nothing of the MSS.) in any one of these languages, to be read and meditated, as they ought to be by an *historian* of the literature, would have found full employment for twelve able-bodied men through an entire life. And after all, when the materials were ready, the work of composition would be still to begin. Such were Bouterwek's pretensions. As to Schlegel's, who, without any more genius or originality, has much more talent, — his were still more extravagant, and were pushed to an extremity that must, I should think, at times disquiet his admirers with a feeling that all is not sound. For, though he did not profess to go so much into detail as Bouterwek, still his abstracts are represented as built on as much reading, though not directly quoted; and to

all that Bouterwek held forth in his promises Schlegel added, as a little *bonus* to his subscribers, 1. Oriental literature; 2. The Scandinavian literature; 3. The Provençal literature; and, for aught I know, a billion of things besides; to say nothing of an active share in the current literature, as reviewer, magazinist, and author of all work. Now, the very history of these pretensions exposes their hollowness: to record them is to refute them. Knowing, as we all know, how many years it demands, and by what a leisurely and genial communication with their works it is that we can gain any deep intimacy with even a few great artists, such as Shakspeare, Milton, or Euripides, how monstrous a fiction would that man force on our credulity, who tells us that he has read and weighed in the balances the total products of human intellect dispersed through thirty languages for a period of three thousand years; and how gross a delusion does *he* practise upon his own mind who can persuade himself that it is *reading* to cram himself with words, the bare sense of which can hardly have time to glance, like the lamps of a mail-coach, upon his hurried and bewildered understanding! There is a picture at Oxford, which I saw when a boy, of an old man, with misery in his eye, in the act of copying a book; and the story attached (I forget whether with any historic foundation) is that he was under a vow to copy out some great portion of the Bible before he allowed himself (or was allowed) to eat. I dare say you know the picture; and perhaps I tell the story wrong. However, just such a man, and just so wo-begone, must this man of words appear when he is alone in his study;

with a frozen heart and a famished intellect; and every now and then, perhaps, exclaiming with Alcibiades, "O, ye Athenians! what a world of hardship I endure to obtain your applause!" So slightly is his knowledge worked into the texture of his mind, that I am persuaded a brain fever would sweep it all away. With this sketch of Messrs. Bouterwek and Schlegel, it is superfluous to add that their criticisms are utterly *worthless;* being all words — words — words: however, with this difference, that Bouterwek's are simply = 0, being the mere rubbishy sweepings from the works of literatuli long since defunct: but Schlegel's, agreeably to his natural haughtiness and superior talents, are bad in a positive sense — being filled with such conceits, fancies, and fictions, as you would naturally expect from a clever man talking about what he had never, in any true sense of the word, read.[6] O, genius of English good sense, keep any child of mine from ever sacrificing his peace and intellectual health to such a life of showy emptiness, of pretence, of noise, and of words; and even with a view to the opinion of others, if it were worth while sacrificing very much to *that*, teach him how far more enviable is the reputation of having produced even one work, though but in a lower department of art, and which has given pleasure to myriads — (such, suppose, as "The Vicar of Wakefield") — than to have lived in the wonderment of a gazing crowd, like a rope-dancer, or a posture-master, with the fame of incredible attainments that tend to no man's pleasure, and which perish to the remembrance of all men as soon as their possessor is in his grave.

Thus, at some risk of fatiguing you, I have endeavored to sharpen your attention to the extreme danger which threatens a self-instructor in the besetting temptations to an over cultivation of languages; temptations which, whether appealing to his vanity and love of ostentation, or to his craving for a multifarious mastery over books, terminate in the same evil of substituting a barren study of words, which is, besides, the most lingering of all studies, for the healthy exercises of the intellect. All the great European poets, orators, and wits, are mentioned in a man's hearing so often, and so much discussion is constantly going on about their comparative merits, that a body of irritation and curiosity collects about these names, and unites with more legitimate feelings to persuade a man that it is necessary he should read them all — each in his own language. In a celebrated satire (*The Pursuits of Literature*), much read in my youth, and which I myself read about twenty-five years ago, I remember one counsel — there addressed to young men, but, in fact, of universal application. "I call upon them," said the author, "to *dare* to be ignorant of many things:" a wise counsel, and justly expressed; for it requires much courage to forsake popular paths of knowledge, merely upon a conviction that they are not favorable to the ultimate ends of knowledge. In you, however, *that* sort of courage may be presumed; but how will you "dare to be ignorant" of many things in opposition to the cravings of your own mind? Simply thus: destroy these false cravings by introducing a healthier state of the organ. A good scheme of study will soon show itself to be such by

this one test — that it will exclude as powerfully as it will appropriate; it will be a system of repulsion no less than of attraction; once thoroughly possessed and occupied by the deep and genial pleasures of one truly intellectual pursuit, you will be easy and indifferent to all others that had previously teased you with transient excitement; just as you will sometimes see a man superficially irritated as it were with wandering fits of liking for three or four women at once, which he is absurd enough to call "being in love;" but, once profoundly in love (supposing him capable of being so), he never makes such a mistake again, all his feelings after *that* being absorbed into a sublime unity. Now, without anticipating this scheme of study out of its place, yet in general you know whether your intentions lean most to science or to literature. For upon this decision revolve the whole motives which can determine your choice of languages; as, for instance, if you are in quest of science or philosophy, no language in Europe at this day (unless the Turkish) is so slenderly furnished as the Spanish; on the other hand, for literature, I am disposed to think that after the English none is so wealthy (I mean in quality, not in quantity).

Here, however, to prevent all mistakes, let me establish one necessary distinction. The word *literature* is a perpetual source of confusion, because it is used in two senses, and those senses liable to be confounded with each other. In a philosophical use of the word, literature is the direct and adequate antithesis of books of knowledge. But, in a popular use, it is a mere term of convenience for expressing

inclusively the total books in a language. In this latter sense, a dictionary, a grammar, a spelling-book, an almanac, a pharmacopœia, a parliamentary report, a system of farriery, a treatise on billiards, the court calendar, &c., belong to the literature. But, in the philosophical sense, not only would it be ludicrous to reckon these as parts of the literature, but even books of much higher pretensions must be excluded — as, for instance, books of voyages and travels, and generally all books in which the matter to be communicated is paramount to the manner or form of its communication ("ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri"). It is difficult to construct the idea of "literature" with severe accuracy; for it is a fine art — the supreme fine art, and liable to the difficulties which attend such a subtle notion; in fact, a severe construction of the idea must be the *result* of a philosophical investigation into this subject, and cannot precede it. But, for the sake of obtaining some expression for literature that may answer our present purpose, let us throw the question into another form. I have said that the antithesis of literature is books of knowledge. Now, what is that antithesis to *knowledge*, which is here implicitly latent in the word literature? The vulgar antithesis is *pleasure* ("aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ"). Books, we are told, propose to *instruct* or to *amuse*. Indeed! However, not to spend any words upon it, I suppose you will admit that this wretched antithesis will be of no service to us. And, by the way, let me remark to you, in this, as in other cases, how men by their own errors of understanding, by feeble thinking, and inadequate

distinctions, forge chains of meanness and servility for themselves. For, this miserable alternative being once admitted, observe what follows. In which class of books does the Paradise Lost stand? Among those which instruct, or those which *amuse?* Now, if a man answers among those which instruct, he lies; for there is no instruction in it, nor could be in any great poem, according to the meaning which the word must bear in this distinction, unless it is meant that it should involve its own antithesis. But if he says, "No — amongst those which amuse," then what a beast must he be to degrade, and in this way, what has done the most of any human work to raise and dignify human nature. But the truth is, you see that the idiot does not wish to degrade it; on the contrary, he would willingly tell a lie in its favor, if that would be admitted; but such is the miserable state of slavery to which he has reduced himself by his own puny distinction; for, as soon as he hops out of one of his little cells, he is under a necessity of hopping into the other. The true antithesis[7] to knowledge, in this case, is not *pleasure*, but power. All, that is literature, seeks to communicate power; all, that is not literature, to communicate knowledge. Now, if it be asked what is meant by communicating power, I, in my turn, would ask by what name a man would designate the case in which I should be made to feel vividly, and with a vital consciousness, emotions which ordinary life rarely or never supplies occasions for exciting, and which had previously lain unwakened, and hardly within the dawn of consciousness — as myriads of modes of feeling are at this moment in every human

mind for want of a poet to organize them? I say, when these inert and sleeping forms *are* organized, when these possibilities *are* actualized, is this conscious and living possession of mine *power*, or what is it?

When, in King Lear, the height and depth and breadth of human passion is revealed to us,—and, for the purposes of a sublime antagonism, is revealed in the weakness of an old man's nature, and in one night two worlds of storm are brought face to face — the human world, and the world of physical nature — mirrors of each other, semichoral antiphonies, strophe and antistrophe heaving with rival convulsions, and with the double darkness of night and madness, when I am thus suddenly startled into a feeling of the infinity of the world within me, is this power,—or what may I call it? Space, again — what is it in most men's minds? The lifeless form of the world without us,—a postulate of the geometrician, with no more vitality or real existence to their feelings, than the square root of two. But, if Milton has been able to *inform* this empty theatre, peopling it with Titanic shadows, forms that sat at the eldest counsels of the infant world, chaos and original night,—

> —— Ghostly shapes,
> To meet at noontide, Fear and trembling Hope,
> —— Death the Skeleton,
> And Time the Shadow ——

so that, from being a thing to inscribe with diagrams, it has become under his hands a vital agent on the human mind; I presume that I may justly express

the tendency of the Paradise Lost, by saying that it communicates power; a pretension far above all communication of knowledge. Henceforth, therefore, I shall use the antithesis power and knowledge as the most philosophical expression for literature (that is, Literæ Humaniores) and anti-literature (that is, Literæ didacticæ — Παιδεία).

Now, then, prepared with this distinction, let us inquire whether — weighing the difficulties against the benefits — there is an overbalance of motive for you with your purposes to study what are inaccurately termed[8] the "classical" languages. And, first, with respect to Greek, we have often had the question debated, and, in our own days, solemn challenges thrown out and solemn adjudications given on the question, whether any benefit corresponding to the time and the labor can be derived from the study of the ancient classics. Hitherto, however, the question could not be rightly shaped; for, as no man chose to plead "amusement" as a sufficient motive for so great an undertaking, it was always debated with a single reference to the *knowledge* involved in those literatures. But this is a ground wholly untenable. For, let the knowledge be what it might, all knowledge is translatable; and translatable without one atom of loss. If this were all, therefore, common sense would prescribe that faithful translations should be executed of all the classics, and all men in future depend upon these vicarious labors. With respect to the Greek, this would soon be accomplished; for what is the knowledge which lurks in that language? All knowledge may be commodiously distributed into science and

erudition; of the latter (antiquities, geography, philology, theology, &c.), there is a very considerable body; of the former, but little, namely, the mathematical and musical works,— and the medical works —what else? Nothing that can deserve the name of science, except the single *oryanon* of Aristotle. With Greek medicine I suppose that you have no concern. As to mathematics, a man must be an idiot if he were to study Greek for the sake of Archimedes, Apollonius, or Diophantus. In Latin or in French you may find them all regularly translated, and parts of them embodied in the works of English mathematicians. Besides, if it were otherwise, where the notions and all the relations are so few, elementary, and determinate, and the vocabulary therefore so scanty, as in mathematics, it could not be necessary to learn Greek, even if you were disposed to read the mathematicians in that language. I see no marvel in Halley's having translated an Arabic manuscript on mathematics, with no previous knowledge of Arabic; on the contrary, it is a case (and not a very difficult case) of the art of deciphering, so much practised by Wallis, and other great mathematicians contemporary with Halley. But all this is an idle disputation; for the knowledge of whatsoever sort which lies in Grecian mines, wretchedly as we are furnished with vernacular translations, the Latin version will always supply. This, therefore, is not the ground to be taken by the advocate of Greek letters. It is not for knowledge that Greek is worth learning, but for power. Here arises the question — Of what value is this power? that is, how is the Grecian literature to be rated in relation

to other literatures? Now, is it not only because "De Carthagine satius est silere quam parciùs dicere," but also because in my judgment there is no more offensive form of levity than the readiness to speak on great problems, incidentally and occasionally,— that I shall wholly decline this question. We have hitherto seen no rational criticism on Greek literature; nor, indeed, to say the truth, much criticism which teaches anything, or solves anything, upon any literature. I shall simply suggest one consideration to you. The question is limited wholly, as you see, to the value of the literature in the proper sense of that word. Now, it is my private theory, to which you will allow what degree of weight you please, that the antique or pagan literature is a polar antagonist to the modern or Christian literature; that each is an evolution from a distinct principle, having nothing in common but what is necessarily common to all modes of thought, namely, good sense and logic; and that they are to be criticized from different stations and points of view. This same thought has occurred to others; but no great advance is made simply by propounding the general thesis; and as yet nobody has done more.[9] It is only by the development of this thesis that any real service can be performed. This I have myself attempted, in a series of "reveries" on that subject; and, if you continue to hesitate on the question of learning Greek now that you know exactly how that question is shaped, and to what it points, my manuscript contains all the assistance that it is in *my* power to offer you in such a dilemma. The difference of the antique from the Christian literature,

you must bear in mind, is not like that between English and Spanish literature — species and species — but as between genus and genus. The advantages therefore are — 1, the *power* which it offers generally as a literature; 2, the new phasis under which it presents the human mind; the antique being the other hemisphere, as it were, which, with our own, or Christian hemisphere, composes the entire sphere of human intellectual energy.

So much for the Greek. Now, as to the Latin, the case is wholly reversed. Here the literature is of far less value; and, on the whole, with your views, it might be doubted whether it would recompense your pains. But the anti-literature (as for want of a strict antithesis I must call it) is inestimable; Latin having been the universal language of Christendom for so long a period. The Latin works since the restoration of letters are alone of immense value for knowledge of every kind; much science, inexhaustible erudition; and to this day in Germany, and elsewhere on the continent, the best part of the latter is communicated in Latin. Now, though all knowledge *is* (which power is not) adequately communicable by translation, yet as there is no hope that the immense bibliotheca of Latin accumulated in the last three centuries ever will be translated, you cannot possibly dispense with this language; and, that being so, it is fortunate that you have already a superficial acquaintance with it. The best means of cultivating it further, and the grounds of selection amongst the *modern* languages of Christendom, I will discuss fully in my next letter.

LETTER IV.

My dear Sir:

It is my misfortune to have been under the necessity too often of writing rapidly, and without opportunities for after-revision. In cases where much *composition*[10] is demanded, this is a serious misfortune, and sometimes irreparable, except at the price of recasting the whole work. But, to a subject like the present, little of what is properly called composition is applicable; and somewhat the less from the indeterminate form of *letters* into which I have purposely thrown my communications. Errors in composition apart, there can be no others of importance, except such as relate to the matter; and those are not at all the more incident to a man because he is in a hurry. Not to be too much at leisure is, indeed, often an advantage. On no occasion of their lives do men generally speak better than on the scaffold, and with the executioner at their side; partly, indeed, because they are then most in earnest, and unsolicitous about effect; but partly, also, because the pressure of the time sharpens and condenses the faculty of abstracting the capital points at issue. On this account I do not plead haste as an absolute and unmitigated disadvantage. Haste palliates what haste occasions. Now, there is no haste which can

occasion oversights, as to the matter, to him who has meditated sufficiently upon his subject; all that haste can do in such a case is to affect the language with respect to accuracy and precision; and thus far I plead it. I shall never plead it as shrinking from the severest responsibility for the thoughts and substance of anything I say; but often in palliation of expressions careless or ill chosen. And at no time can I stand more in need of such indulgence than at present, when I write both hastily and under circumstances of— But no matter what. Believe, in general, that I write under circumstances as unfavorable for careful selection of words as can well be imagined.

In my last letter I declined to speak of the antique literature, as a subject too unwieldy and unmanageable for my limits. I now recur to it for the sake of guarding and restraining that particular sentence in which I have spoken of the Roman literature as inferior to the Greek. In common with all the world, I must, of necessity, think it so in the drama, and generally in poetry κατ ἐξοχήν. Indeed, for some forms of poetry, even of the lower order, it was the misfortune of the Roman literature that they were not cultivated until the era of fastidious taste, which in every nation takes place at a certain stage of society. They were harshly transplanted as exotics, and never passed through the just degrees of a natural growth on Roman soil. Notwithstanding this, the most exquisite specimens of the lighter lyric which the world has yet seen must be sought for in Horace; and very few writers of any country have approached to Virgil in the art of *composition*, how-

ever low we may be disposed at this day to rank him as a poet, when tried in the unequal contest with the sublimities of the Christian literature. The truth is (and this is worth being attended to), that the peculiar sublimity of the Roman mind does not express itself, nor is it at all to be sought, in their poetry. Poetry, according to the Roman ideal of it, was not an adequate organ for the grander movements of the national mind. Roman sublimity must be looked for in Roman acts and in Roman sayings.

For the acts, see their history for a thousand years, the early and fabulous part not excepted, — which, for the very reason that it *is*[11] fabulous, must be taken as so much the purer product of the Roman mind. Even the infancy of Rome was like the cradle of Hercules, glorified by splendid marvels, — "Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre." For their sayings, for their anecdotes, their serious bon-mots, there are none equal to the Roman in grandeur. "Englishman!" said a Frenchman once to me, "you that contest our claim to the sublime, and contend that 'la maniére noble' of our artists wears a falsetto character, what do you think of that saying of a king of ours, That it became not the King of France to avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans (that is, of himself, under that title)?"— "Think!" said I, "why, I think it a magnificent and regal speech. And such is my English generosity, that I heartily wish the Emperor Hadrian had not said the same thing fifteen hundred years before.[12] I would willingly give five shillings myself to purchase the copyright of the saying for the French nation; for *they* want it, and the Romans could spare it. Peream

qui ante nos nostra dixerunt! Cursed be the name of Hadrian that stands between France and the sublimest of bon-mots! Where, again, will you find a more adequate expression of the Roman majesty than in the saying of Trajan, — Imperatorem oportere stantem mori, — that Cæsar ought to die standing, — a speech of imperatorial grandeur; implying that he, who was "the foremost man of all this world," and, in regard to all other nations, the representative of his own, should express its characteristic virtue in his farewell act, — should die *in præcinctu*, — and should meet the last[13] enemy, as the first, with a Roman countenance, and in a soldier's attitude. If this had an imperatorial, what follows had a consular majesty, and is almost the grandest story upon record. Marius, the man who rose *à caligâ* to be seven times consul, was in a dungeon, and a slave was sent in with commission to put him to death. These were the persons, — the two extremities of exalted and forlorn humanity, its vanward and its rearward man, a Roman consul and an abject slave. But their natural relations to each other were, by the caprice of fortune, monstrously inverted. The consul was in chains: the slave was for a moment the arbiter of his fate. By what spells, what magic, did Marius reïnstate himself in his natural prerogatives? By what marvels, drawn from heaven or from earth, did he, in the twinkling of an eye, again invest himself with the purple, and place between himself and his assassin a host of shadowy lictors? By the mere blank supremacy of great minds over weak ones. He *fascinated* the slave, as a rattlesnake does a bird. Standing "like Teneriffe," he smote him with his

eye, and said, "Tunc, homo, audes occidere C. Marium?"—Dost thou, fellow, presume to kill Caius Marius? Whereat the reptile, quaking under the voice, nor daring to affront the consular eye, sank gently to the ground, turned round upon his hands and feet, and, crawling out of the prison like any other vermin, left Marius standing in solitude, as steadfast and immovable as the capitol.

In such anecdotes as these it is — in the actions of trying emergencies and their appropriate circumstances — that I find the revelation of the Roman mind under its highest aspect. The Roman mind was great in the presence of man, mean in the presence of nature; impotent to comprehend or to delineate the internal strife of *passion*,[14] but powerful beyond any other national mind to display the energy of the *will* victorious over all passion. Hence it is that the true Roman sublime exists nowhere in such purity as in those works which were *not* composed with a reference to Grecian models. On this account I wholly dissent from the shallow classification which expresses the relations of merit between the writers of the Augustan period and that which followed, under the type of a golden and silver age. As artists, and with reference to composition, no doubt many of the writers of the latter age were rightly so classed; but an inferiority *quoad hoc* argues no uniform and absolute inferiority; and the fact is, that, in weight and grandeur of thought, the silver writers were much superior to the golden. Indeed, this might have been looked for on *à priori* grounds; for the silver writers were more truly Roman writers from two causes: first, because they trusted more

to their own native style of thinking, and, looking less anxiously to Grecian archetypes, they wrote more naturally, feelingly, and originally; secondly, because the political circumstances of their times were advantageous, and liberated them from the suspicious caution which cramped the natural movements of a Roman mind on the first establishment of the monarchy. Whatever outrages of despotism occurred in the times of the silver writers were sudden, transient, capricious, and personal, in their origin and in their direction; but, in the Augustan age, it was not the temper of Augustus, personally, and certainly not the temper of the writers leading them to any excesses of licentious speculation, which created the danger of bold thinking. The danger was in the times, which were unquiet and revolutionary. The struggle with the republican party was yet too recent; the wounds and cicatrices of the state too green; the existing order of things too immature and critical: the triumphant party still viewed *as a* party, and for that cause still feeling itself a party militant. Augustus had that chronic complaint of a "crick in the neck," of which later princes are said to have an acute attack every 30th of January. Hence a servile and timid tone in the literature. The fiercer republicans could not be safely mentioned. Even Cicero it was not decorous to praise; and Virgil, as perhaps you know, has, by insinuation, contrived to insult[15] his memory in the Æneid. But, as the irresponsible power of the emperors grew better secured, their jealousy of republican sentiment abated much of its keenness. And, considering that republican freedom of thought was the very matrix

of Roman sublimity, it ought not to surprise us, that as fast as the national mind was lightened from the pressure which weighed upon the natural style of its sentiment, the literature should recoil into a freer movement, with an elasticity proportioned to the intensity and brevity of its depression. Accordingly, in Seneca the philosopher, in Lucan, in Tacitus, even in Pliny the Younger, &c., but especially in the two first, I affirm that there is a loftiness of thought more eminently and characteristically Roman than in any preceding writers: and in *that* view to rank them as writers of a silver age, is worthy only of those who are servile to the commonplaces of unthinking criticism.

The style of thought in the silver writers, as a raw material, was generally more valuable than that of their predecessors, however much they fell below them in the art of working up that material. And I shall add further that, when I admit the vast defects of Luther, for instance, as an artist, I would not be understood as involving in that concession the least toleration of the vulgar doctrine, that the diction of the silver writers is in any respect below the standard of pure latinity as existing in the writers of the Ciceronian age. A better structure of latinity, I will affirm boldly, does not exist than that of Petronius Arbiter: and, taken as a body, the writers of what is denominated the silver age are for diction no less Roman, and for thought much more intensely Roman, than any other equal number of writers from the preceding ages; and, with a very few exceptions, are the best fitted to take a permanent station in the regard of men at your age or mine, when the medi-

tative faculties, if they exist at all, are apt to expand, and to excite a craving for a greater weight of thought than is usually to be met with in the elder writers of the Roman literature. This explanation made, and having made that "amende honorable" to the Roman literature which my own gratitude demanded, I come to the remaining part of my business in this letter, namely, the grounds of choice amongst the languages of modern Europe. Reserving to my conclusion anything I have to say upon these *languages*, as depositories of *literature* properly so called, I shall first speak of them as depositories of *knowledge*. Among the four great races of men in Europe, namely, 1. The Celtic, occupying a few of the western extremities[16] of Europe; 2. The Teutonic, occupying the northern and midland parts; 3. The Latin (blended with Teutonic tribes), occupying the south;[17] and, 4. The Sclavonic, occupying the east,[18] it is evident that of the first and the last it is unnecessary to say anything in this place, because their pretensions to literature do not extend to our present sense of the word. No Celt even, however extravagant, pretends to the possession of a body of Celtic philosophy and Celtic science of independent growth. The Celtic and Sclavonic languages therefore dismissed, our business at present is with those of the Latin and the Teutonic families. Now, three of the Latin family, namely, the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, are at once excluded for the purpose before us: because it is notorious that, from political and religious causes, these three nations have but feebly participated in the general scientific and philosophic labors

of the age. Italy, indeed, has cultivated natural philosophy with an exclusive zeal; a direction probably impressed upon the national mind by patriotic reverence for her great names in that department. But, merely for the sake of such knowledge (supposing no other motive), it would be idle to pay the price of learning a language, — all the current contributions to science being regularly gathered into the general garner of Europe by the scientific journals both at home and abroad. Of the Latin languages, therefore, which are wholly the languages of Catholic nations, but one — that is, the French — can present any sufficient attractions to a student in search of general knowledge. Of the Teutonic literatures, on the other hand, which are the adequate representatives of the Protestant intellectual interest in Europe (no Catholic nations speaking a Teutonic language except the southern states of Germany and part of the Netherlands), all give way at once to the paramount pretensions of the English and the German. I do not say this with the levity of ignorance, as if presuming, as a matter of course, that in a small territory, such as Denmark, *e. g.* the literature must, of necessity, bear a value proportioned to its political rank. On the contrary, I have some acquaintance with the Danish[19] literature; and though, in the proper sense of the word literature as a body of creative art, I cannot esteem it highly, yet, as a depository of knowledge in one particular direction, — namely, the direction of historical and antiquarian research, — it has, undoubtedly, high claims upon the student's attention. But this is a direction in which a long series of writers descending from a

remote antiquity is of more importance than a great contemporary body ; whereas, for the cultivation of knowledge in a more comprehensive sense, and arrived at its present stage, large simultaneous efforts are of more importance than the longest successive efforts. Now, for such a purpose, it is self-evident that the means at the disposal of every state must be in due proportion to its statistical rank ; for not only must the scientific institutions, the purchasers of books, &c., keep pace with the general progress of the country, but commerce alone, and the arts of life, which are so much benefited by science, naturally reäct upon science in a degree proportioned to the wealth of every state in their demand for the aids of chemistry, mechanics, engineering, &c. &c. ; a fact, with its inevitable results, to which I need scarcely call your attention. Moreover, waiving all mere presumptive arguments, the bare amount of books annually published in the several countries of Europe puts the matter out of all doubt that the great commerce of thought and knowledge in the civilized world is at this day conducted in three languages — the English, the German, and the French. You, therefore, having the good-fortune to be an Englishman, are to make your choice between the two last ; and, this being so, I conceive that there is no room for hesitation, — the "detur pulchriori" being, in this case (that is, remember, with an exclusive reference to *knowledge*), a direction easily followed.

Dr. Johnson was accustomed to say of the French literature, as the kindest thing he had to say about it, that he valued it chiefly for this reason : that it

had a book upon every subject. How far this might be a reasonable opinion fifty years ago, and understood, as Dr. Johnson must have meant it, of the French literature as compared with the English of the same period, I will not pretend to say. It has certainly ceased to be true even under these restrictions, and is in flagrant opposition to the truth if extended to the French in its relation to the German. Undoubtedly the French literature holds out to the student some peculiar advantages, as what literature does not? — some, even, which we should not have anticipated; for, though we justly value ourselves as a nation upon our classical education, yet no literature is poorer than the English in the learning of classical antiquities, — our Bentleys, even, and our Porsons, having thrown all their learning into the channel of philology; whilst a single volume of the Memoirs of the French Academy of Inscriptions contains more useful antiquarian research than a whole English library. In digests of history, again, the French language is richer than ours, and in their dictionaries of miscellaneous knowledge (*not* in their encyclopedias). But all these are advantages of the French only in relation to the English and not to the German literature, which, for vast compass, variety, and extent, far exceeds all others as a depository for the current accumulations of knowledge. The mere number of books published annually in Germany, compared with the annual product of France and England, is alone a satisfactory evidence of this assertion. With relation to France, it is a second argument in its favor that the intellectual activity of Germany is not intensely accumulated in one great

capital, as it is in Paris; but, whilst it is here and there converged intensely enough for all useful purposes (as at Berlin, Königsberg, Leipsic, Dresden, Vienna, Munich, &c.), it is also healthily diffused over the whole territory. There is not a sixth-rate town in Protestant Germany which does not annually contribute its quota of books: intellectual culture has manured the whole soil: not a district but it has penetrated,

——"like Spring,
Which leaves no corner of the land untouched."

A third advantage on the side of Germany (an advantage for this purpose) is its division into a great number of independent states. From this circumstance it derives the benefit of an internal rivalship amongst its several members, over and above that general external rivalship which it maintains with other nations. An advantage of the same kind we enjoy in England. The British nation is fortunately split into three great divisions, and thus a national feeling of emulation and contest is excited, — slight, indeed, or none at all, on the part of the English (not from any merit, but from mere decay of patriotic feeling), stronger on the part of the Irish, and sometimes illiberally and odiously strong on the part of the Scotch (especially as you descend, below the rank of gentlemen). But, disgusting as it sometimes is in its expression, this nationality is of great service to our efforts in all directions. A triple power is gained for internal excitement of the national energies; whilst, in regard to any external enemy, or any external rival, the three nations act with the unity of a single force. But the most con-

spicuous advantage of the German literature is its great originality and boldness of speculation, and the character of masculine austerity and precision impressed upon their scientific labors by the philosophy of Leibnitz and Wolff heretofore, and by the severer philosophy of modern days. Speaking of the German literature at all, it would be mere affectation to say nothing on a subject so far-famed and so much misrepresented as this. Yet, to summon myself to an effort of this kind at a moment of weariness and exhausted attention, would be the certain means of inflicting great weariness upon you. For the present, therefore, I take my leave.

LETTER V.

My dear Sir:

In my last letter, having noticed the English, the German, and the French, as the three languages in which the great commerce of thought and knowledge in the civilized world is at this day conducted, and having attributed three very considerable advantages to the German as compared with the French, I brought forward, in conclusion, as an advantage more conspicuous even than any I had before insisted on, the great originality and boldness of speculation which have distinguished the philosophic researches of Germany for the last one hundred and fifty years.[20] On this point, as it stood opposed to some prejudices and gross misstatements among ourselves, I naturally declined to speak at the close of a letter which had, perhaps, already exhausted your attention. But, as it would be mere affectation wholly to evade a question about which so much interest[21] has gathered, and an interest which, from its objects and grounds, must be so durable, I gave you reason to expect that I would say a few words on that which is at this time understood by the term *German Philosophy*, that is, the philosophy of Kant. This I shall now do. But, let me remind you for what purpose, that you may not lay to my charge, as

a fault, *that* limited notice of my subject which the nature and proportions of my plan prescribe. In a short letter it cannot be supposed possible, if it were otherwise right on this occasion, that I should undertake an analysis of a philosophy so comprehensive as to leave no track of legitimate interests untouched, and so profound as to presuppose many preparatory exercises of the understanding. What the course of my subject demands is, that I should liberate the name and reputation of the Kantean philosophy from any delusion which may collect about its purposes and pretensions, through the representations of those who have spoken of it amongst ourselves. The case is this: I have advised you to pay a special attention to the German literature, as a literature of knowledge, not of power; and, amongst other reasons for this advice, I have alleged the high character and pretensions of its philosophy. But these pretensions have been met by attacks, or by gross misrepresentations, from all writers, within my knowledge, who have at all noticed the philosophy in this country. So far as these have fallen in your way, they must naturally have indisposed you to my advice; and it becomes, therefore, my business to point out any facts which may tend to disarm the authority of these writers, just so far as to replace you in the situation of a neutral and unprejudiced student.

The persons who originally introduced the Kantean philosophy to the notice of the English public, or rather attempted to do so, were two Germans — Dr. Willich and (not long after) Dr. Nitsch. Dr. Willich, I think, has been gone to Hades for these last dozen years; certainly his works have: and Dr. Nitsch,

though not gone to Hades, is gone (I understand) to Germany, which answers my purpose as well; for it is not likely that a few words uttered in London will contrive to find out a man buried in the throng of thirty million Germans. *Quoad hoc*, therefore, Dr. Nitsch may be considered no less defunct than Dr. Willich; and I can run no risk of wounding anybody's feelings if I should pronounce both doctors very eminent blockheads. It is difficult to say which wrote the more absurd book. Willich's is a mere piece of book-making, and deserves no sort of attention. But Nitsch, who seems to have been a painstaking man, has produced a work which is thus far worthy of mention, that it reflects as in a mirror one feature common to most of the German commentaries upon Kant's works, and which it is right to expose. With very few exceptions, these works are constructed upon one simple principle: Finding it impossible to obtain any glimpse of Kant's meaning or drift, the writers naturally asked themselves what was to be done. Because a man does not understand one iota of his author, is he therefore not to comment upon him? That were hard indeed; and a sort of abstinence which it is more easy to recommend than to practise. Commentaries must be written; and, if not by those who understand the system (which would be the best plan), then (which is clearly the second best plan) by those who do *not* understand it. Dr. Nitsch belonged to this latter very respectable body, for whose great numerical superiority to their rivals I can take upon myself to vouch. Being of their body, the worthy doctor adopted their expedient, which is simply this: never

to deliver any doctrine except in the master's words, on all occasions to parrot the *ipsissima verba* of Kant; and not even to venture upon the experiment of a new illustration drawn from their own funds. Pretty nearly upon this principle was it that the wretched Brucker and others have constructed large histories of philosophy. Having no comprehension of the inner meaning and relations of any philosophic opinion, nor suspecting to what it tended, or in what necessities of the intellect it had arisen, how could the man do more than superstitiously adhere to that formula of words in which it had pleased the philosopher to clothe it? It was unreasonable to expect he should. To require of him that he should present it in any new aspect of his own devising would have been tempting him into dangerous and perplexing situations: it would have been, in fact, a downright aggression upon his personal safety, and calling upon him to become *felo de se*. Every turn of a sentence might risk his breaking down; and no man is bound to risk his neck, credit, or understanding, for the benefit of another man's neck, credit, or understanding. "It 's all very well," Dr. Nitsch and his brethren will say — "it 's all very well for you, gentlemen, that have no commenting to do, to understand your author; but, to expect us to understand him also, that have to write commentaries on him for two, four, and all the way up to twelve volumes, 8vo., just serves to show how far the unreasonableness of human nature can go." The doctor was determined on moral principles to make no compromise with such unreasonableness; and, in common with all his brethren, set his face against understanding each and

every chapter, paragraph, or sentence, of Kant, so long as they were expected to do duty as commentators. I treat the matter ludicrously; but, in substance, I assure you that I do no wrong to the learned[22] commentators; and, under such auspices, you will not suppose that Kant came before the English public with any advantage of patronage. Between two such supporters as a Nitsch on the right hand, and a Willich on the left, I know not *that* philosopher that would escape foundering. But, fortunately for Kant, the supporters themselves foundered; and no man that ever I met with had seen or heard of their books, or seen any man that *had* seen them. It did not appear that they were, or, logically speaking, could be forgotten; for no man had ever remembered them.

The two doctors having thus broken down, and set off severally to Hades and Germany, I recollect no authors of respectability who have since endeavored to attract the attention of the English public to the Kantean philosophy, except, 1. An anonymous writer in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review;* 2. Mr. Coleridge; 3. Mr. Dugald Stewart; 4. Madame de Staël, in a work published, I believe, originally in this country, and during her residence amongst us. I do not add Sir William Drummond to this list, because my recollection of anything he has written on the subject of Kant (in his Academical Questions) is very imperfect; nor Mr. W——, the reputed author of an article on Kant (the most elaborate, I am told, which at present exists in the English language) in the Encyclopedia Londinensis; for this essay, together with a few other notices of Kant in other encyclopedias,

or elsewhere, have not happened to fall in my way. The four writers above mentioned were certainly the only ones on this subject who commanded sufficient influence, either directly in their own persons, or (as in the first case) vicariously in the channel through which the author communicated with the public, considerably to affect the reputation of Kant in this country for better or worse. None of the four, except Mr. Coleridge, having, or professing to have, any direct acquaintance with the original works of Kant, but drawing their information from imbecile French books, &c., it would not be treating the other three with any injustice to dismiss their opinions without notice; for, even upon any one philosophical question, much more upon the fate of a great philosophical system supposed to be *sub judice*, it is as unworthy of a grave and thoughtful critic to rely upon the second-hand report of a flashy rhetorician, as it would be unbecoming and extra-judicial in a solemn trial to occupy the ear of the court with the gossip of a country town.

However, to omit no point of courtesy to any of these writers, I shall say a word or two upon each of them separately. The first and the third wrote in a spirit of hostility to Kant; the second and fourth, as friends. In that order I shall take them. The writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, I suppose, upon the internal evidence, to have been the late Dr. Thomas Brown, a pupil of Mr. Dugald Stewart's, and his successor in the Moral Philosophy chair at Edinburgh. This is a matter of no importance in itself; nor am I in the habit of troubling myself or others with literary gossip of that sort: but I men-

tion it as a conjecture of my own; because, if I happen to be right, it would be a very singular fact that the only two writers within my knowledge who have so far forgot the philosophic character as to attempt an examination of a vast and elaborate system of philosophy, not in the original, not in any authorized or accredited Latin version (of which there were two even at that time), not in any version at all, but in the tawdry rhetoric of a Parisian *philosophie à la mode*, a sort of *philosophie pour les dames*, — that these two writers, thus remarkably agreeing in their readiness to forget the philosophic character, should also happen to have stood nearly connected in literary life. In such coincidences we suspect something more than a blind accident; we suspect the natural tendency of their philosophy, and believe ourselves furnished with a measure of its power to liberate the mind from rashness, from caprice, and injustice, in such deliberate acts, which it either suggests or tolerates. If their own philosophic curiosity was satisfied with information so slender, mere justice required that they should not, on so slight and suspicious a warrant, have grounded anything in disparagement of the philosophy or its founder. The book reviewed by the Edinburgh reviewer, and relied on for his account of the Kantean philosophy, is the essay of Villars; a book so entirely childish, that perhaps no mortification more profound could have fallen upon the reviewer than the discovery of the extent to which he had been duped by his author. Of this book no more needs to be said than that the very terms do not occur in it which express the hinges of the system. Mr. Stewart has confided

chiefly in Dégérando; a much more sober-minded author, of more good sense, and a greater zeal for truth, but, unfortunately, with no more ability to penetrate below the surface of the Kantean system. M. Dégérando is represented as an unexceptionable evidence by Mr. Stewart, on the ground that he is admitted to be so by Kant's "countrymen." The "countrymen" of Kant, merely *as*[25] countrymen, can have no more title to an opinion upon this point than a Grantham man could have a right to dogmatize on Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, on the ground that he was a fellow-townsman of Sir Isaac's. The air of Königsberg makes no man a philosopher. But, if Mr. Stewart means that the competency of M. Dégérando has been admitted by those countrymen of Kant's whose educations have fitted them to understand him, and whose writings make it evident that they *have* understood him (such, for instance, as Reinhold, Schulze, Tieftrunk, Beck, Fichte, and Schelling), then he has been misinformed. The mere existence of such works as the *Histoire Comparée* of M. Dégérando, which cannot be regarded in a higher light than that of verbal indices to the corpus philosophiæ, is probably unknown to them; certainly, no books of that popular class are ever noticed by any of them, nor could rank higher in their eyes than an elementary school algebra in the eyes of a mathematician. If any man acknowledges Dégérando's attempt at a popular abstract of Kant as a sound one, *ipso facto*, he degrades himself from the right to any opinion upon the matter. The elementary notions of Kant, even the main problem of his great work, are not once so much as alluded to by Dégé-

rando. And, by the way, if any man ever talks in your presence about Kant, and you suspect that he is talking without knowledge, and wish to put a stop to him, I will tell you how you shall effect that end. Say to him as follows: Sir, I am instructed by my counsel, learned in this matter, that the main problem of the philosophy you are talking of lies involved in the term *transcendental*, and that it may be thus expressed: *"An detur aliquid transcendentale in mente humanâ,"*—"Is there in the human mind anything which realizes the notion of *transcendental* (as that notion is regulated and used by Kant)?" Now, as this makes it necessary above all things to master that notion in the fullest sense, I will thank you to explain it to me. And, as I am further instructed that the answer to this question is affirmative, and is involved in the term *synthetic unity*, I will trouble you to make it clear to me wherein the difference lies between this and what is termed *analytic unity*. Thus speaking, you will in all probability gag him; which is, at any rate, one desirable thing gained when a man insists on disturbing a company by disputing and talking philosophy.

But, to return: as there must always exist a strong presumption against philosophy of Parisian manufacture (which is in that department the Birmingham ware of Europe); secondly, as M. Dégérando had expressly admitted (in fact, boasted) that he had a little trimmed and embellished the Kantean system, in order to fit it for the society of "*les gens comme il faut;*" and, finally, as there were Latin versions, &c., of Kant, it must reasonably occur to any reader to ask why Mr. Stewart should not have consulted

these. To this question Mr. Stewart answers, that he could not tolerate their "barbarous" style and nomenclature. I must confess that in such an answer I see nothing worthy of a philosopher; and should rather have looked for it from a literary *petit-maître* than from an emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy. Will a philosopher decline a useful experiment in physics because it will soil his kid gloves? Who thinks or cares about style in such studies that is sincerely and anxiously in quest of truth?[24] In fact, *style*, in any proper sense, is no more a possible thing in such investigations as the understanding is summoned to by Kant, than it is in Euclid's Elements. As to the nomenclature again, supposing that it *had* been barbarous, who objects to the nomenclature of modern chemistry, which is, *quoad materiam*, not only a barbarous, but a hybrid nomenclature? Wherever law and intellectual order prevail, they *debarbarize* (if I may be allowed such a coinage) what in its elements might be barbarous: the form ennobles the matter. But, how is the Kantean terminology barbarous, which is chiefly composed of Grecian or Latin terms? In constructing it, Kant proceeded in this way: where it was possible, he recalled obsolete and forgotten terms from the Platonic philosophy, and from the schoolmen, or restored words abused by popular use to their original philosophic meaning. In other cases, when there happen to exist double expressions for the same notion, he called in and reminted them, as it were. In doing this he was sometimes forestalled in part, and guided by the tendency of language itself. All languages, as it has been remarked, tend

to clear themselves of synonymes as intellectual culture advances, — the superfluous words being taken up and appropriated by new shades and combinations of thought evolved in the progress of society. And, long before this appropriation is fixed and petrified, as it were, into the acknowledged vocabulary of the language, an insensible *clinamen* (to borrow a Lucretian word) prepares the way for it. Thus, for instance, long before Mr. Wordsworth had unveiled the great philosophic distinction between the powers of *fancy* and *imagination*, the two words had begun to diverge from each other; the first being used to express a faculty somewhat capricious[25] and exempted from law, the latter to express a faculty more self-determined. When, therefore, it was at length perceived that under an apparent unity of meaning there lurked a real dualism, and for philosophic purposes it was necessary that this distinction should have its appropriate expression, this necessity was met half way by the *clinamen* which had already affected the popular usage of the words. So, again, in the words *Deist* and *Theist;* naturally, they should express the same notion: the one to a Latin, the other to a Grecian ear. But, of what use are such duplicates? It is well that the necessities of the understanding gradually reach all such cases by that insensible *clinamen* which fits them for a better purpose than that of extending the mere waste fertility of language, namely, by taking them up into the service of thought. In this instance *Deist* was used pretty generally throughout Europe to express the case of him who admits a God, but under the fewest predicates that will satisfy the conditions of

the understanding. A *Theist*, on the other hand, even in popular use, denoted him who admits a God with some further (transcendental) predicates; as, for example, under the relation of a moral governor to the world. In such cases as this, therefore, where Kant found himself already anticipated by the progress of language, he did no more than regulate and ordinate the evident *nisus* and tendency of the popular usage into a severe definition. Where, however, the notions were of too subtle a nature to be laid hold of by the popular understanding, and too little within the daily use of life to be ever affected by the ordinary causes which mould the course of a language, there he commenced and finished the process of separation himself.

And what were the uses of all this? Why, the uses were these: *first*, in relation to the whole system of the transcendental philosophy: the new notions which were thus fixed and recorded were necessary to the system; they were useful in proportion as *that* was useful, that is, in proportion as it was true. *Secondly*, they extended the domain of human thought, apart from the system and independently of it. A perpetual challenge or summons is held out to the mind in the Kantean terminology to clear up and regulate its own conceptions, which, without discipline, are apt from their own subtle affinities to blend and run into each other. The new distinctions are so many intellectual problems to be mastered And, even without any view to a formal study of the transcendental philosophy, great enlargement would be given to the understanding by going through[26] a Kantean dictionary, well explained and well illus

trated. This terminology, therefore, was useful, 1. As a means to an end (being part of the system); 2. As an end in itself. So much for the uses. As to the power of mind put forth in constructing it (between which and the uses lies the valuation of Kant's service; for, if no uses, then we do not thank him for any difficulty he may have overcome; if no difficulty overcome, then we do not ascribe as a merit to him any uses which may flow from it),—as to the power of mind put forth in constructing it, I do not think it likely that you will make the same mistake which I have heard from some unreflecting persons, and which, in fact, lurks at the bottom of much that has been written against Kant's obscurity, as though Kant had done no more than impose new names. Certainly, if that were all, the merit would not be very conspicuous. It would cost little effort of mind to say, Let this be A, and that be D: let this notion be called *transcendent*, and that be called *transcendental*. Such a statement, however, supposes the ideas to be already known and familiar, and simply to want names. In this lies the blunder. When Kant assigned the names, he created the ideas; that is, he drew them within the consciousness. In assigning to the complex notion X the name *transcendental*, Kant was not simply transferring a word which had previously been used by the schoolmen to a more useful office; he was bringing into the service of the intellect a new birth; that is, drawing into a synthesis, which had not existed before *as* a synthesis, parts or elements which exist and come forward hourly in every man's mind. I urge this upon your attention, because you will often

hear such challenges thrown out as this (or others involving the same error), "Now, if there be any sense in this Mr. Kant's writings, let us have it in good old mother English." That is, in other words, transfer into the unscientific language of life scientific notions and relations which it is not fitted to express. The challenger proceeds upon the common error of supposing all ideas fully developed to exist *in esse* in all understandings, ergo, in his own; and all that are in his own he thinks that we can express in English. Thus the challenger, on his notions, has you in a dilemma, at any rate; for, if you do not translate it, then it confirms his belief that the whole is jargon; if you *do* (as, doubtless, with the help of much periphrasis, you may translate it into English that will be intelligible to a man who already understands the philosophy), then where was the use of the new terminology? But the way to deal with this fellow is as follows: My good sir, I shall do what you ask; but, before I do it, I beg that you will oblige me by, 1. Translating this mathematics into the language of chemistry; 2. By translating this chemistry into the language of mathematics; 3. Both into the language of cookery; and, finally, solve me the Cambridge problem, "Given the captain's name, and the year of our Lord, to determine the longitude of the ship." This is the way to deal with such fellows.

The terminology of Kant, then, is not a rebaptism of ideas already existing in the universal consciousness; it is in part an enlargement of the understanding by new territory (of which I have spoken), and in part a better regulation of its old territory. This regulation is either negative, and consists in

limiting more accurately the boundary-line of conceptions that had hitherto been imperfectly defined, or it is positive, and consists in the substitutions of names which express the relations and dependencies of the object[37] (*termini organici*) for the conventional names which have arisen from accident, and do *not* express those relations (*termini bruti*). It is on this principle that the nomenclature of chemistry is constructed: substances that were before known by arbitrary and non-significant names are now known by systematic names; that is, such as express their relations to other parts of the system. In this way a terminology becomes, in a manner, organic; and, being itself a product of an advanced state of the science, is an important reëigent for facilitating further advances.

These are the benefits of a sound terminology; to which let me add, that no improved terminology can ever be invented — nay, hardly any plausible one — which does not presuppose an improved theory. Now, surely benefits such as these ought to outweigh any offence to the ears or the taste, if there were any. But the elegance of coherency is the sole elegance which a terminology needs to possess, or indeed can possess. The understanding is, in this case, the arbiter; and where *that* approves, it must be a misplaced fastidiousness of feeling which does not submit itself to the presiding faculty. As an instance of a repulsive terminology, I would cite that of Aristotle, which has something harsh and technical in it that prevents it from ever blending with the current of ordinary language; even to this, however, so far as it answers its purposes, the mind soon

learns to reconcile itself. But here, as in other more important points, the terminology of Kant is advantageously distinguished from the Aristotelian, by adapting itself with great ductility to any variety of structure and arrangement incident to a philosophic diction.

I have spoken so much at length on the subject of Kant's terminology, because this is likely to be the first stumbling-block to the student of his philosophy; and because it has been in fact the main subject of attack amongst those who have noticed it in this country; if *that* can be called attack which proceeds in acknowledged ignorance of the original works.

A much more serious attack upon Kant has been the friendly notice of Madame de Staël. The sources from which she drew her opinions were understood to be the two Schlegels, and, probably, M. Dégérando. Like some countrymen of Kant's (*e. g.* Kiesewetter), she has contrived to translate his philosophy into a sense which leaves it tolerably easy to apprehend; but unfortunately at the expense of all definite purpose, applicability, or philosophic meaning. On the other hand, Mr. Coleridge, whose great philosophic powers and undoubted acquaintance with the works of Kant would have fitted him beyond any man to have explained them to the English student, has unfortunately too little talent for teaching or communicating any sort of knowledge, and apparently too little simplicity of mind or zealous desire to do so. Hence it has happened that, so far from assisting Kant's progress in this country, Mr. Coleridge must have retarded it by expounding the oracle in words of more Delphic obscurity than the German

original could have presented to the immaturest student. It is, moreover, characteristic of Mr. Coleridge's mind that it never gives back anything as it receives it. All things are modified and altered in passing through his thoughts; and from this cause, I believe, combined with his aversion to continuous labor, arises his indisposition to mathematics; for *that* he must be content to take as he finds it. Now, this indocility of mind greatly unfits a man to be the faithful expounder of a philosophic system; and it has, in fact, led Mr. Coleridge to make various misrepresentations of Kant; one only, as it might indispose you to pay any attention to Kant, I shall notice. In one of his works he has ascribed to Kant the foppery of an exoteric and an esoteric doctrine; and that upon grounds wholly untenable. The direct and simple-minded Kant, I am persuaded, would have been more shocked at this suspicion than any other with which he could have been loaded.

I throw the following remarks together as tending to correct some of the deepest errors with which men come to the examination of philosophic systems, whether as students or as critics.

1. A good terminology will be one of the first results from a good theory; and hence, though a coherent terminology is not a sufficient evidence in favor of a system, the absence of such a terminology is a sufficient evidence against it.

2. It is asked which is the true philosophy. But this is not the just way of putting the question. The purpose of philosophy is not so much to accumulate positive truths in the first place, as to rectify

the position of the human mind, and to correct its mode of seeing. The progress of the human species in this path is not direct, but oblique. One philosophy does not differ from another solely by the amount of truth and error which it brings forward; there is none which has ever had much interest for the human mind but will be found to contain some truth of importance, or some approximation to it. One philosophy has differed from another rather by the station it has taken, and the aspect under which it has contemplated its object.

3. It has been objected to Kant, by some critics in this country, that his doctrines are in some instances reproductions only of doctrines brought forward by other philosophers. The instances alleged have been very unfortunate; but, doubtless, whatsoever truth is contained (according to the last remark) in the erroneous systems, and sometimes in the very errors themselves of the human mind, will be gathered up in its progress by the true system. Where the erroneous path has wandered in all directions, has returned upon itself perpetually, and crossed the field of inquiry with its mazes in every direction, doubtless the path of truth will often intersect it, and perhaps for a short distance coincide with it; but that in this coincidence it receives no impulse or determination from that with which it coincides, will appear from the self-determining force which will soon carry it out of the same direction as inevitably as it entered it.

4. The test of a great philosophical system is often falsely conceived. Men fancy a certain number of great outstanding problems of the highest interest to

human nature, upon which every system is required to try its strength; and *that* will be the true one, they think, which solves them all; and *that* the best approximation to the true one which solves most. But this is a most erroneous way of judging. True philosophy will often have occasion to show that these supposed problems are no problems at all, but mere impositions of the mind upon itself, arising out of its unrectified position — errors grounded upon errors. A much better test of a sound philosophy than the number of the preëxisting problems which it solves will be the quality of those which it proposes By raising the station of the spectator, it will bring a region of new inquiry within his view; and the very faculty of comprehending these questions will often depend on the station from which they are viewed. For, as the earlier and ruder problems that stimulate human curiosity often turn out baseless and unreal, so again the higher order of problems will be incomprehensible to the undisciplined understanding. This is a fact which should never be lost sight of by those who presume upon their natural and uncultivated powers of mind to judge of Kant, Plato, or any other great philosopher.

5. But the most general error which I have ever met with, as a ground for unreasonable expectations in reference not to Kant only, but to all original philosophers, is the persuasion which men have that their understandings contain already in full development all the notions which any philosophy can demand; and this not from any vanity, but from pure misconception. Hence they naturally think that all which the philosopher has to do is to point to the

elements of the knowledge as they exist ready prepared, and forthwith the total knowledge of the one is transferred to any other mind. Watch the efforts of any man to master a new doctrine in philosophy, and you will find that involuntarily he addresses himself to the mere dialectic labor of transposing, dissolving, and recombining, the notions which he already has. But it is not thus that any very important truth can be developed in the mind. New matter is wanted as well as new form. And the most important remark which I can suggest as a caution to those who approach a great system of philosophy as if it were a series of riddles and their answers, is this: No complex or very important truth was ever yet transferred in full development from one mind to another. Truth of that character is not a piece of furniture to be shifted; it is a seed which must be sown, and pass through the several stages of growth. No doctrine of importance can be transferred in a matured shape into any man's understanding from without: it must arise by an act of genesis within the understanding itself.

With this remark I conclude; and am,

Most truly, yours,

X. Y. Z.

MEMORIAL CHRONOLOGY.

ON A

NEW AND MORE APPREHENSIBLE SYSTEM.[28]

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A LADY.

NOTICE TO THE READER.

THE young lady, to whom these letters were really addressed, died within three years of their composition. Naturally, therefore, on the impulse of his own feelings, the writer would have wished to recast them; so far, at least, as to remove the tone of levity or playfulness which sometimes marks the passages applying *personally* to his fair correspondent. Indeed this tone had been originally suggested — not by his own choice — but by the known opinions of this young lady, sportively exaggerated by herself in conversation, or suggested by counter-letters of her own, which excuses (conversations alike and letters) are here unavoidably suppressed. All this, as a matter unknown to the general reader, might have been left in silence; a trespass not known needed no apology. But in the meantime, an explanation was thought requisite, in deference to several persons, who, having been acquainted originally with the circumstances of the case, must otherwise think the manner of the letters hardly

reconcilable with the tenderness due to that lady's memory. The writer shares in their feelings; and, so far as he found himself able, has removed a good deal of what was most objectionable in that respect. But the effort to do so was not always successful. In some parts the raillery or jesting allusion was too inextricably interwoven with the development of the subject to allow of such a remedy without extensive disturbances of the text. Illness prevented this — nervousness in a most distressing shape, which for some years has made composition of every kind, and generally all effort for the disentangling of ideas, painful to the writer, and at times impossible, — compelled him either to retain generally the original form of the letters, or else to abandon the idea of publishing them at all. Under such an alternative — satisfied on the one hand that, after this explanation, no disrespect can even seem to express itself towards one who, for the general reader, is but a shadow; and, on the other hand, that a public interest of education is involved (and most deeply involved) in every feasible attempt to place the study of Chronology within the grasp of an easy exertion — the writer has felt it allowable to publish the little work, after making such retrenchments only as were easily accomplished without drawing after them too many other changes, and such as did not, by affecting its *didactic* value, disturb its primary purpose.

PRELIMINARY LETTER.

I HAVE heard you say, my dear Caroline, that in your opinion (your *humble* opinion, you were pleased

to call it), no man could be entitled to give himself airs in Chronology, or to lay down the law as from a judgment seat, unless he wore a wig. A decent member of society, such a man might be, *that* you admitted; but really, for *your* part, you had no notion of surrendering your views upon dates or epochs in deference to any man, so long as he persisted in wearing his own hair. I had my private reasons for believing this doctrine to have arisen in a mere personality, meant for the use and annoyance of one particular individual. Such levity seemed to argue an improper frame of mind; and, at my request, the late rector of your parish addressed you in a letter of expostulation — a letter which he described as "objurgatory, comminatory" (you know what *comminations* are by our English church-service for Ash-Wednesday), "and, lastly, as dehortatory." The reverend gentleman had the kindness to allow of my reading his letter; and, where I thought that it might do any good amongst modern young ladies, of quoting it. But as what he imagined to be a corrected copy of the letter turned out, in fact, to be his own rough sketch or *brouillon*, towards the composition of such a letter, I had the benefit of all the various readings and variations, fluctuations and oscillations in the text, which second thoughts and third thoughts are apt to suggest. Originally the letter had begun thus: "*Most presumptuous of young women!*" But this was too harsh; and he had substituted as his second reading, "*Most irreverential of girls!*" That was better — irreverentialism, according to the great anatomical doctors of Vienna, being a mere craniological abnormity — no fault of yours, but a fault lodged in

the turgescences or expansive tendencies, up or down, right or left, of that medullary substance which constitutes the unmanageable brain. Yet even here the word *girls* grates harshly upon one's ear; it is too familiar. Buffalo gals don't much regard it. But, generally speaking, to complain of irreverentialism through an irreverential word — *that* is the old Roman case of the Gracchi, those nursing patrons of sedition, the breath of whose nostrils had been inhaled from the very atmosphere of sedition, claiming one's sympathy against insurrectionary politics.[29] The doctor was probably a pedant, but a pedant is often a respectable man; and what should hinder him from being a gentleman? Being such in reality — so at least I have always believed — the doctor became aware of the offending word, and in his third revision of the text this word had disappeared, the approved reading being now — "*Most irreflective of young ladies!*" What reason he could have for disturbing that lection is inconceivable. Aristarchus could have found no blemish in it; and you, Caroline, in particular, certainly could not. However, whether on that day the learned gentleman found himself more dyspeptic (consequently more irritable) than usual, or how else I know not; but so it was that five times more the text of the initial line had been unsettled by scruples small and great; and apparently the postman was not yet born for whom fate had reserved the honor of conveying that letter to your fair hands. But finally and most abruptly the "dehortatory" epistle, before it had yet traversed one fourth part of the ground which fell within the compass of ts plan, terminated its career in a sort of panic, a

mixed paroxysm of indignation and terror, upon my reporting to him your last sally of defiance (counterfeit, I trust) against the rights and dignities of Chronology. This occurred on a day (two years it may be ago) when you may remember that we visited the Ch—— cliffs and caves in company with a large picnic party; and upon my remarking that you had just said a thing involving a chronological blunder of 270 years, your answer amounted to this — that 270 years did not signify much in any case; but that females were entitled to a regular allowance of error, what in commercial arithmetic, I believe, is called tare and tret — that you had not by any means exhausted your allowance. And, then, with such a winning air of goodness, you went on to entice me into a scheme of the most nefarious public robbery. "*Nefarious*, you call it?" was your cool rejoinder. "Yes," I replied, "nefarious. I *do* call it so." And the reader shall judge between us. It was a scheme for falsifying all ancient records. Your notion was — that I might be destined, by means of some quarto volume too big and too ponderous for human reading, to become a great authority on the science of Chronology. In which character, and by means of the foolish confidence which the public would be led to repose in me, I might "crib" a thousand years or so (be the same more or less) from human records; especially from that wearisome part of them which lies between the Flood and the Crusades. "Why, it's shocking," I said; "it's a wholesale scheme for robbing the human race." Not at all, you insisted on proving to me. Who was it that could suffer by it? Would any man make affidavit before

the Quarter Sessions that he was out of pocket by it, or likely to suffer in his peace of mind by any of its results? And, if ever it should be discovered that I had been "cooking the accounts" (as this sort of trespass is now technically termed by railway directors) all sensible men would see the policy of hushing up the matter, and pocketing the *bonus* which my little misdemeanor had been the means for procuring for them. At this point of my report, the Reverend Doctor borrowed some dreadful ejaculations from Grecian tragedy — ἔ, ἔ: φεῦ, φεῦ: ὀτοτοτοῖ τοτοῖ. Since the days of Herostratus, who burned the temple of Ephesus, he protested that no criminal idea so gigantic had been thrown out upon the ocean of speculative wickedness. "It makes one's hair stand on end," was my remark. But the Doctor could not go along with me *there*, because he had no hair — any hair which adorned *his* cranium having formed itself into a wig, which does not participate in its owner's emotions with that generous sensibility animating the honest old hair of one's native growth — for instance, the hair of one's wig never stands on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, as does one's own legitimate hair. A fact which natural philosophy has not failed to observe, and will, perhaps, eventually account for. Any conspiracy against Chronology might, as I undertook to show you, have fatal consequences. Some of these I dwelt upon. But the sole reply on your part, a reply never heard of by the Stagyrite, was a loud resonant *fiddle-de-dee*. We were then standing near the mouth of that particular cave which replies to every voice by so long a chain of reverberations. This vast system of echoes

got into play in a moment — right, left ; left, right — I was saluted alternately on each ear, as I hastened into the open air, by this aërial (or, I may say, ghostly) persecution of fiddle-de-dees. Like phantom boxes on the ear, they buffeted me larboard and starboard until I escaped from the cave. One of the guide books says that there are sixty-four repercussions. But a rival guide describes them as "unlimited;" and this guide is probably the more accurate, if a friend of mine is right, who assures me that three weeks later, on visiting the cave he heard the fiddle-de-dees still going on, only that they were shortened by the last syllable — so far they had dwindled, which makes me hope that by this time (eighteen months having now elapsed) perhaps they are extinct.

On returning home, I could not help laughing at the amount of sportive mischief which may lurk by possibility in the female mind. For I am certain, Caroline, that you knew of that thousand-barrelled echo as haunting that particular spot at which your sonorous fiddle-de-dee exploded. One moment sooner or later, and your insulting reply would have missed fire. And, in fact, you showed the dexterity and the malice which a schoolboy shows in throwing a cracker amidst a bevy of girls, when every zig-zag bounce and explosion follows the motions of some fugitive petticoat. The Doctor and I came to different conclusions upon this occurrence. *His* conclusion was — that your case was past relief; that the "comminations" would be thrown away; and that the text of his letter required no further revision. Mine, on the contrary, was — too grave, you will think, for the occasion. For it struck

me that the disgust, which lies at the root of all you say on the subject of Chronology, is no fault of yours, but due, in fact, to the dullness and somnolence of those who hitherto have treated Chonology. This threw me upon devising a better scheme of Chronology — a better scheme, I mean, for *teaching* it. Better it must be, if it does not shock your sense of elegance by its unwieldiness, and does not confound your faculty of remembering by its perplexity. A man does not offend by vanity who says that the road which he proposes is shorter or is cheaper. Comparative shortness and cheapness are matters of fact which cannot be disputed or evaded. And that a scheme for communicating a particular branch of knowledge is apprehended without effort, and not forgotten without difficulty, — these are pretensions not liable to caprices of taste, but settled by a ready appeal to practical experiments.

You will not ask me *now* why I address this little work to yourself; in part *that* has been explained already, by showing that you originally suggested such a labor to me. There is, however, another reason for so addressing it worth attention, in circumstances which allow it to be heard. Not impossibly in such a work a necessity may occasionally arise for citing a passage in Greek or Latin. Now, in such a case, a lady is privileged to call for a translation. She, therefore, stands between the author and the wrath of his male readers, one section of whom will otherwise in any case be offended with him, let him take what course he will. Are they classical scholars? In that case their pride is mortified by the superfluous aid, if he *does* translate them. Are they no scholars, or imperfect ones? In

that case they are still more reasonably offended if he does *not* translate them. For they suffer not merely in their pride, but also in their interests and their rights, when finding secrets locked up in Greek and Latin against themselves, though parts (and, for anything they know, essential parts) of a work which they have paid for. To those who haughtily reject the translator's aid, this aid volunteered becomes an insult. To those who angrily demand it, this aid withheld becomes a swindle. But the presiding influence of a lady silences all objections, and reconciles all feuds. The scholar submits to what, no longer understood as addressed to *him*, is no longer an insult. And he that has small Latin with perhaps less Greek, though not quite sure that the lamps were lighted on *his* account, is appeased by the unrestricted admission to their benefits. It is, Caroline, becoming more and more a necessity of our times to consult even in literature the tastes or the interests of the multitude. And, wherever a counter-interest rears its head in rivalship, so as to endanger a schism menacing to the author, it is (you will admit) a Machiavelian stroke of policy if this schism can be hushed by so simple an expedient as that of placing the presiding patronage of the work in the hands of a lady, — whose wishes being absolute commands, leave no room for murmurs to the male part of the audience, whether otherwise they would have approved of them or not.

This, however, you will say, is offering a compliment to your sex generally, and not to yourself as an individual. But, if as yet there is no compliment to you, there *shall* be, before you and I are a quarter of a page

older. And here it comes, so hold out your beautiful hands, and catch it. Simply by compelling Greek to talk English, you exert no greater influence, it is true, over this little work than belongs rightfully to your sex. But I, by placing your name at its head, which now I do, christening it, "Letters to Caroline on Chronology," acknowledge and proclaim you for its sole and individual inspirer. When a lady has, by deep impressions of her beauty and intelligence, caused any man to write a book, which otherwise most certainly he would *not* have written, that lady for that book and for that author becomes a suggesting muse; as much so as ever Melpomene to Sophocles, or Urania to Milton. You stand in that relation to myself, — and whatever splendor the work may obtain, which doubtless will be dazzling and blinding to my enemies, and whatever taste of immortality (which it would be sinful to think of as stretching through less than three millennia, by which time it will require, as Jonathan says, "considerable of" an appendix), I here protest before the venerable and never-else-than-judicious public, that this splendor and this immortality are to be regarded in the light of honors not so much shared by you as appropriated and originally radiated by you. The title which I have announced — "Letters to Caroline on Chronology" — is, in fact, a plagiarism. In the last two generations there was a French work, popular in France and partially so in England, entitled, "Lettres à Emilie sur la Mythologie." The author was, according to my present remembrance, M. Dumoustier. Now, Caroline, I feel and avow a confidence, that these "Letters to Caroline" will take a

higher flight than the "Lettres à Emilie." In some small degree on account of the several subjects, but far more on account of the several inspirations under which the two works arose. You will not imagine, Caroline, that I am making love to one so youthful as yourself. You know me too well for that. But as you have done me the gracious office of an inspiring muse, I will return it in the romantic spirit of an earthly knight-errant. He, you are aware, oftentimes made solemn proclamation that the lady whom he honored excelled in beauty and virtue by inexpressible degrees all other ladies of an entire province, or (it might be) kingdom, though not pretending that he had ever seen those other ladies, or that he *could* have had any opportunity of making a comparison. I, following his excellent example, and laboring under a similar disadvantage in never having seen Monsieur Dumoustier's Emilie, nevertheless avow and publish my belief, that in her best days she was not worthy of holding a candle to you; and that if M. Dumoustier's book were otherwise superior to mine, not the less, mine is entitled to the precedence in virtue of its superior sanction and loftier inspiration. I wish to publish in the ears of a misbelieving or skeptical age, and by sound of trumpet, if that were possible,

> "That thou art a girl as much finer than she,
> As he" (the aforesaid Dumoustier) "was a writer sublimer than me."

These lines are by our English wit, Matthew Prior (the man whom Bishop Burnet called "*our* Prior"); and rather damaged, as you may observe, in the last

word as to the matter of grammar. Prior was then making a double comparison — viz. of himself, as a poet, with the great Roman poet, Horace; and of the English lady who accepted his own homage, with Lydia, or Lesbia, or some one of those many Mediterranean ladies to whom the fickle Roman was for the moment presenting *his*. And Prior contended (justly, I doubt not) that, immeasurably as Rome went ahead of England in this particular contest of the two poets, not in any less proportion did England take the lead when the contest was transferred to the two ladies. I, you see, content, like Prior, with the victory of my particular patroness, have submitted to have my own relation to Dumoustier governed and settled by that of Prior to Horace. One victory is enough for me. Else, on looking back to M. Dumoustier's style of composition, I might really find ground for demurring. But no matter for *that*. If, as some people imagine, the steam-engine is to make all things new, of course it will soon manufacture a new literature — in which case, we writers of the old dynasty are sure to be kicked out of the library into some distant lumber-room. I understand that in the Advocates' and Signet Library at Edinburgh they have or had a large clothes-basket, or rag-basket, a sort of chiffoniére, into the keeping of which the custom was to consign all books regarded as rubbish, which they receive (or once *did* receive) gratuitously under an old statute. At stated intervals the basket was transferred to subterraneous vaults, and never again visited by any inquest but that of rats.[80] Dumoustier and I, in such a revolution of dynasties, are destined to the same fate. We shall

both be "basketed" to a certainty. He, not less than I, will have to march down in state to the dismal crypts where cobwebs and rats predominate. In such a descent, it will avail him little that I, in obedience to a precedent ruled by Mat Prior, had yielded the *pas* to him on the question of composition. Whereas me it would avail much, possibly to the extent of a reprieve altogether from the basket, if I could succeed in consecrating my little book by a faithful portrait of the lovely Caroline. Or supposing that both of us should at intervals be summoned back to the regions above, with a view to our separate notions upon some disputed question, Dumoustier (it is clear), with his lugubrious portrait of Emilie, could never hope to be hauled out from the cobwebs with any instrument better than the kitchen fire-tongs. Whereas me, no man that had ever felt the witchery of that sweet inaugura ting Carolinian miniature, would dream of touching but with the rarest pair of sugar-tongs, made of gold by Benevenuto Cellini, or by some more recent artist in the service of Rundle and Bridge.

Oh, dear C., I know you doat upon nonsense. So do I. But now, in my next letter, I will endeavor to talk weighty ponderous sense — heavy as lead. And it shall go hard, but I will make myself as dull as ditch-water.

A necessity arises at this point that something should be said, and some errors dissipated, with respect to the *uses* of Chronology. Bear with me, Caroline, in this trespass on your patience. You have heard me at times deriding the rhetorical propensity of book-makers, and too often of people much above the neces-

sities of that trade, to detain and tease the reader by a flowery pleading (usually quite superfluous) on the value, the benefits, or the precedency in point of honor, belonging to any branch of science or erudition which they are treating. Continually, in such cases, the question arises, why not *assume* its value as a thing that nobody disputes? Why not *postulate*, in one emphatic sentence, what it would argue a rare eccentricity, or some disturbance of the understanding in any man to doubt? Wherefore abuse a reader's good nature by seducing him into a preliminary chapter of demonstration that history, for instance, or that geography is an indispensable study? The reader, be assured, if left to his own choice, would make no demand for hearing counsel on that point. And, in reality, throughout my whole life, I have met with only one man who deliberately and solemnly valued himself upon *not* being acquainted with history. Upon that one *crotcheteer*, or some lurking brother of his, would it be worth while to waste powder and shot? Considering, also, that what in this case answers to "powder and shot," — viz., time and the effort of arraying arguments, &c., — not only entails a costly expenditure, but is at the cost of every separate reader (counted, perhaps, by thousands), and not simply of the individual writer. Under these circumstances, it is fair to quote the brief criticism of the ancient cynic (which, under other circumstances, might *not* be fair) upon a labored Eulogy of Hercules — "*Quis vituperavit?*" *Why who* (*if you please*) *has been blaming him?* And, I fear, Caroline, that your malicious memory will call back that laughing remark of mine upon this occasion, if

but a moment's delay should be made for the sake of vindicating its own place and appreciation to Chronology. "Who, if you please," will be your objection, "has been undervaluing Chronology?" Why, no, not expressly and formally undervaluing it; but, oftentimes, in the very praises given to any object, whether thing or person, is involved virtually a dispraise. If it had happened that the deepest services of the ancient Hercules were of a kind to retreat from popular notice or from popular esteem, and that those chiefly forced themselves into the foreground which were showy in their display, or which connected themselves with local vainglory by their results, the victorious answer to the cynic would have been — Who blamed him, do you say? Why, everybody has blamed him, and is blaming him at this moment, who praises him amiss — that is, who praises him on false grounds, or who distributes his praise on a false scale of proportions. I do not pretend to say, nor is it important to say, how far *that* was true of the mythical personage called Hercules; but of Chronology it is certainly true. Whosoever praises it under the ordinary conception of its purposes, mispraises it; whosoever praises it under the notion that, like geography, it contributes a share to what may be called the *arrondissement*, or the orbicular completion, of historical accuracy — and that it is valuable, therefore, exactly in the degree in which it executes that purpose — is wrong, and by a logical necessity is wrong. The man whose error commences in a false idea of his theme, whose fault is laid in the very germ of the conception from which he starts, must be more and more erroneous in proportion as he is more and more true to

himself. Inconsequence and want of fidelity to his own principle offer to him his only chance for wandering into truth. Nobody, you say, has blamed Chronology; and for that reason, nobody has any excuse for lauding it. True, nobody has set himself with "malice aforethought" to vilify, slander, or traitorously behind its back to blacken the character of Chronology. But if, in affecting to commend it, almost every writer dwells with an insidious emphasis upon a trivial function of that same Chronology, or what comparatively is trivial — there and then, and in that misplaced praise, he couches (meaning, or *not* meaning, to do so) a virtual disparagement, which justifies me or any neutral bystander in coming forward with a determinate assertion of its real value. In the studied commendation of your friend for a secondary distinction has not unfrequently been involved the secret denial of your friend's claim to some paramount distinction. The praise has been offered, and practically that praise has operated, as a searching calumny. And the cases are not few in which it has become necessary to come forward with hostile demonstrations against this sincere eulogist as against the bitterest of slanderers. Do not fancy this to be a bare fantastic possibility, sketched in some scholastic debating hall of Laputa. That case is too notoriously possible, which has been realized; and too notoriously real, which has locally been successful. Dr. Andrew Bell, the first efficient observer, — the first improver, — the first importer into our British Isles of what was called the Madras System for the cheap, the rapid, and the accurate sowing of knowledge broadcast, — was attacked slanderously, and most of

all by those who came forward in the character of ostentatious eulogists. He was praised, he was oppressed with praise, as one who had popularized, or (if not popularized) had brought under aristocratic patronage the supposed system of Mr. Lancaster. The purpose of this perfidious praise being fraudulently to draw away the eyes of men from the broad fact, that Mr. Lancaster had dishonorably appropriated the discoveries and adaptations of Dr. Bell, and in that way to secure for *him* the profit in a pecuniary sense, for his own religious sect the credit (in an intellectual sense) of novelties which, even then, were beginning to wear the promise of *national* benefits. Strange it is, or strange it would be to man, without positive experience to correct his natural preconceptions, that, — under our system of press illumination, living, as we all fancy, under the broad glare of noontide, with no artificial darkness to mislead us, no darkness (we all fondly conceit) beyond what the limitation of our faculties necessitates, — such a delusion as that which respects the relative pretensions of Bell and Lancaster should have been possible for a month. Much more was it strange that this delusion should prosper, when it had to make head against a champion so unrivalled as Southey. But stranger even than *that* was the conflict between the rival pretensions of Clarkson and Wilberforce, as to the leadership in the ever-memorable crusade against the African Slave Trade. There could, I presume, be no opening amongst those who *really* venerated truth for any dispute as to the allocation in that case of the homage due, whether as to kind or as to degree. Clarkson, in so far as the question regarded

time, was the inaugurator of the great conflict. That was his just claim. He broke the ground, and formed the earliest camp, in that field; and to men that should succeed, he left no possibility of ranking higher than his followers or imitators. To this coronet of deathless flowers, could it be imagined possible to add another hue of glory? Yes, and it was that the earliest step taken in this mighty movement, which terminated in the tearing and scattering to the winds of that "bloody writing by all nations known," had been taken by him when a student at Cambridge. A juvenile prize essay, expanded by his own further researches, formed the corner-stone of that mighty temple which at this day throws its shadow over all lands. Nevertheless, in defiance of all this, and the notoriety of all this, it suited the policy of a faction in the House of Commons, it suited also the obstinate prejudices of certain religious sectarians, and it suited the pecuniary interests of a celebrated Review, that Wilberforce should carry off the *primitiæ* from this great field. And for a long season this profligate contempt of justice did really triumph. Eventually, as in all cases, the truth asserted its rights. But this was after the personal interests in falsehood had been extinguished by the changes of the grave. Short of the grave was no power found amongst the belligerent forces equal to the task of righting an individual, and equitably distributing the praise in a cause which, through all its stages, had moved scenically and pompously before the eyes of a vast national audience, sitting in the very centre of light.

These cases of the Madras System and of the Afri-

can Slave Trade I mention, not as having any direct connection with the subject before us, but as yielding the most flagrant proof, that, under the mask of a false insidious praise, it is very possible to suppress the true one. If such a result can be accomplished in the case of *persons*, backed by living partisans, how much more in the case of *things* and abstract *interests!* Bell and Clarkson were not blamed, they were ardently praised; but they were praised on such pretended claims as involved covertly the denial of their real claims. He that was complimented as having diffused or popularized, could not be supposed to have introduced. And, in like manner, if Chronology does really add no more than an outside grace of finish and correctness to history, in the same way as it adds a decoration to the biography of a great man when a sketch is given of the house in which he was born; in that case it can hardly be supposed to enter into the very constitution of history as one of its internal elements.

Yet this it does — it enters into the important parts of history as one of the main conditions under which history itself is intelligible, or under which history makes other things intelligible for any profitable purpose. Here, therefore, and under this leading idea, I will put briefly the separate functions by which Chronology either combines with the facts of history, so as to create them into a new life, and to impress upon them a moral meaning, such as nakedly and separately those facts would not possess; or else forms a machinery for recalling and facilitating the memorial conquest of historical facts in their orderly succession.

What is the substantial error committed in anach-

ronisms? It is — that such modes of blunder disturb the *moral* relations of things; for if an anachronism has no effect of that sort, and is merely shown to be such by some appeal to an almanac or register of dates, it is pure pendantry much to insist upon it as a fault. If a man should describe an Argonaut as guiding himself on the Euxine by the mariner's compass, unknown probably to Greece for twenty-five centuries later, undeniably he commits an anachronism. But it is one of little importance. The Argonaut guided himself by the polar constellations, though he had no means of assigning them in cloudy weather. Even in making an Argonaut call the Black Sea by the name of Euxine, there is probably an anachronism, since originally it was called by a name indicating its inhospitable character, and the Euxine (or hospitable) Sea was a mere superstitious euphemism for the propitiation of the dark power which made that sea treacherous and dangerous. It was by anachronisms of this character that Bentley detected the spuriousness of the letters ascribed to Phalaris. Sicilian towns, &c., were in those letters called by names that did not arise until that prince had been dead for centuries. Manufactures were mentioned that were of much later invention. As handles for the exposure of a systematic forgery, which oftentimes *had* a moral significance, these indications were valuable, and gave excessive brilliancy to that immortal dissertation of Bentley's. But separately, for themselves, they were often harmless and inert; not productive, I mean to say, of any consequences startling to the general system and coherency of our ideas. But, on the other hand, when Shakspeare ("Troilus and Cressida,"

Act ii. Sc. 2) makes Hector say in reproach to two of his brothers, that they had spoken

> ——"superficially; not much
> Unlike young men whom Aristotle thought
> Unfit to hear moral philosophy"—

he shocks and untunes our whole system of moral associations. If it were possible that a philosopher so exquisitely subtle as Aristotle, whose works in my line presuppose a meditative generation disciplined to intellectual exercises, could really have coexisted with the race of barbarous warriors that beleaguered Troy, in that case the relations of thought to manners and usages would melt into a mere chaos and unintelligible anarchy of elements. Parallelisms of a corresponding character may be shown at every turn in geographical blunders, or what might be called *anatopisms*. In the "Winter's Tale," it is a most pardonable blunder that Bohemia is represented as a maritime country. The mistake was natural. For in maps on a small scale the capital letters which indicate the great divisions of kingdoms, generally enough, under the rude engraving and typography of Shakspeare's age sprawl away into regions utterly alien. The word *Bohemia* I have myself seen stretching in a curve from the Baltic to the Adriatic. And the disturbing consequences of such a mistake are none at all. But when De Foe, with no reason whatever, places the solitary island of Robinson Crusoe on the wrong side of America — viz., on the eastern side, he ruins the holy sequestration from man and populous cities, which is the very *nidus* (that word means *nest*, Caroline) in which only the imaginative

elements of Crusoe's situation can prosper. The Atlantic, even in those days, was as much vulgarized by human hurryings and impertinent transits as Fleet Street or the Palais Royal. Non-liability to intrusion, so essential a feature in the desolation of Robinson Crusoe, was at one blow annihilated by this inexplicable caprice.

Chronology now it is which makes large and virtual anachronisms impossible; not by arbitrary annexations of numerical dates to such or such names, a process which the giddy Carolines of this earth forget as fast as they learn, but by grouping together and interlocking into the same system of action, or the same dramatic situations, the leading men who carry on, at any particular era, the business and moving pantomime of the world. For instance, at the great revolutionary era in Rome, which preceded our Christian era by about half a century, there were two great volcanic impulses at work; one the impulse tending outwards to the subjugation of the known potentates lying round the Mediterranean. This moved under a secret instinct — under a necessity — that could not have been evaded by Pagan Rome. But the other impulse, working within, moved towards a reconstitution of Roman society. Cæsar, the sole real patriot of his day, was not (as people fancy) a democrat. His main object was to reorganize a powerful and healthy aristocracy, that should no longer find a necessity for turning itself into an oligarchy, and for turning the democracy into a mass of inevitable hirelings. This central pivot of the Roman policy at that era, once apprehended, assigns to all the leading factions their place, as in a drama. The

history itself weaves the web of the Chronology; and the Chronology once apprehended as a thing involved in the facts, when understood and constructed into systematic meaning, easily reacts upon the history by such slight efforts.

CHRONOLOGY.

You, Caroline, are unaffectedly religious; nor could you be esteemed as you *are* esteemed if you were not. Irreligion (by which I mean the want of a devotional temper in the presence of mysterious and consecrated ideas), or even a tendency to latitudinarian thinking upon such ideas, is viewed with little toleration in a woman. The believing and confiding instinct is originally stronger in the female mind than in ours. There is much in the sexual position of woman to unfold this instinct. And any attempt to work against this apparent purpose of nature is felt by the delicate perceptions of woman to sit ungracefully upon herself as an audacity of an unsexual character. Are men, therefore, privileged to be skeptical? Is the general robustness of the masculine intellect, which may be taken as a sort of natural invitation to men for confronting with boldness such speculations as seem dangerous, or for pursuing with energy such as are intricate and thorny, to be interpreted also as a warrant or natural license for pressing onwards in that path, until all religious awe may have been swallowed up in doubt or mere distraction? Certainly not. Men have no license stretching to that extent. Beyond the boundary and ring-fence of an ultimate faith in the capital articles of revealed truth, no man can trespass without a risk of

losing his compass; he cannot speculate safely so far as *that*. But *within* this boundary, and up to its extremest limits, lies an immense field of invitation to the energies of the speculative understanding — a field fertile in problems of every class. And as to these problems, what I assert is — that men lawfully, and even laudably, undertake their investigation; whereas in ladies it is more becoming, as being more in harmony with the retiring graces of their sexual character, that they should practise a general rule of submission to the traditional belief of their own separate church, even where that belief has long been notoriously challenged as erroneous. A case of this nature presents itself at the very threshold of Chronology. You, as a person justly scrupulous, and even timorous, on all paths that tend towards the great debating fields of religion, naturally would give me small thanks for seeking to unsettle your belief in any opinion whatever, important or not important, which seemed able to plead any Scriptural sanction. But I, whose license of inquiry (for the reason mentioned) stretches further, feel myself entitled to examine how far that opinion, *seemingly* authorized by Scripture, really *is* so in virtue and design.

The opinion which I controvert, am controverting, and *do* controvert, is this — that a Chronology for the first millennia is expressly delivered by the Old Testament. Now every man who knows me, or knows anything of my peculiar propensities and predispositions in questions of religious belief, will be aware that whatsoever can be alleged from any book legitimately included in the canon of the Old Testament, with one

sole reserve, viz., as to the accuracy of the translation, commands my homage and silent deference, even in those cases where I do not entirely understand it. Men are not to pick and choose the parts of the Bible which it may suit their taste to accept. Acceptable or not, luminous or obscure, I submit to every proposition in the Scriptures which is really and truly there under any sound and learned interpretation. But I am not bound to recognize as properly *there* what can be shown to be falsely translated, or to have been introduced under any preconception, either as to facts or opinions, which is now known to be erroneous. Not only am I not bound to recognize what falls under these conditions, but where I know it to do so, or suspect that it does, I am under a stern obligation to reject it. All who have read the Bible with attention must remember that, in the very closing words of its closing book (Rev. xxii. 18, 19), a curse the profoundest is suspended over that presumptuous person who shall take away from the words uttered in the Scriptures, or — which happens to be the case here — shall *add* to them. It was with a view to an absolute foreclosure of such frauds, and under the idea of making them impossible, that pious Jews at one era kept an exact numerical register of the words, and even the letters, contained in the Law and the acknowledged Prophets. How many were the words, which was the central word (or the two central words in any case where the whole ran to an *even* number), what word began, what word ended each particular book: all these details were carefully commemorated in that register. Standard copies in the custody of the priesthood were of little avail against

frauds emanating from the priests themselves, or against the destruction of such authentic copies during the confusions of war and national captivity. But it was imagined that a register of the particulars I have mentioned *was* of avail. Such a precaution seemed to offer the same sort of security against fraud or oversight in multiplying transcripts of the Scriptures, as once existed for another purpose in our English Exchequer tallies, or in the irregular vandyking of indentures (when, upon any fraud, the salient angles in the original would not correspond to the reëntrant angles in the counterpart).[31] But it is the destiny of all human arts, for securing protection against violence or fraud, to be met and baffled by counter-arts. No fortress was ever so defended by engineering skill, but that by corresponding skill in the arts of assault, under some advantages of strength or opportunity, it might with deadly certainty be captured. And in the case before us one evasion is obvious and easy: Supposing a long state of public confusion to throw out openings and suggestions for interested forgeries, it would always be easy, by a little management, to keep the words and the letters numerically equal to their original amount in the register; and in such a case the register itself operated as a collusive ally of the forger, by giving an apparent attestation to the non-disturbance of the text. Even at this hour, when our means of rigorously ascertaining the identity of standards from age to age is so prodigiously increased, civil confusions and intestine wars might, in a course of fifty years, defeat the whole strength of our resources. Neither brass, nor iron, nor even glass, is rigorously self-consistent, as regards the

simple standards of extension; all expand, all contract. And as regards the standards of identity for the great records of human thought, of human experience, or of Divine revelation, not any one of us has, singly, much advantage above our rude predecessors in the periods of Hebrew antiquity. Our only absolute advantage lies in the *multiplication* of Christian and intellectual nations, since thus the wrecks and the abolition of accurate remembrance, effected amongst any one people by popular convulsions, are insulated and narrowed in respect to their desolating results — all records, having a common interest for the whole family of civilized man, being now sealed, as it were, and countersigned amongst the archives of every separate nation.

Of old, however, when one single people, — not very numerous, not very powerful, and yet exposed to continual danger by its own warlike instincts, and by its unfortunate position amongst greater nations, — was the sole depositary of religious truth during a long period of war, chequered by a captivity of two generations and a translation to a distant land, it became impossible, unless through such miracles as are nowhere alleged, that the Scriptural records should *not* undergo many changes, were it only through accommodation of the language to the changes worked by time, and still more when time was aided by the interfusion of alien dialects on the banks of the Euphrates. Why is it now that, in spite of such calamities, apparently such ruinous calamities, we believe the Hebrew Scriptures, in all capital features, to have come out from that trying furnace in their native integrity, unscorched, and even unsinged? That many corruptions have crept into its

text, that changes uncounted have disturbed names and successions of families, I cannot doubt. But what are such changes to us? For the Jew, so long as his memory or his traditions reached back with accuracy to the real events, and the real historical actors in those events, it was important that the text of the Scriptures should be maintained in rigorous purity; because accuracy in such points, though trivial for itself, or for any *intrinsic* value that it could claim, stood in a collateral function for a voucher of other and higher events, — secret transactions between God on the one part, and lawgivers, leaders, prophets, on the other, representing the Hebrew people, — towards which, oftentimes, the main accrediting evidence lay in the authentic character and position of the narrator; so that, if wrong even as to trifles that were popularly known in their true and minute circumstances, he would have forfeited his claim generally to the oracular station of one speaking from God, and interpreting the hidden counsels of God. Nothing could be trivial which stood by possibility in any relation to an issue so solemn. But, after the Babylonish captivity, all this changed its aspects. That great and sorrowful transplantation of Jerusalem and her children to an alien land,[32] a land of exile and captivity, from which the vast majority never more returned, was the first great historical event which could thoroughly have broken up and confounded the Hebrew historical traditions. But this happened precisely at a time when those traditions ceased to be of any importance. What I mean is, that, by a noticeable arrangement of Providence, the austere accuracy of the Scriptural text in points of trivial importance, or

of no importance at all if regarded separately for themselves, but which the bigoted and self-conceited Jew never could have been brought to esteem as trivial, gave way exactly under this catastrophe, which took away even this secondary and accidental value. The children of the Captivity, rudely shaken loose from their old remembrances, could no longer, in any later generation, find any use or purpose in recurring to these remembrances as collateral vouchers for the accuracy of other passages which rested on no such remembrances. The severe critical text of the Scriptures, therefore, precisely as to those points which were always trivial, and precisely at the time which destroyed even the trivial value, underwent a great disturbance. The difficulty of establishing the titles of descent and the genealogical succession even in princely families, at the time when the partial return to Jerusalem took place, and the second temple arose, satisfies me that much of the old traditional legends, which had clung, doubtless, for a time, to the Hebrew records, and for a time had done a real service in the way of strengthening the national confidence in the written annals, melted away under fervid affliction, which burned up all but grand realities. A people, dislocated from each other in a multitude of cases, and not merely from their ancient home, scattered, uncombined by any political tie, and bending under a yoke of hopeless slavery, had no leisure for heraldic luxuries; and, by the waters of Babylon, they could have no heart for legendary memorials, decorating a history which, for *them*, was travelling towards oblivion; in the extinction of all reasonable hope for those who looked forward, there

must have finished all pleasurable sympathy with past glories for those who looked back. And, at such an era, we may be sure that all the gaieties and superfluities of Hebrew history must have gone to wreck, whilst that part of the national records that *could* survive such shocks must have been exactly that which is intrinsically indestructible, viz., the great monuments of God's intercourse with their ancestors, the imperishable grounds of the pure monotheism which distinguished themselves amongst nations, and that theory of man's relation to God, which, commencing in the idea of a dreadful rebellion on the human side, ended in the idea of a corresponding restoration to be expected from the Divine goodness concurring with some mysterious agency in a Hebrew female.

How, then, I ask again, in the searching purification of the Jewish annals and traditional tales, did the divine parts of their Scriptural records maintain themselves unaltered? Simply from this cause — that, resting upon eternal realities, once made known as truths to the human heart, they could not afterwards sink into oblivion or collapse. Whatsoever is fanciful and capricious falls within the empire of change. But for ideas that, by some supernatural illumination, once and for ever had opened upon the heart of one privileged people, whilst, for all other peoples, these ideas lay in the profoundest darkness, change is not an affection to be apprehended. The reason why no verbal corruptions of the text could ever disturb any capital doctrine of the Bible is — because such a truth is not of a nature to be reached by partial, gradual, and stealthy corruptions. That is the reason also why no

mistranslations, such as exist abundantly in all European versions of the Scriptures, ever *have* availed, or *can* avail, to unsettle or for a moment to hide any cardinal truth belonging to the Christian scheme. Such a truth is not of a nature to be partially eclipsed. Dishonestly, it may be altogether suppressed. It may be hidden and withdrawn; but uttered at all, howsoever imperfectly, it cannot be mutilated. By its own light it shines; and the least scintillation of it, being suffered to escape, immediately integrates itself into the orbicular whole.

Now, contrast (as regards the capacity of being altered, lawlessly interpolated, or in any way used corruptly) with such imperishable truths as these, the ridiculous conceit of a Scriptural chronology, or a Scriptural cosmogony, under their ordinary representations, and you see at once that whilst the awful truth cannot by any ingenuity be disguised or altered, on the other hand, the fantastic fable cannot preserve the same features steadily through any two versions. The objections to a Scriptural chronology are these — First, that any scheme of that nature, considered as a revelation, is unspeakably degrading to the majesty of God. Why should he reveal a chronology, more than a geography, more than a spelling-book? No purpose higher than the gratification of an impertinent curiosity could be answered by such a revelation. *Liberal* we sometimes call a curiosity of that nature. Yes, liberal, as amongst ourselves, as amongst *human* interests. Any curiosity, not selfish, not mercenary, and not petty, but having regard to a general human concern, may laudably pass for liberal, under a presup-

posed comparison with such other modes of curiosity as point to base, to brutal, or to childish purposes. But as entering any category of desires connected with divine objects, all curiosity whatsoever is a profane and unspeakably irreverential affection. I remember that in the book of Esdras, when looking about for the motives which might have excluded it from the canon, and degraded it to an apocryphal rank, I stumbled upon a verse which at once settled in my mind the propriety of that adjudication. In this verse, Esdras has the audacity to propound the following little *query* for God's consideration, hoping for an answer at his earliest convenience. Time, universal time, the total period of duration for this planet — suppose it to be figured as an ocean, some vast Atlantic or Pacific. That being arranged, then what Mr. Esdras modestly requires of God is — That He would be pleased to reveal the whereabouts of the said Esdras, his position in this vast ocean; or, according to the old Cambridge problem, "Given the captain's name, to determine the ship's latitude and longitude." Sailing, in short, upon this vast expanse, shoreless as regarded *his* optics, and unfathomable for any plummet of *his*, Esdras is suddenly tickled with an itch of curiosity, viz. upon this point — Was he half-way over? Supposing some mathematic line to bisect this huge ocean, had the Squire (Esdras to wit) crossed this equatorial line? Or was he, perhaps, in the very act of crossing it? Or was this act still in a remote futurity? Such is the problem when developed. But more briefly, he asks — Was the time from the Creation to Esdras precisely equal to the time from Esdras to the destruction of the

planet? Or, if unequal, was it by more or by less? On which side lay the balance? This, now, I call impudence, and not far short of profaneness. For what possible relation has the inquiry to any interest of morals or religion? How, if he had demanded to know the cube-root of all the dead donkeys lying in the continent of Asia? Could that question have been consistent with the dignity even of human science? How mighty then must be its descent below the level of a Divine philosophy. And, measured by such a standard, Chronology is not at all a more elevated speculation. This is the first argument against a revealed Chronology — viz., that such a theme is far below the majesty of a heavenly revelation. A second argument is — That such a revelation is impossible without a continued succession of miracles for maintaining its accuracy. Divine doctrines, doctrines that without presumption we can ascribe to God as their author, spontaneously maintain themselves (as I have recently attempted to explain) against all the varieties of error likely to arise from the ignorance of translators, or the narrow non-conformity and unmalleability of languages. Every language of man, along with its own characteristic merits, has its own separate sources of confusion and misconception. And yet the Hebrew Scriptures have triumphed over these resisting forces in all the accessible languages of the earth. In no language or jargon do we hear of any spiritual truth failing[33] to establish itself, and to shine by its own light. And, without miracles, or anything approaching to miracles, exactly as any truth is of divine origin and nature, is it capable of self-support. But truths

so entirely without natural relation to the human heart as those of Chronology, — truths so arbitrary and casual, holding their place, therefore, by no anchorage in the human affections, — have no power of recovering themselves in case of disturbance from errors of transcription, or other modes of human infirmity. Truth, seated in the heart or in the reason, has a natural power of self-restoration under any accident of momentary obscuration. But truths of mere casual experience, once unsettled, have no principle of self-recall. If, therefore, any chronology *had* been sanctioned by the Scriptures, a hundred and a thousand times it would have perished under this incapacity of righting itself against the accidents, continually recurring, of direct falsification and careless transcription. To talk of collating the transcription with some supposed standard copy, is to forget that, in the great majority of cases, all relations of standard and transcript are immediately lost and confounded. And, to show you, Caroline, the absolute physical impossibility of transmitting even a short fragment of a chronological record with any guarantee against ruinous errors, I will say a word or two upon a case of chronology, actually introduced into the *New* Testament, viz., the descent traced for our Saviour through three periods of fourteen generations. Even this, short and direct as it might beforehand have been presumed to be, is disfigured by errors. I do not speak of errors indicated by German infidels, but of such as are acknowledged by orthodox theologians of our own country.[34] Let us take, for instance, that particular genealogy adopted by St. Matthew. I do not stop to notice the perplexing inconsistency of this document

with the prevailing theory of Christ's incarnation. The immediate purpose contemplated by the genealogist, was to establish the Messiahship of Christ. Now, it was a prevailing postulate amongst the Jews, that the Messiah must come from the house of David. To David, therefore, Christ is traced; but through whom? Through Joseph. But, as Joseph's paternity is utterly denied by the Catholic doctrine of the incarnation, the whole genealogy on this argument alone becomes so much waste paper for us who are orthodox. This, however, as I premised, suffer me to neglect. But next, looking at the genealogy separately for itself, we find three distinct links, insisted on by the *Old* Testament annals, actually overlooked or dropped out through inadvertence. Three generations, or about an entire century, go to wreck in that single error. Elsewhere we find the relationship of father and grandfather interchanged by mistake. But, beyond all this, I affirm, that not one single clause in the whole pedigree is unequivocal, unless by an indulgent concession on the part of the reader. "C was the *son* of B, who was the *son* of A," — seems plain enough to a modern European reader; but in Oriental phrase nothing is more vague. Christ is continually called the son of David, and yet is removed from David by a thousand years. David again is called the son of Abraham, and yet is removed from Abraham by a thousand years.[35] The result is this, that by no effort of human ingenuity could an ancient writer, Hebrew or Greek, have drawn up a pedigree through which any clever attorney could not (in the old English phrase) have instantly driven a coach-and-six. I affirm that there is an *à*

priori obstacle (that is, Caroline, a *causal* obstacle, — an obstacle lying in causes that are present); an obstacle, therefore, absolutely insurmountable in the very imperfections of ancient languages, to any precise chronology founded upon the deduction of family descents. It is, strictly and literally, *impossible* to give such a severity to a chronological record in its phraseology as would suffice to bar all objections, and not legal objections only, but the plain summary objections of logic and simple good sense.

But coming now, lastly, to this particular question before us from the first — viz., the supposed chronology of the Bible — it will be said that here a double system of computation has been adopted, in which each system becomes a check upon the other. For instance, A had for his son B, and B had C. This gives the succession of separate generations; and then, to obviate all ambiguity or cavil from the sense in which "son" is used, it is immediately added through what number of years each of the successive individuals lived. A, for instance, lived 900 years, B lived 850 years, and so on. Now, first of all, we know nothing at all, and have no means of guessing even, as to the particular sense in which the vague word "year" is employed. But, were this otherwise, the capital objection remains — that even in Greek annals, and far more so in those of the Hebrews, no scholar ever dreams of relying at this day on numerical estimates, no matter whether expressed in words or figures, unless when the value happens to be checked and guaranteed by some collateral and independent evidence. Except in the case of inscriptions deeply chiselled up-

on natural panels of rock, it may be taken for granted that we of this day do not in the very oldest MSS. read the numbers stated by the original writer; but, on the contrary, some expression that has been doctored many hundred times before reaching our generation, and has been adjusted at each several era to the particular editor's preconceptions of the matter. Add to this insurmountable objection the impossibility of supposing that it could further any Divine purpose to register the chronological periods of people often known to us only as names and shadows, or that (failing all moral uses in such a record, which, besides, could not be kept strictly self-consistent without a perpetual miracle) God would condescend to cater for our literary curiosity, we arrive finally, not merely at a probable inference that the supposed Biblical Chronology is a pure chimera, but at the mere necessity of pronouncing it a false and degrading interpolation. Degrading I call it, meaning that it is so doubly; first, in relation to God; and, secondly, in relation to man. God it dishonors, by imputing to him a solemn revelation for no conceivable purpose beyond that of idle amusement for man. Man, again, it dishonors, by narrowing the vast drama, of which he is the central principle, from that vast wheeling orbit of innumerable centuries, which probably have already measured the flight of earthly time, into a poor hungry fraction of hours, that could not by possibility have sufficed for the evolution of man, or for the growth and decay of the mighty empires that rose and sank between the Deluge and the Argonautic period of Greece.

We are speaking now of time as measured against

the career of *man's* development. Else, and if we were speaking of it as measured against the development of man's dwelling-place, the earth, you are aware, Caroline, that we should have to postulate vast periods of time as corresponding to the enormous geological agencies now known to have been at work in preparing our planet for life—vegetable, brutal, human. This subject is not at present before us. But I refer to it as furnishing us with another illustration of the false policy pursued by the unwise defenders (because unsound interpreters) of the Biblical philosophy. The old error of the Romish (but not at all less of the Protestant) Church in relation to Galileo is repeated to the life at this time in relation to the new science of geology. In the days of Galileo, the Church, by staking the authority of the Bible falsely and wickedly upon the credit of their own ridiculous hostility to Galileo, made it necessary for themselves, in all honor and candor, to acknowledge that philosopher finally in the character of a victor over the Bible. Was he such? No; nor did he pretend to any such vain distinction. They it was, his Church enemies, that practically gave him such a triumph, which, for himself, he neither sought nor gained. They it was that insisted senselessly upon matching the philosopher in an imaginary duel with the Bible. The same case essentially is revolving upon us with regard to the geologists. Between them and the Old Testament there is not even a verbal or a seeming collision. In six days God created the heavens and the earth. But the word "*day*" is uniformly a mystical word in Scripture The 1260 days of Daniel, for instance, who has ever

been weak enough to understand as the days which measure the rotation of the earth upon its own axis? The word "day" *does* mean this in such passages of the Bible as concern the dealings of man with man. But invariably in passages that concern the dealings of God with man, it bears a mystical sense, in which, evidently, it expresses some vast compass of time. Taken in this sense, the measurement of the cosmogony as accomplished in six days is no doubt philosophically exact, pointing to six great stages of unknown duration, through which the planet itself as man's dwelling; secondly, the furniture of that dwelling; and, thirdly, man himself, as its tenant, were slowly matured. Between geology and the Mosaical cosmogony of Genesis there is not the shadow of any real hostility. But mark the mischief which is worked for the Bible by its pretended defenders. You might suppose the worst result to be—that their efforts at defence, where no defence was called for, would be found superfluous. Not so. By planting the Bible in a position of supposed antagonism to the advancing science — then, as it is past all doubt that the science will establish its own doctrines, simply through these false champions it will be brought about (as already it *has* been to some limited extent) that every victory on the part of geology (victory, I mean over ancient ignorance and darkness) will sound to the popular ear as a defeat of the Bible, simply through this weak (and one might think perfidious) trick of finding out an imaginary enmity in the Scriptures to every novelty in science that, for one moment, and whilst imperfectly developed, wears a shape of inconsistency. Not with the Bible, but with

most ignorant interpretations of the Bible, has it happened that scientific progress has seemed to be won at the cost of religious truth. The real relations of Christian truth to the truths of science and philosophy, and for what reason it became a mere necessity that Christ should acquiesce passively in popular errors — upon astronomy, for instance — I have endeavored to explain elsewhere. One reason was — that his mission had no reference to the interests of science, and would have degraded itself by descending to such interests. But the paramount reason lay in this — that any concession, the very slightest, in that direction, even to the extent of using accurate language in speaking of astronomical phenomena, would instantly have landed him in the necessity of explanations, justifications, disputes, refutations, that would have exhausted his entire time, had it been ten thousand times more than it was, in speculations utterly foreign to his real business on earth. People thoughtlessly imagine that he might once for all have set himself right by the tenor of his own language in relation to the futurities of science, and thenceforward have neglected the subject. But they forget that he would not have been allowed to neglect it. The shock given to people's prejudices, by the extreme singularity of a language in the teeth of all that was supposed true or even possible, would have drawn off the universal attention from moral questions to physical. A fiery persecution of dispute and ridicule would have baited him, from which he would have vainly sought for retreat, unless in the acknowledgment that he had spoken rashly or even deliriously, which acknowledgment would surely have done no ser-

vice to his pretensions as a moral preacher, and the inaugurator of a mighty spiritual revolution. Under this crushing necessity, and then only to the extent of complying with the popular language — a compliance, observe, which the greatest astronomers practise at this day, rather than appear pedantically correct — there *may* have been the shadow of a sanction given in the Scriptures to false notions in science. Farther than this, or the suspicion of this, it is impossible to charge upon Scripture one solitary expression of discountenance to scientific truth. Yet, in the Galileo case, this was the effect of the policy pursued by those who attacked him as at war with the science of the Bible. By *their* mode of treating the case, they not only did in effect charge the Scriptures with such a discountenance, but, if *they* had been right in insisting upon an antinomy between the Tuscan philosopher and the Scriptures, they ended by scandalously inflicting upon those Scriptures the opprobrium of a defeat. Galileo triumphed; and, if (as they alleged) he was in polar opposition to the Bible, then he triumphed over the Bible. This result they had not generally the candor to acknowledge, but stole silently away from the contest when it was no longer tenable. The same issue will attend the geology dispute. The reasonable and candid amongst the anti-geologists will gradually be won over to see that the opposition of the Mosaic hypothesis is merely a pretended opposition, founded on a puerile literality in the interpretation of the Mosaic phraseology; and gradually the most religious men will come to perceive a mystical harmony between the views of Genesis and the views of austere science. Others, on the

contrary, obstinate to the last, will contend as long as they can, and then retire, without owning any defeat. The same game will be played as to Chronology. As an ancient bed-ridden faith, it will be maintained as an inert and idle hypothesis; though, beyond a doubt, as a mere interpolation of man, it stands under the curse denounced upon those who *add* fictions of their own to the finished oracles of Scripture.

CASUISTRY.

PART I.

It is remarkable, in the sense of being noticeable and interesting, but not in the sense of being surprising, that Casuistry has fallen into disrepute throughout all Protestant lands. This disrepute is a result partly due to the upright morality which usually* follows in the train of the Protestant faith. So far it is honorable, and an evidence of superior illumination. But, in the excess to which it has been pushed, we may trace also a blind and somewhat bigoted reaction of the horror inspired by the abuses of the Popish Confessional. Unfortunately for the interests of scientific ethics, the

* "*Usually:*" — We Protestants, being generally bigots where we happen to be sincere and earnest, have assumed it as a settled point that, wheresoever Protestant and Popish provinces lie intermingled with each other (as in Germany and in Switzerland), the transition from the first to the second, in all that argues order, industry, social activity, and public welfare, leaves an impression so powerfully advantageous to Protestantism, as to resemble the alternate successions of sunlight and twilight. But candid observers, amongst whom is to be reckoned the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, do not admit the truth of this representation — at least so far as regards Switzerland.

first cultivators of casuistry had been those who kept in view the professional service of auricular confession. Their purpose was — to assist the reverend confessor in appraising the quality of doubtful actions, in order that he might properly adjust his scale of counsel, of warning, of reproof, and of penance. Some, therefore, in pure simplicity and conscientious discharge of the duty they had assumed, but others, from lubricity of morals or the irritations of curiosity, pushed their investigations into unhallowed paths of speculation. They held aloft a torch for exploring guilty recesses of human life, which it is far better for us all to leave in their original darkness. Crimes that were often all but imaginary, extravagances of erring passion that would never have been known as possibilities to the young and the innocent, were thus published in their most odious details. At first, it is true, the decent draperies of a dead language were suspended before these abominations: but sooner or later some knave was found, on mercenary motives, to tear away this partial veil; and thus the vernacular literature of most nations in Southern Europe, was gradually polluted with revelations that had been originally made in the avowed service of religion. Indeed, there was one aspect of such books which proved even more extensively disgusting. Speculations pointed to monstrous offences, bore upon their very face and frontispiece the intimation that they related to cases rare and anomalous. But sometimes casuistry pressed into the most hallowed recesses of common domestic life. The delicacy of youthful wives, for example, was often not less grievously shocked than the manliness of husbands,

by refinements of monkish subtlety applied to cases never meant for religious cognizance — but far better left to the decision of good feeling, of nature, and of pure household morality. Even this revolting use of casuistry, however, did less to injure its name and pretensions than a persuasion, pretty generally diffused, that the main purpose and drift of this science was a sort of hair-splitting process, by which doubts might be applied to the plainest duties of life, or questions raised on the extent of their obligations, for the single benefit of those who sought to evade them. A casuist was viewed, in short, as a kind of lawyer or special pleader in morals, such as those who, in London, are known as Old Bailey practitioners, called in to manage desperate cases — to suggest all available advantages — to raise doubts or distinctions where simple morality saw no room for either — and generally to teach the art, in nautical phrase, of sailing as near the wind as possible, without fear of absolutely foundering.

Meantime it is certain that casuistry, when soberly applied, is not only a beneficial as well as a very interesting study; but that, by whatever title, it is absolutely indispensable to the *practical* treatment of morals. We may reject the name, the thing we cannot reject. And accordingly the custom has been, in all English treatises on ethics, to introduce a good deal of casuistry under the idea of special illustration, but without any reference to casuistry as a formal branch of research. Indeed, as society grows complex, the uses of casuistry become more urgent. Even Cicero could not pursue his theme through such barren generalizations as entirely to evade all notice of special

cases: and Paley has given the chief interest to his very loose investigations of morality, by scattering a selection of such cases over the whole field of his discussion.

The necessity of casuistry might, in fact, be deduced from the very origin and genesis of the word. First came the general law or rule of action. This was like the major proposition of a syllogism. But next came a special instance or *case*, so stated as to indicate whether it did or did not fall under the general rule. This, again, was exactly the minor proposition in a syllogism. For example, in logic we say, as the major proposition in a syllogism, *Man is mortal.* This is the rule. And then "subsuming" (such is the technical phrase — *subsuming*) Socrates under the rule by a minor proposition — viz., Socrates is a man — we are able mediately to connect him with the predicate of that rule — viz., *ergo*, Socrates is mortal.* Precisely upon this model arose casuistry. A general rule, or major proposition, was laid down — suppose that he who killed any human being, except under the

* The ludicrous blunder of Reid (as first published by Lord Kames in his *Sketches*), and of countless others, through the last seventy or eighty years, in their critiques on the logic of Aristotle, has been to imagine that such illustrations of syllogism as these were meant for specimens of what syllogism could perform. What an elaborate machinery, it was said, for bringing out the merest self-evident truisms! But just as reasonably it might have been objected, when a mathematician illustrated the process of addition by saying $3 + 4 = 7$, Behold what pompous nothings! These Aristotelian illustrations were *purposely* drawn from cases not open to dispute, and simply as exemplifications of the meaning: they were intentionally self-evident.

palliations X, Y, Z, was a murderer. Then in a minor proposition, the special case of the suicide was considered. It was affirmed, or it was denied, that his case fell under some one of the palliations assigned. And then, finally, accordingly to the negative or affirmative shape of this minor proposition, it was argued, in the conclusion, that the suicide was, or was not, a murderer. Out of these *cases*, *i. e.*, oblique deflexions from the universal rule (which is also the grammarian's sense of the word *case*) arose *casuistry*.

After morality has done its very utmost in clearing up the grounds upon which it rests its decisions — after it has multiplied its rules to any possible point of circumstantiality — there will always continue to arise cases without end, in the shifting combinations of human action, about which a question will remain whether they do or do not fall under any of these rules. And the best way for seeing this truth illustrated on a broad scale, the shortest way and the most decisive is — to point our attention to one striking fact — viz., that all law, as it exists in every civilized land, is nothing but casuistry. Simply because new cases are forever arising to raise new doubts whether they do or do not fall under the rule of law, therefore it is that law is so inexhaustible. The law terminates a dispute for the present by a decision of a court (which constitutes our "*common law*"), or by an express act of the legislature (which constitutes our "*statute law*"). For a month or two matters flow on smoothly. But then comes a new case, not contemplated or not verbally provided for in the previous rule. It is varied by some feature of difference. The feature, it is suspect-

ed, makes no *essential* difference: substantially it may be the old case. Ay — but that is the very point to be decided. And so arises a fresh suit at law, and a fresh decision. For example, after many a decision and many a statute (all arising out of cases supervening upon cases), suppose that great subdivision of jurisprudence called the Bankrupt Laws to have been gradually matured. It has been settled, suppose, that he who exercises a trade, and no other whatsoever, shall be entitled to the benefit of the Bankrupt Laws. So far is fixed: and people vainly imagine that at length a station of rest is reached, and that in this direction at least, the onward march of law is barred. Not at all. Suddenly a schoolmaster becomes insolvent, and attempts to avail himself of privileges as a technical bankrupt. But then arises a resistance on the part of those who are interested in resisting: and the question is raised — Whether the calling of a schoolmaster can be legally considered a trade? This also is settled: it is solemnly determined that a schoolmaster is a tradesman. But next arises a case, in which, from peculiar variation of the circumstances, it is doubtful whether the teacher can technically be considered a schoolmaster. Suppose that case settled: a schoolmaster, sub-distinguished as an X Y schoolmaster, is adjudged to come within the meaning of the law. But scarcely is this sub-variety disposed of, than up rises some de-complex case, which is a sub-variety of this sub-variety: and so on forever.

Hence, therefore, we may see the shortsightedness of Paley in quoting with approbation, and as if it implied a reproach, that the Mussulman religious code

contains "not less than seventy-five thousand traditional precepts." True: but if this statement shows an excess of circumstantiality in the moral systems of Mussulmans, that result expresses a fact which Paley overlooks — viz., that their moral code is in reality their legal code. It is by aggregation of *cases*, by the everlasting depullulation of fresh sprouts and shoots from old boughs, that this enormous accumulation takes place; and, therefore, the apparent anomaly is exactly paralleled in our unmanageable superstructure of law, and in the French supplements to their code, which have already far overbuilt the code itself. If names were disregarded, we and the Mahometans are sailing in the very same boat.

Casuistry, therefore, is the science of cases, or of those special varieties which are forever changing the face of actions as contemplated in general rules. The tendency of such variations is, in all states of complex civilization, to absolute infinity.* It is our present purpose to state a few of such cases, in order to fix attention upon the interest and the importance which surround them. No modern book of ethics can be worth notice, unless in so far as it selects and argues

* "*To absolute infinity:*" — We have noticed our own vast pile of law, and that of the French. But neither of us has yet reached the alarming amount of the Roman law, under which the very powers of social movement threatened to break down. Courts could not decide, advocates could not counsel, so interminable was becoming the task of investigation. This led to the great digest of Justinian. But, had Roman society advanced in wealth, extent, and social development, instead of retrograding, the same result would have returned in a worse shape. The same result now menaces England, and will soon menace her much more.

the more prominent of such cases, as they offer themselves in the economy of daily life. For I repeat — that the name, the word casuistry, may be evaded, but the thing cannot; nor *is* it evaded in our daily conversations.

I. *The Case of the Jaffa Massacre.* — No case in the whole compass of casuistry has been so much argued to and fro — none has been argued with so little profit; for, in fact, the main elements of the moral decision have been left out of view. Let me state the circumstances: — On the 11th of February, 1799, Napoleon, then, and for seven months before, in military possession of Egypt, began his march from Cairo to Syria. His object was to break the force of any Turkish invasion, by taking it in fractions. It had become notorious to every person in Egypt, that the Porte rejected the French pretence of having come for the purpose of quelling Mameluke rebellion — the absurdity of which, apart from its ludicrous Quixotism, was evident in the most practical way — viz., by the fact, that the whole revenues of Egypt were more than swallowed up by the pay and maintenance of the French army. What could the Mamelukes have done worse? Hence it had become certain that the Turks would send an expedition to Egypt; and Napoleon viewing the garrisons in Syria as the advanced guard of such an expedition, saw the best chance for general victory in meeting these troops beforehand, and destroying them in detail. About nineteen days brought him within view of the Syrian fields. On the last day of February he slept at the Arimathea of the Gospel. In a day or two later his army was before Jaffa (the

Joppa of the Crusaders), — a weak place, but of some military interest,* from the accident of being the very first fortified town to those entering Palestine from the side of Egypt. On the 4th of March this place was invested; on the 6th, barely forty-eight hours after, it was taken by storm. This fact is in itself important; because it puts an end to the pretence so often brought forward, that the French army had been irritated by a long resistance. Yet, supposing the fact to have been so, how often in the history of war must every reader have met with cases where honorable terms were granted to an enemy merely on account of his obstinate resistance? But then here, it is said, the resistance was wilfully pushed to the arbitration of a storm. Even that might be otherwise stated; but suppose it true, a storm in military law confers some rights upon the assailants which else they would not have had — rights, however, which cease with the day of storming. Nobody denies that the French army

* "*Of some military interest:*" — It is singular that some peculiar interest has always settled upon Jaffa, no matter who was the military leader of the time, or what the object of the struggle. From Julius Cæsar, Joppa enjoyed some special privileges and immunities — about a century after, in the latter years of Nero, a most tragical castastrophe happened at Joppa to the Syrian pirates, by which the very same number perished as in the Napoleon massacre — viz., something about four thousand. In the two hundred years of the Crusades, Joppa revived again into military verdure. The fact is, that the shore of Syria is pre-eminently deficient in natural harbors, or facilities for harbors — those which exist have been formed by art and severe contest with the opposition of nature. Hence their extreme paucity, and hence their disproportionate importance in every possible war.

might have massacred all whom they met in arms at the time and during the agony of storming. But the question is, Whether a resistance of forty-eight hours could create the right, or in the least degree palliate the atrocity, of putting prisoners to death in cold blood? Four days after the storming, when all things had settled back into the quiet routine of ordinary life, men going about their affairs as usual, confidence restored, and, above all things, after the faith of a Christian army had been pledged to these prisoners that not a hair of their heads should be touched, the imagination is appalled by this wholesale butchery — even the apologists of Napoleon are shocked by the amount of murder, though justifying its principle. They admit that there were two divisions of the prisoners — one of fifteen hundred, the other of two thousand five hundred.* Their combined amount is equal to a little army; in fact, *numerically*, it repeats pretty exactly that noble little army of ours which opened the great Titan war waged with Napoleon, by winning the battle of Maida in Calabria. They composed a force equal to about six English regiments of infantry on the common establishment. Every man of these four thousand soldiers, chiefly brave Albanians — every man of this little army was basely, brutally, in the very spirit of abject poltroonery, murdered — mur-

* But this was a merely popular computation, adapted to ordinary circumstances, which rendered punctilious accuracy useless, or, unless with a special justifying purpose, pedantic. The true number massacred was four thousand two hundred: counting by the common military scale, that means seven battalions.

dered as foully as the infants of Bethlehem; resistance being quite hopeless, not only because they had surrendered their arms, but also because, in reliance on Christian honor, they had quietly submitted to have their hands confined with ropes behind their backs. If this blood did not lie heavy on Napoleon's heart in his dying hours, it must have been because a conscience originally callous had been seared by the very number of his atrocities.

Now, having stated the case, let me review the casuistical apologies put forward. What, it is demanded, was to be done with these prisoners? What could be done? There lay the difficulty. Could they be retained in confinement according to the common usage with regard to prisoners? No; for there was a scarcity of provisions, barely sufficient for the French army itself. Could they be transported to Egypt by sea? No; for two English line-of-battle ships, the Theseus and the Tiger, each (I believe) carrying eighty guns, were cruising in the offing, and watching the interjacent seas of Egypt and Syria. Could they be transported to Egypt by land? No; for it was not possible to spare a sufficient escort; besides, this plan would have included the separate difficulty as to food. Finally, then, as the sole resource left, could they be turned adrift? No; for this was but another mode of saying, "Let us fight the matter over again; reinstate yourselves as our enemies; let us leave Jaffa *re infectâ*, and let all begin again *do novo*" — since, assuredly, say the French apologists, within a fortnight, or less from that date, the prisoners would have been found swelling the ranks of those Turkish forces whom Napoleon had reason to expect in front.

Before taking one step in reply to these arguments, let me cite two parallel cases from history: already for themselves separately the cases are interesting; and they have an *occasional* interest beside, appropriate to the casuistical difficulty before us, as showing how other armies, not Christian, have treated the self-same difficulty in practice. The first shall be a leaf taken from the great book of Pagan experience; the second from Mahometan; and both were cases, be it observed, in which the parties called on to cut the knot had been irritated to madness by the parties concerned in their decision.

1. *The Pagan Decision.* — In that Jewish war of more than three years' duration, which terminated in the memorable siege and destruction of Jerusalem, two cities on the lake of Gennesaret were besieged by Vespasian. One of these was Tiberias: the other Tarichæ. Both had been defended with desperation; and from their peculiar situation upon water, and amongst profound precipices, the Roman battering apparatus had not been found applicable to their walls. Consequently the resistance and the loss to the Romans had been unexampled. At the latter siege Vespasian was present in person. Six thousand five hundred had perished of the enemy. A number of prisoners remained, amounting to about forty thousand. What was to be done with them? A great council was held, at which the commander-in-chief presided, assisted (as we shall soon find Napoleon to have been) by his whole staff. Many of the officers were urgent for having the whole put to death: they used the very arguments of the French — that, being people now destitute of habitations, they

would infallibly persecute into war by daily importunities, any cities which might receive them;" fighting, in fact, henceforward upon a double impulse — viz. the original one of insurrection, and a new one of revenge. Vespasian was sensible of all this; and he himself remarked, that, if they had any indulgence of flight conceded they would assuredly use it against the authors of that indulgence. But still, as an answer to all objections, he insisted on the solitary fact, that he had pledged the Roman faith for the security of their lives; "and to offer violence, after he had given them his right hand, was what he could not bear to think of." Such are the simple words ascribed to him. In the end, overpowered by his council, Vespasian made a sort of compromise. Twelve hundred, as persons who could not have faced the hardships of captivity and travel, he gave up to the sword. Six thousand select young men were transported as laborers into Greece, in fact as *navvies*, with a view to Nero's scheme, then in agitation, for cutting through the Isthmus of Corinth; the main body, amounting to thirty thousand, were sold for slaves; and all the rest who happened to be subjects of Agrippa,* as a mark of courtesy to that prince, were

* "*Of Agrippa:*" — *i. e.*, not that Agrippa who married the sole daughter of Augustus Cæsar — *he* had long been in his grave — but of Herod Agrippa, grandson to that original Herod, who seems to have been as pretty a murderer, and as tiger-like as any ruffian that you would wish *not* to meet in a lonely lane. His ambition might seriously have seemed to form a bright model for the future sepoy. At Bethlehem he showed them how to murder infants valiantly; but subsequently he improved, for he rose to the bright idea of murdering grown-up women — his wife Mariamne for one, and even men — Mariamne's brother,

placed at his disposal. Now, in this case, it will be alleged that perhaps the main feature of Napoleon's case was not realized — viz., the want of provisions. Every Roman soldier carried on his shoulder a load of seventeen days' provisions, expressly in preparation for such dilemmas; and Palestine was then rank with population gathered into towns. This objection will be noticed immediately: but, meantime, let it be remembered that the prisoners personally appeared before their conquerors in far worse circumstances than the garrison of Jaffa, except as to the one circumstance (in which both parties stood on equal ground) of having had their lives guaranteed. For the prisoners of Gennesaret were chiefly aliens and fugitives from justice, who had no national or local interest in the cities which they had tempted or forced into insurrection; they were clothed with no military character whatever; in short, they were pure vagrant incendiaries; or, in short (to say the worst thing possible), they were the *budmashes* of Syria, which means (as our Sepoy apocalypse has taught us), the houseless ruffians of Asiatic cities, such as Delhi, the ferocious but cowardly Ishmaels of imperfect civilization. And the populous condition of Palestine availed little towards the execution of Vespasian's sentence: nobody in that land would have bought such prisoners; nor, if they would, were there any means available, in the agitated state of the Jewish people, for maintaining their purchase. It would,

and two of his own sons. This man, history denominates Herod the Great; obviously for his artistic merit as a first-rate murderer, since of other accomplishments he had confessedly none at all.

therefore, be necessary to escort them to Cæsarea, as the nearest Roman port for shipping them: thence perhaps to Alexandria, in order to benefit by the corn vessels: and from Alexandria the voyage to remoter places would be pursued at great cost and labor — all so many objections exactly corresponding to those of Napoleon, and yet all overruled by the single consideration of a Roman (viz., a Pagan) right hand pledged to the sacred fulfilment of a promise. As to the twelve hundred old and helpless people massacred in cold blood, as regarded themselves it was a merciful doom, and one which many of the Jerusalem captives afterwards eagerly courted. But still it was a shocking necessity. It was felt to be such by many Romans themselves; Vespasian, not yet emperor, was in that instance overruled; but with a beneficial effect, that perhaps long outlived that transitory Flavian family. For the horror which settled upon the mind of Titus, his eldest son, from that very case, made *him* tender of human life ever after; made him anxiously merciful, through the great tragedies which were now beginning to unrol themselves; and although *he* personally was an apparition of brightness and of vernal promise that passed away too early for his own generation, nevertheless, through succeeding generations his example availed to plant kindness and mercy amongst imperatorial virtues.

2. *The Mahometan Decision.* — The Emperor Charles V., at different periods, twice invaded the piratical states in the north of Africa. The last of these invasions, directed against Algiers, failed miserably, covering the Emperor with shame, and strewing both

land and sea with the wrecks of his great armament. But six years before, he had conducted a most splendid and successful expedition against Tunis, once the seat of mighty Carthage, but then occupied by Heyradin Barbarossa, a valiant corsair and a prosperous usurper. Barbarossa had an irregular force of fifty thousand men; the emperor had a veteran army, but not acclimatized, and not much above one half as numerous. Things tended, therefore, strongly to an equilibrium. Such were the circumstances — such was the position on each side: Barbarossa, with his usual adventurous courage, and with Mahometan insolence, was drawing out of Tunis in order to assail the assailant: precisely at that moment occurred the question of what should be done with the Christian slaves. A stronger case cannot be imagined: they were ten thousand fighting men; and the more horrible it seemed to murder so many defenceless people, the more dreadfully did the danger strike upon the imagination. It was their number which appalled the conscience of those who speculated on their murder; but precisely that it was the formidable number, when pressed upon the recollection, which appalled the prudence of their Moorish masters. Barbarossa himself, familiar with bloody actions, never hesitated for a moment about the proper course: "massacre to the last man" was *his* proposal. But his officers thought otherwise: they were brave men; "and," says Robertson, "they all approved warmly of his intention to fight. But, inured as they were to scenes of bloodshed, the barbarity of his proposal filled them with horror; and Barbarossa, from the dread of irritating *them*, consented to spare the lives of the slaves." Now,

in this case, the penalty attached to mercy, on the assumption that it should turn out unhappily for those who so nobly determined to stand the risk, cannot be more tragically expressed, than by saying that it *did* turn out unhappily. We need not doubt that the merciful officers were otherwise rewarded; but for this world, and the successes of this world, the ruin was total. Barbarossa was defeated in the battle which ensued; flying pell-mell to Tunis with the wrecks of his army, he found these very ten thousand Christians in possession of the fort and town: they turned his own artillery upon himself: and his overthrow was sealed by that one act of mercy — so unwelcome from the very first to his own Napoleonish temper.

Thus we see how this very case of Jaffa had been settled by Pagan and Mahometan casuists, where courage and generosity happened to be habitually prevalent. Now, turning back to the pseudo-Christian army, let us very briefly review the arguments for *them*. First, there were no provisions. But how happened that? or how is it proved? Feeding the prisoners from the 6th to the 10th inclusively of March, proves that there was no instant want. And how was it, then, that Napoleon had run his calculations so narrowly! The prisoners were just thirty-three per cent. on the total French army, as originally detached from Cairo. Some had already perished of that French detachment: and in a few weeks more one half of it had perished, or six thousand men, whose rations were hourly becoming disposable for the prisoners. Secondly, a most important consideration, resources must have been found in Jaffa; if not, why not? But thirdly, if Jaffa

were so ill-provisioned, how had Jaffa ever dreamed of standing a siege? And knowing its condition, as Napoleon must have done from deserters and otherwise, how came he to adopt so needless a measure as that of storming the place? Three days must have compelled it to surrender upon any terms, if it could be really true that, after losing vast numbers of its population in the assault (for it was the bloodshed of the assault which originally suggested the interference of the aides-de-camp),* Jaffa was not able to allow half-rations even

* "*Aides-de-camp:*" — Their names were, to the best of my remembrance, Croisier, and a Pole, whose name began with *Sulky*, and no doubt it ended in *iski* or *owski*. Or, according to the witty suggestion of the late Lord Robertson (a Scottish judge), for a *general* Polish name that should save all trouble of special and individual punctilios, you might call him Count *Cask-o'-Whisky*. The mention of these young men, both of whom came to a premature end, through consequences growing out of this diabolical massacre, reminds me of some subordinate incidents connected with the main event that merit a distinct notice. These two officers (upon what errand I could never certainly ascertain, if it were not to invite the Albanians to a timely surrender, upon such terms as must have been conceded to so large a body of men in possession of such manifest advantages) found the enemy occupying an immense barrack. From windows innumerable, and from openings drilled by the men for the momentary purpose, were levelled muskets without end at the two young emissaries. The story tells itself. The aides-de-camp were apparently no fire-eaters: but it is fair to recollect that even men, who were such habitually and by a second nature, would not have acknowledged any call for putting forth their gallantry on this occasion. What had they been sent for? Not surely to say, Albanians, come out and be killed! An idiot would not have surrendered such advantages for defence, without understanding that he was to receive some equivalent in

to a *part* of its garrison for a few weeks. What was it meant that the whole of this garrison should have done, had Napoleon simply blockaded it? Through all these contradictions we see the truth looming

return. The two officers, therefore, were perfectly right in the silent overture which they made: having no common language for expressing their message more distinctly, they hung out a white handkerchief. Now is *that* a conventional symbol of pacific overtures, or is it not? If not, we British are sadly to blame: for a number of heavy-built Chinese have carried in their stern quarters, ever since 1842, some leaden remembrances of ours, which we were obliged to fire after them when running away from our white flag, and for having previously fired upon that flag. If we had not punished the brutes for refusing to receive the sole symbol agreed upon amongst nations for requesting a suspension of arms, we should not have delivered our important message, which concerned the whole Chinese people, to the end of the century. Had the Albanians fired upon the two bearers of this symbol, they would rightfully have suffered the death of criminals. *Not* firing, and voluntarily resigning all the means which they possessed for a desperate defence, such as must have cost the French two thousand lives at the least, they were understood to have made a bargain — to have sold a present advantage for a reversionary gain. Napoleon must have seen this as well as they: perfectly he knew beforehand that this would be, and could not *but* be, the result of that else unintelligible mission which he had imposed upon his *aides*. Yet as soon as they went back to head-quarters, and reported what had passed, he pretended to fall into a violent passion, and in order to color this simulated rage with an air of sincerity, he upbraided the young men in such terms of insult as impelled both to seek death. Sulkowski's particular fate I do not recollect; only the fact that he soon perished: Croisier courted and found *his* in the act of suddenly leaping on a wall or conspicuous eminence at the very moment when the gunners on the walls of Acre were presenting their port-fires; Napoleon, who saw the action,

large, as the sun from behind a mist: it was not because provisions failed that Napoleon butchered four thousand young men in cold blood; it was because he wished to signalize his entrance into Palestine by a

loudly commanded him to come down; but the sound of earthly commands had now become an empty terror for the poor aid-de-camp; he heard a deeper summons from a paramount Commander in other worlds; and in the next moment he was blown to atoms. Napoleon was, as regards moral capacities, even for common generosity, much more for magnanimity, about the poorest creature ever known. He knew himself to have been grossly in the wrong as regarded the two *aides*, and yet he was never able to summon self-conquest enough to beg their pardon. Meantime, what had he really expected of them? Simply this: he had counted on it as a certainty that between two parties, unable to communicate freely from want of a common language, hot misunderstandings would arise, and that amongst so many impatient tempers, and so much boiling youthful blood, shots in showers would be fired; and the two aides-de-camp would perish. This was what he expected from them: and he meant to use this colorable pretence of a violated international usage as a summary plea for putting to death every man of the Albanians. Cruel was his disappointment when he found himself suddenly stripped of this anticipated plea, and, on the contrary, bound by a horrid pledge to some disgusting act of merciful indulgence. His first words of reproach to these two members of "his family" (such is the technical language) acknowledged this result. His very complaint, as against *them*, confessed by implication his obligation as regarded the Albanians. They (the two aides-de-camp) had landed him in difficulties inextricable. But, if he were still free to shoot the Albanians, how had they landed him in any difficulty at all? In the very torrent of his wrath he confessed the debt contracted to the enemy; and the wrath was solely on account of that debt. Yet, after all, he contrives, under cover of the feeble moral sense existing in the French army, to trample on this confessed con-

sanguinary act, such as might strike panic and ghastly horror far and wide, might resound through Syria as well as Egypt, and might paralyze the nerves of his enemies. Fourthly, it is urged that, if he had turned the

tract. He calls together the leading officers of the army: he propounds the case, and the separate difficulties which met each variety of actions. The extra trouble, and the sacrifices, which would have accompanied any attempt on the part of eleven thousand men, having before them the bloody labors of a siege the most desperate, to watch and tend more than four thousand captives, were glaringly manifest: and under the temptations to perfidy, which disclosed themselves too highly and broadly, the French sense of honor was not strong enough to hold: the storm was mighty, and the anchor of their good-faith all drove, and "came home."

The closing scene is frightful: it might well be left to the reader's imagination, were it not for an incident which adds a crest and novelty of preternatural foulness to a drama which already offered a scenical display of wrong that Abana and Pharpar could never wash away, and no Jordan will ever cleanse. The Albanians, all young, of ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-two, easily divined their coming fate. Easily they read in the conscious eyes of their guilty jailers the horror which rose before them. No man can hear without affliction a case, where, without the pretence of any crime, so ample a capacity of joy and ebullient life was summoned in one hour to take their last look of a sun that pours down upon Syria such eternity of splendor. Scarcely to have tasted from the cup of life, before it was torn from their grasp by hellish fraud, and all the while to feel their unexhausted energies jubilating along their youthful veins, was an atrocity and an anomaly of suffering for which the bare ordinary justice and truthfulness of human nature has not left any gate open once in five centuries. They were shot down by platoons; and of course, in such a mode of executing the sentence, it happened unavoidably that a considerable number were not mortally wounded, or not so wounded as

prisoners loose, they would have faced him again in his next battle. How so? Prisoners without arms? But then, perhaps, they could have retreated upon Acre, where it is known that Djezzar, the Turkish

to cause instant death, or, in some instances, not wounded at all. Of these, some were dispatched by a second, some by a third, *fusillade*. But a few, a dwindling arrear, escaped the bullets after all. And from this sad arrear, sighing, supplicating, languishing, rose up, as from a closing grave, the last narrowing scene of anguish, that furnished the last stings of torment, on the one side, to departing agony, and, on the other, to any repenting accomplice perhaps the first-born stings of remorse. Some, by those same bullets which had spared their persons, found their bonds cut asunder, and themselves suddenly liberated. Could not even this poor relic of the ghastly crowd have found mercy? No; mercy in no case; but for these was reserved a separate and parting fraud. The prisoners, having no other refuge, saw one (though but momentary) in the sea. The weltering billows might at least hide them from their enemies: those hellish faces, triumphing and laughing through the gathering mists of death, they might at least shut out. Not so: not thus were they to be dismissed. The Syrian sea is an inhospitable chamber of the great central Christian lake. Nothing rose to view but a barren rock. To this the despairing few swam out. Boats there were none for pursuit; and had the Albanians maintained their hold till night, the merciful darkness would have covered their return to land, and possibly their final evasion. But this was not to be: the French, if they could not pursue, could still persecute. Seeing the risk, they saw also a means for baffling it. By significant gestures they notified to the tenants of the rock an entire amnesty as regarded the past. What was done was done, and could not be recalled; but, for the future, let the fugitive prisoners put their trust in French honor, and come back to land. The fugitives did so; they came back — some trusting, some doubting. But strictly impartial was their welcome on shore. To the trusting there was no

pacha, had a great magazine of arms. That might have been dangerous, if any such retreat had been open. But surely the French army, itself under orders for Acre, could at least have intercepted the Acre route from the prisoners. No other remained but that through the defiles of Naplous. In that direction, however, there was no want of men. Beyond the mountains cavalry only were in use: and the prisoners had no horses, no equestrian training, nor habits of acting as cavalry. In the defiles it was riflemen who were wanted, and the prisoners had no rifles; besides which, the line of the French operations never came near to that route. Then, again, if provisions were universally so scarce, how were the disarmed prisoners to obtain them (which the French allege that they would have done, if turned adrift), on the simple allegation that they had fought unsuccessfully against the French!

But, finally, one conclusive argument there is against this damnable atrocity of Napoleon's, which, in all future lives of him, one may expect to see noticed — viz., that if the circumstances of Palestine were such

special favor; to the doubting no separate severity. All were massacred alike; and in one brief half-hour a loose scattering of soil rose as a winding sheet over the forty-two hundred corpses, that heaved convulsively here and there for a moment, and then all was still.

Frenchmen, this atrocity belongs to the holy soil of Palestine. Bethlehem is near, and sees it. Jerusalem is not far off, and reports it to the heavens. That man errs who believes that such deeds perish. They are found again in other generations. And so long as France makes the author of that awful crime her idol, so long she makes his deeds her own

as to forbid the ordinary usages of war, if (which I am far from believing) want of provisions made it indispensable to murder prisoners in cold blood — in that case a *Syrian war* became impossible to a man of honor; and the guilt commences from higher point than Jaffa. If mercy were notoriously improbable in a Syrian war, in that case none but a ruffian would be found to offer his services for such a war. Already at Cairo, and in the elder stages of the expedition, planned in face of such afflicting necessities, we read the councils of a murderer; of one carrying appropriately such a style of warfare towards the ancient country of the Assassins; of one not an apostate merely from Christian humanity, but from the lowest standard of soldierly honor. He and his friends abuse the upright and ill-used Sir Hudson Lowe as a jailer. But better a thousand times over to be a jailer, and faithful to one's trust, than to be the cut-throat of unarmed men.

One consideration remains, which I reserve to the end; because it has been universally overlooked, and because it is conclusive against Napoleon, even on his own hypothesis of an absolute necessity. In Vespasian's case — the case of having given his right hand as the symbolic pledge of an engagement to show mercy — it does not appear that he had gained anything for himself, or for his army, by his promise of safety to the enemy whose lives had been guaranteed, and who, on the faith of that guarantee, had surrendered their arms: he had simply gratified his own feelings by holding out prospects of final escape. But Napoleon had absolutely seduced the four thousand

men from a situation of power, from vantage-ground, by his treacherous promise. And when the French apologists plead — "If we had dismissed the prisoners we should soon have had to fight the battle over again" — they totally forget the state of the facts: they had not fought the battle at all: they had literally evaded the battle as to these prisoners: as many enemies as could have faced them *de novo* — (viz., four thousand and two hundred), which constituted the temptation, so many had they bought off from fighting. Forty-two centuries of armed men, brave and despairing, and firing from windows, must have made prodigious havoc: and this havoc the French evaded by a trick, by a perfidy, perhaps unexampled in the annals of honorable warfare.*

II. *Piracy.* — It is interesting to trace the revolutions of moral feeling. In the early stages of history we find piracy in high esteem. Thucydides tells us that λῃστεια or robbery, when conducted *at sea* (*i. e.*, robbery on non-Grecian people), was held in honor by his countrymen through elder ages. And this, in fact, is the true station, this point of feeling for primitive man, from which we ought to view the robberies and larcenies of savages. Captain Cook, though a good and often a wise man, erred exceedingly in this point. He took a plain Old Bailey view of the case; and very sincerely believed (as all sea-captains ever have done), that a savage must be a bad man, who would purloin anything that was not his own.

* The French have learned since then, by the bloody experience of 1830 and of 1848 in Paris, what is the fearful power of street and house firing.

Yet it is evident that the poor child of uncultured nature, who saw strangers descending, as it were from the moon, upon his aboriginal forests and lawns, must have viewed them under the same angle as the Greeks of old. They were no part of any system to which he belonged; and why should he not plunder them? By force if he could: but, where that was out of the question, why should he not take the same credit for an undetected theft that the Spartan gloried in taking?* To be detected was both shame and loss; but he was certainly entitled to any glory which might seem to settle upon success, not at all less than the more insolent and conceited savage of Grecian Sparta. Besides all which, amongst us civilized men the rule obtains universally — that the state, and duties of peace are to be presumed until war is proclaimed.† Whereas, amongst rude nations, war is understood to be the rule — war, open or covert, until suspended by express contract. War is the natural state of things for all, except those who view themselves as brothers by natural

* It is singular that this Spartan glory from non-detection exists in full blow amongst ourselves: the resurrectionist, or body-snatcher, is, or was, regarded as a public benefactor and an ally of science, if undetected; being detected, he was punished severely by the magistrate, and had to fly for his life from the mob.

† The public proclamation with man civilized, first of all, opens and inaugurates war. It is peace, until otherwise ordered. But with the savage logic is reversed; the very opposite case obtains: war is so entirely the natural state of man with man, that it needs a special, resonant, and thundering contract to make it otherwise.

affinity, by local neighborhood, by common descent, or who make themselves brothers by artificial contracts. Peace needs a proclamation. Captain Cook, who overlooked all this, should have begun by arranging a solemn treaty with the savages amongst whom he meant to reside for any length of time. This would have prevented many an angry broil then, and since then: it would also have prevented his own tragical fate. Meantime the savage is calumniated and misrepresented, for want of being understood.

There is, however, amongst civilized nations a mode of piracy still tolerated, or which *was* tolerated in the last war, but is now ripe for extinction. It is that war of private men upon private men, which goes on under the name of privateering. Great changes have taken place in our modes of thinking within the last twenty-five * years; and the greatest change of all lies in the thoughtful spirit which we now bring to the investigation of all public questions. I have no doubt at all that, when next a war arises at sea, the whole system of privateering will be condemned by the public voice. And the next step after that will be, to explode all war whatsoever, public or private, upon commerce. War will be conducted *by* belligerents and *upon* belligerents exclusively. To imagine the extinction of war itself, in the present stage of human advance, is, I fear, idle. Higher modes of civilization — an earth more universally colonized — the *homo sapiens* of Linnæus more developed and other improvements must pave the way for *that:* but amongst the earliest

* This, let me admonish the reader, was written about twelve years ago. [The paper was written in 1839.]

of those improvements, will be the abolition of war carried into quarters where the spirit of war never ought to penetrate. Privateering will be abolished. War, on a national scale, is often ennobling, and one great instrument of pioneering for civilization; but war of private citizen upon his fellow, in another land, is always demoralizing.

III. *Usury.* — This ancient subject of casuistry I place next to *piracy*, for a significant reason; the two practices have both changed their public reputation as civilization has advanced, but inversely — they have exactly interchanged their places. Beginning in honor, piracy has ended in infamy: and at this moment it happens to be the sole offence against society in which *all* the accomplices, without pity or intercession, let them be ever so numerous, are punished capitally. Elsewhere, we decimate, or even centesimate: here, we are all children of Rhadamanthus. Usury, on the other hand, beginning in utter infamy, has travelled upwards into considerable esteem; and Mr. "10 *per shent*" stands a very fair chance of being pricked for sheriff next year; and, in one generation more, of passing for a great patriot. Charles Lamb complained that, by gradual changes, not on his part, but in the spirit of refinement, he found himself growing insensibly into "an indecent character." The same changes which carry some downwards, carry others up; and Shylock himself will soon be viewed as an eminent martyr or confessor for the truth as it is in the Alley. Seriously, however, there is nothing more remarkable in the history of casuistical ethics, than the utter revolution in human estimates of usury. In this one point the

Hebrew legislator agreed with the Roman — Deuteronomy with the Twelve Tables. Cicero mentions that the elder Cato being questioned on various actions, and how he ranked them in his esteem, was at length asked, *Quid fœnerari?* — how did he rank usury? His indignant answer was, by a retorted question — *Quid hominem occidere?* — what do I think of murder? In this particular case, as in some others, we must allow that our worthy ancestors and forerunners upon this terraqueous planet were enormous blockheads. And their "exquisite reason" for this opinion on usury, was quite worthy of Sir Andrew Aguecheek: — "money," they argued, "could not breed money: one guinea was neither father nor mother to another guinea: and where could be the justice of making a man pay for the use of a thing some supposed equivalent, which that thing could never produce?" But, venerable blockheads, that argument applies to the case of him who locks up his borrowed guinea. Suppose him *not* to lock it up, but to buy a hen, and the hen to lay a dozen eggs; one of those eggs will be so much per cent.; and the thing borrowed has then produced its own *fœnus*. A still greater inconsistency was this: Our ancestors would have rejoined — that many people did not borrow in order to produce, *i. e.*, to use the money as capital, but in order to spend, *i. e.*, to use it as income. In that case, at least, the borrowers must derive the *fœnus* from some other fund than the thing borrowed: for, by the supposition, the thing borrowed has been spent. True; but on the same principle these ancestors ought to have forbidden every man to sell any article whatsoever to him who paid for it out of

other funds than those produced by the article sold. Mere logical consistency required this: it happens, indeed, to be impossible: but that only argues their entire non-comprehension of their own doctrines.

The whole history of usury teems with instruction: 1st, comes the monstrous absurdity in which the proscription of usury anchored; 2d, the absolute compulsion and downright unevadable pressure of realities in forcing men into a timid abandonment of their own ridiculous doctrines; 3d, the unconquerable power of sympathy, which humbled all minds to one level, and forced the strongest no less than the feeblest intellects into the same infatuation of stupidity. The casuistry of ancient moralists on this question, especially of the scholastic moralists, such as Suarez, &c. — the oscillations by which they alternately relaxed and tied up the law, just as their erring conscience or the necessities of social life happened alternately to prevail — would compose one of the interesting chapters in this science. But the Jewish relaxation is the most amusing: it coincides altogether with the theory of savages as to property, as a thing made sacred from robbery only by a special treaty. All men on earth except Jews, were held to be fair subjects for usury: not as though usury were a just or humane practice: no — it was a belligerent practice: but then all foreigners in the Jewish eye were enemies, for the same reason that the elder Romans had one common term for an enemy and a stranger. And it is probable that many Jews at this day, in exercising usury, conceive themselves to be seriously making war, in a privateering fashion, upon Christendom, and practising reprisals on the Gentiles for the capture of Jerusalem by Titus.

IV *Bishop Gibson's Chronicon Preciosum.* — Many people are aware that this book is a record of prices, so far as they were recoverable, pursued through six centuries of English history. But they are not aware that this whole inquiry is simply the machinery for determining a casuistical question. The question was this : — An English college — but I cannot this moment say in which of our universities — had been founded in the reign of Henry VI., and between 1440 and 1460 ; probably it might be King's College, Cambridge.* Now, the statutes of this college, whatever be its name, make it imperative upon every candidate for a fellowship to swear that he does not possess an estate in land of inheritance, nor a perpetual pension amounting to *five pounds per annum.* It is certain, however, that the founder did not mean superstitiously so much gold or silver as made *nominally* the sum of five pounds, but so much as virtually represented the five pounds of Henry VI.'s time — so much as would buy the same quantity of ordinary comforts. Upon this, therefore, arose two questions for the casuist: (1.) What sum did substantially represent, in 1706 (the year of publishing the *Chron. Preciosum*), that nominal £5 of 1440 ? (2.) Supposing this ascertained, might a man with safe conscience retain his fellowship by swearing that he had not £5 a-year, when perhaps he had £20, provided that £20 were proved to be less in efficacy than

* Eton, which everybody knows from Gray's "Ode" to have been certainly founded by Henry VI., is in close connection with King's College.

the £5 of the elder period? Verbally this was perjury: was it such in virtue and for the responsibilities of the conscience?

The *Chronicle* is not, as by its title the reader might suppose, a large folio: on the contrary, it is a small octavo of less than two hundred pages. But it is exceedingly interesting, very ably reasoned, and as circumstantial in its illustrations as the good bishop's opportunities allowed him to make it. In one thing he was more liberal than Sir William Petty, Dr. Davenant, &c., or any elder economists of the preceding generation; he would have statistics treated as a classical or scholar-like study; and he shows a most laudable curiosity in all the questions arising out of his main one. His answer to *that* is as follows: 1st, that £5 in Henry VI.'s time contained forty ounces of silver, whereas in Queen Anne's it contained only nineteen ounces and one-third; so that, in reality, the £5 of 1440 was, even formally, as to weight of silver, rather more than £10 of 1706. 2d, as to the efficacy of £10 in Henry VI.'s reign: upon reviewing the main items of common household (and therefore of common academic) expenditure, and pursuing this review through bad years and good years, the bishop decides that it is about equal to £25 or £30 of Queen Anne's reign. Sir George Shuckburgh has since treated this casuistical problem more elaborately (see the "London Philosophical Transactions"): but Bishop Gibson it was, who, in his *Chronicon Preciosum*, first broke the ice.

After this, he adds an ingenious question upon the apparently parallel case of a freeholder swearing himself worth 40*s.* per annum as a qualification for an

electoral vote: ought not he to hold himself perjured in voting upon an estate often so much below the original 40*s.* contemplated by Parliament, for the very same reason * that a collegian is *not* perjured in holding a fellowship, whilst, in fact, he may have four or five times the nominal sum privileged by the founder? The bishop says *no;* and he distinguishes the case thus: the college £5 must always mean a virtual £5 — a £5 in efficacy, and not merely in name. But the freeholder's 40*s.* is not so restricted; and for the following reason — that this sum is constantly coming under the review of Parliament. It is clear, therefore, from the fact of not having altered it, that Parliament is satisfied with a merely nominal 40*s.*, and sees no reason to alter it. True, it was a rule enacted by the Parliament of 1430; at which time 40*s.* was even in weight of silver equal to 80*s.* of 1706; and in virtue or power of purchasing equal to £12 at the least. The qualification of a freeholder was, therefore, much lower in Queen Anne's days than in those of Henry VI. But what of that? Parliament, it must be presumed, sees good reason why it *should* be lower. And at all events, till the law operates injuriously, there can be no reason to alter it.

A case of the same kind with those argued by Bishop Gibson has oftentimes arisen in trials for larceny — I mean in construing that enactment which fixed the minimum for a capital offence. This case is

* "*For the very same reason:*" — The reader may fail to see this. Let him consider that the point of conscience is exactly reversed for the two men: for the college man it is to prove his poverty, for the freeholder to prove his wealth.

noticed by the bishop, and juries of late years habitually took the casuistry into their own hands. They were generally held to act with no more than a proper humanity to the prisoner; but still people thought such juries, in the extreme rigor of ethics, incorrect. Whereas, if Bishop Gibson is right, who allows a man to swear positively that he has not £5 a year, when nominally he has much more, such juries were even technically right. However, this point is now, by Sir Robert Peel's reforms, adjusted in conformity to the equities of the case, and so as to meet the noble sensibilities of juries more thoughtful, and the Christian scruples of those who are jealous not only of human life, but of human suffering in every degree. But there are other cases, and especially those which arise not between different times but between different places, which will often require the same kind of casuistry as that which is so ably applied by the good and learned bishop.

V. *Suicide.* — It seems passing strange that the main argument upon which Pagan moralists relied in their unconditional condemnation of suicide — viz., the supposed analogy of our situation in life to that of a sentinel mounting guard, who cannot, without a capital offence, quit his station until called off by his commanding officer — is dismissed with contempt by a Christian moralist, viz., Paley. But a stranger thing still is, that the only man who ever wrote a book in palliation of suicide, should have been, not only a Christian, not only an official minister and dignitary of a metropolitan Christian church, but also a scrupulously pious man. I allude, as the reader will

suppose, to Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, one of the subtlest intellects that England has produced. His opinion is worthy of solemn consideration. Not that I myself would willingly diminish, by one hair's weight, the reasons against suicide; but it is never well to rely upon ignorance or inconsideration for the defence of any principle whatever. Donne's notion was (a notion, however, adopted in his earlier years), that as we do not instantly pronounce a man a murderer upon hearing that he has killed a fellow-creature, but according to the circumstances of the case, pronounce his act either murder, or manslaughter, or justifiable homicide, so by parity of reason, suicide is open to distinctions of the same or corresponding kinds; that there may be such a thing as self-homicide not less than self-murder, culpable self-homicide, and justifiable self-homicide. Donne called his Essay by the Greek name *Biathanatos*,* meaning *violent death*. But a

*This word, however, which occurs nowhere that I remember, except in Lampridius, one of the Augustan historians, is there applied to Heliogabalus; and means, not the act of suicide, but a suicidal person. And possibly Donne, who was a good scholar, may so mean it to be understood in his title-page. Heliogabalus, says Lampridius, had been told by the Syrian priests that he should be *biathanatos*, *i. e.*, should commit suicide. He provided, therefore, ropes of purple and of gold intertwisted, that he might hang himself imperatorially. He provided golden swords, that he might run himself through as became Cæsar. He had poisons enclosed in jewels, that he might drink his farewell heeltaps, if drink he must, in a princely style. Other modes of august death he had prepared. Unfortunately all were unavailing, for he was murdered and dragged through the common sewers by ropes, without either purple or gold in their

thing equally strange and a blasphemy almost unaccountable, is the fancy of a Prussian or Saxon baron who wrote a book to prove that Christ committed suicide, for which he had no other argument than this: that in fact, Christ had surrendered himself unresistingly into the hands of his enemies, and had in a manner wilfully provoked his own death. This, however, describes the case of every martyr that ever was or can be. It is the very merit and grandeur of the martyr, that he proclaims the truth with his eyes open to the consequences of proclaiming it. Those consequences are connected with the truth, but not by a natural link: the connection is by means of false views, which it is the very business of the martyr to destroy. And, if a man founds my death upon an act which my conscience enjoins, even though I am aware and fully warned that the will found my death upon it, I am not, therefore, guilty of suicide. For, by the supposition, I was obliged to the act in question by the highest of all obligations — viz., moral obligation, which far transcends all physical obligation; so that, whatever excuse attaches to a physical necessity, attaches *a fortiori* to the moral necessity. The case is, therefore, precisely the same as if he had said — "I will put you to death if the frost benumbs your feet." The answer is — "I cannot help this effect of frost." Far less can I help revealing a celestial truth. I have no power, no liberty, to forbear. When a wing of an army persists in regres-

base composition. The poor fellow has been sadly abused in history; but, after all, he was a mere boy, and as mad as a March hare.

sion exactly as its antagonist endeavors to force it into action, and still wheels away, turning upon the centre as a pivot, it is technically said to *refuse* itself. To a kindling enthusiasm for a truth simply great by its effects, a man may often refuse himself. But if the truth is doubly great — great by its origin, great by its tendency — sometimes it will not submit to be refused. And, in killing me, he punishes me for a mere necessity of my situation and of my secret knowledge.

It is urged that brutes never commit suicide — except, indeed, the salamander, who has been suspected of loose principles in this point, but separated merely under an old traditional conceit, founded in misinterpretation of equivocal appearances; and I myself know a man who constantly affirmed that a horse of his had committed suicide, by violently throwing himself from the summit of a precipice. "But why" — as I still asked him — "why should the horse have committed felony on himself? Were oats rising in the market? — or was he in love? — or vexed by politics? — or could a horse, and a young one rising four, be supposed to suffer from *tædium vitæ*?"* Meantime, as respects the general question of brute suicides, two points must be regarded — 1st, That brutes are

* I have since known other cases of the same class. But all alike were chargeable upon the precipice. There are instances on record of hounds in nearly an entire pack being carried headlong over a precipice, in perhaps the mere moral enthusiasm of hostile pursuit. But the horses (all young) went over under mere ignorance of the ground, and consequent *physical* inability to check their own impetus.

cut off from the vast world of moral and imaginative sufferings entailed upon man; 2d, That this very immunity presupposes another immunity —

"A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain" —

in the far coarser and less irritable animal organization, which must be the basis of an insulated physical sensibility. By *insulated* I mean, not extended through the unlimited propagation of *sympathy*. Brutes can neither suffer from intellectual passions, nor even, as I imagine, from very complex derangements of the nervous system; so that in them the motives to suicide, the temptations to suicide, are prodigiously diminished. Nor are they ever alive to "the sublime attractions of the grave." It is, however, a humiliating reflection, that, if any brutes can feel such aspirations, it must be those which are under the care of man. Doubtless the happiness of brutes is sometimes extended by man; but also, too palpably, their misery.

Why suicide is not noticed in the New Testament is a problem yet open to the profound investigator.

VI. *Duelling*. — No one case, in the vast volume of casuistry, is so difficult to treat with justice and reasonable adaptation to the spirit of modern times, as this of duelling. For, as to those who reason all upon one side, and never hearken in good faith to objections or difficulties, such people convince nobody but those who were already convinced before they began. At present (1839) society has for some years been taking a lurch to one side *against* duelling: but inevitably a reaction will succeed; for, after all, be it as much

opposed as it may to Christianity, duelling performed such important functions in society as now constituted — I mean by the sense of instant personal accountability which it diffused universally amongst gentlemen, and all who have much sensibility to the point of honor — that, for one life which it took away as an occasional sacrifice, it saved myriads from outrage and affronts — millions from the anxiety attached to inferior bodily strength. However, it is no part of my present purpose to plead the cause of duelling, though pleaded it must be, more fairly than it ever has been, before any progress will be made in suppressing it.

But the point which I wish to notice at present, is the universal blunder in treating the subject of duels about the Romans and Greeks. They, it is alleged, fought no duels; and occasion is thence taken to make very disadvantageous reflections upon us, the men of this Christian era, who, in defiance of our greater light, *do* fight duels, or at least *did* so. Lord Bacon himself is duped by this enormous blunder, and founds upon it a long speech in the Star-Chamber.

Now, in the first place, who does not see that, if the Pagans really *were* enabled by their religion to master their movements of personal anger and hatred, the inevitable inference will be to the huge disadvantage of Christianity. It would be a clear case. Christianity and Paganism have been separately tried as means of self-control; Christianity has flagrantly failed; Paganism succeeded universally; not having been found unequal to the task in any one known instance.

Oh, reader! these are gross falsehoods. A profounder error never existed. No religious influence whatever

restrained the Greek or the Roman from fighting a duel. It was purely a civic influence, and it was sustained by this remarkable usage — in itself a standing opprobrium to both Greek and Roman — viz., the unlimited license of tongue allowed to anger in the ancient assemblies and senates. This liberty of foul language operated in two ways: 1st, Being universal, it took away all ground for feeling the words of an antagonist as any personal insult; so the offended man had rarely a motive for a duel. 2d, The anger was thus less acute; yet, if it *were* acute, then this Billingsgate resource furnished an instantaneous valve for expectorating the wrath. Look, for example, at Cicero's orations against Mark Antony, or against Catiline, or against Piso. This last person was a senator of the very highest rank, family, connections; yet, in the course of a few pages, does Cicero, a man of letters, polished to the extreme standard of Rome, address him by the elegant appellations of "filth," "mud," "carrion" (*projectum cadaver*). How could Piso have complained? It would have been said — "Oh, there's an end of republican simplicity, if plain speaking is to be put down." And then it would have been added invidiously — "Better men than ever stood in *your* shoes have borne worse language. Will *you* complain of what was tolerated by Africanus, by Paulus Æmilius, by Marius, by Sylla?" Who could reply to that? And why should Piso have even wished to *call out* his foul-mouthed antagonist? On the contrary, a far more genial revenge awaited him than any sword could have furnished. Pass but an hour, and you will hear Piso speaking; it will then be his turn — every dog has

his day; and, though not quite so eloquent as his malignant enemy, he is yet eloquent enough for revenge; or, if he runs short, he can borrow from Tully what will meet the necessities of the moment; he is eloquent enough to call Cicero "filth," "mud," "carrion."

No: the reason of our modern duelling lay deeper than all that; it lies in the principle of *honor* — a direct product of chivalry — as that was in part a product of Christianity. The sense of honor did not exist in Pagan times. Bare natural equity, and the municipal laws — those were the two moral forces under which men acted. Honor applies to cases where both those forces are silent. And precisely because the ancients had no such sense, and because their revenge emptied itself by the basest of vomitories — viz., foul speaking and license of tongue — was it that the Greeks and Romans had no duelling. It was no glory to them that they had not, but the foulest blot on their moral grandeur.

PART II.

—— "Celebrare domestica facta." — Hor.

In a former notice of Casuistry, I touched on such cases only as were of public bearings, or such as (if private) were of rare occurrence and of a tragical standard. But ordinary life, in its most domestic paths, teems with cases of difficult decision; or if not always difficult in the decision of the abstract question at issue, difficult in the accommodation of that decision to imme-

diate practice. A few of these more homely cases, intermixed with more public ones, I will now select and review; for, according to a remark in my first paper, exactly as social economy grows more elaborate, does the demand sympathetically strengthen for such circumstantial morality. As man advances, casuistry advances. Principles are the same: but the abstraction of principles from accidents and circumstances becomes a work of more effort. Aristotle, in his *Nichomachean Ethics*, has not one case; Cicero, three hundred years after, has a few; Paley, eighteen hundred years after Cicero, has many. Seneca, I think, has a few more than Cicero. In particular, he it was that first of all introduced for public discussion the very trying and afflicting collision between your private duties to a man who in past times has done you many eminent services, and your public duties of hostility against that same man considered as a traitor to the state. Such a case is in itself a proof and an exemplification of a remark which I made just now — viz., that "*as man advances, casuistry advances.*"

There is also something in place as well as in time — in the people as well as the century — which determines the amount of interest in casuistry. I once heard an eminent person delivering it as an opinion, derived from a good deal of personal experience, *that of all European nations, the British was that which suffered most from remorse;* and that, if interternal struggles during temptation, or sufferings of mind after yielding to temptation, were of a nature to be measured upon a scale, or could express themselves sensibly to human knowledge, the annual report from

Great Britain, its annual balance sheet, by comparison with those from continental Europe, would show a large excess. At the time of hearing this remarkable opinion, I, the hearer, was young; and I had little other ground for assent or dissent, than such general impressions of national differences as I might happen to have gathered from the several literatures of Christian nations. These were of a nature to confirm the stranger's verdict; but these were not sufficient. Since then, I have had occasion to think closely on that question. I have had occasion to review the public records of Christendom; and beyond all doubt the public conscience, the international conscience, of a people, is the reverberation of its private conscience. History is but the converging into a focus of what is moving in the domestic life below; a set of great circles expressing and summing up, on a representative dial-plate, the motions of many little circles in the machinery within. Now history, what may be called the Comparative History of Modern Europe, countersigns the traveller's opinion.

"So, then," says a foreigner, or an Englishman with foreign sympathies, an Englishman who has undergone a French mercurial salivation, and has imported (as the one great result of a continental training) the brilliant art of shrugging his shoulders — "so then, the upshot and amount of this doctrine is, that England is more moral than other nations." "Well," I answer, "and what of that?" Observe, however, that the doctrine went no further than as to conscientiousness; the principle out of which comes sorrow for all violation of duty; out of which comes a high standard of duty.

Meantime both the "sorrow" and the "high standard" are very compatible with a lax performance. So that there was no such ostentatious pretension advanced as my opponents represent. But suppose that I *had* gone as far as the objector supposes, and had ascribed a moral superiority every way to England, what is there in *that* to shock probability? Whether the general probability from analogy, or the special probability from the circumstances of this particular case? We all know that there is no general improbability in supposing one nation, or one race to outrun another. The modern Italians have excelled all nations in musical sensibility, and in genius for painting. They have produced the largest quantity of good music. And four of their supreme painters have perhaps not been approached hitherto by the painters of *any* nation. That facial structure, again, which is called the Caucasian, and which, through the ancient Greeks, has travelled westward to the nations of Christendom, and through *them* (chiefly through the British) has become the Transatlantic face, is, past all disputing, the finest type of the "human face divine" on this planet. And most other nations, Asiatic or African, have hitherto put up with this insult; except, indeed, the Kalmuck Tartars, who are highly indignant at our European vanity in this matter; and some of them, says Bergmann, the German traveller, absolutely howl with rage, whilst others only laugh hysterically, at any man's having the insanity to prefer the Grecian features to the Kalmuck. Again, amongst the old pagan nations, the Romans seem to have had "the call" for going ahead; and they fulfilled their destiny in spite of all that the rest

of the world could do to prevent them. So that, far from being an improbable or unreasonable assumption, superiority (of one kind or other) has been the prevailing tendency of this and that nation, at all periods of history.

Still less is the notion tenable of any special improbability applying to this particular pretension. For centuries has England enjoyed — 1st, civil liberty ; 2d, the Protestant faith. Now in those two advantages are laid the grounds, and the presumptive arguments for a superior morality. But watch now the inconsistency of men : ask any one of these men who dispute this English pretension *mordicus ;* ask him, or bid an Austrian serf ask him, what are the benefits of Protestantism, and what the benefits of liberty, that he should risk anything to obtain either. Hear how eloquently he insists upon their beneficial results, severally and jointly ; and notice that he places foremost among those results a pure morality. Is he wrong? No : the man speaks bare truth. But what brute oblivion he manifests of his own doctrine, in taxing with arrogance any people for claiming one of those results *in esse*, which he himself could see so clearly, and postulate so fiercely, *in posse !* Talk no more of freedom, or of a pure religion, as fountains of a moral pre-eminence, if those who have possessed them in combination for the longest space of time may not, without arrogance, claim the vanward place amongst the nations of Europe.

So far as to the presumptions, general or special ; so far as to the probabilities, analogous or direct, in countenance of this British claim. Finally, when we

come to the proofs, from fact and historical experience, we might appeal to a singular case in the records of our Exchequer — viz., that for much more than a century back, our *Gazette* and other public advertisers, have acknowledged a series of anonymous remittances from those who, at some time or other, had appropriated public money. I understand that no corresponding fact can be cited from foreign records, or was ever heard of on the Continent. Now, this is a direct instance of that compunction which our travelled friend insisted on. But I choose rather to throw myself upon the general history of Great Britain, upon the spirit of her policy, domestic or foreign, and upon the notorious records of her public morality. Take the case of public debts, and the fulfilment of contracts to those who could not have compelled the fulfilment; We, we, we first set this precedent. All nations have now learned that honesty in such cases is eventually the best policy; but this they learned from our experience, and not till nearly all of them had tried the other policy. We it was, who, under the most trying circumstances of war, maintained the sanctity from taxation of all foreign investments in our funds. Our conduct with regard to slaves, whether in the case of slavery or of the slave-trade — how prudent it may always have been, we need not inquire; as to its moral principles, they went so far ahead of European standards, that we were neither comprehended nor believed. The perfection of romance was ascribed to us by all who did not reproach us with the perfection of Jesuitical knavery. Finally, looking back to our dreadful conflicts with the three conquering despots of modern

history, Philip II. of Spain, Louis XIV., and Napoleon, we may incontestably boast of having been single in maintaining the general equities of Europe by war upon a colossal scale, and by our councils in the general congresses of Christendom.

Such a review would amply justify the traveller's remarkable *dictum* upon the principle of remorse, and therefore of conscientiousness, as existing in greater strength among the people of Great Britain. On the same scale of proportions we may assume, in such a people, a keener sensibility to moral distinctions; more attention to shades of difference in the modes of action; more anxiety as to the grounds of action. In the same proportions among the same people we may assume a growing and more direct regard to casuistry; which is precisely the part of ethics that will be continually expanding, and continually throwing up fresh questions. Not as though a moral principle could ever be essentially doubtful; but that the growing complexity of *human* actions will make it more and more difficult in judgment to detach the principle from the circumstances; or, in practice, to determine the application of the principle to the facts. It will happen, therefore, as Coleridge used to say happened in all cases of importance, that extremes meet: for casuistical ethics will be most consulted by two classes the most opposite to each other — by those who seek excuses for evading their duties, and by those who seek a special fulness of light for fulfilling them.

CASE I

HEALTH.

Strange it is, that moral treatises, when professing to lay open the great edifice of human duties, and to expose its very foundations, should not have begun with, nay, should not have noticed at all, those duties which a man owes to himself, and, foremost amongst them, the duty of cultivating his own health. For it is evident, that, from mere neglect of that one personal interest, which is at once a duty and a right, with the very best intentions possible, all other duties whatever may languish, or even become impossible; for good intentions exist in all stages of efficiency, from the fugitive impulse to the realizing self-determination. In this life, the elementary blessing is health. What! do I presume to place it before peace of mind? Far from it; but I speak of the *genesis;* of the succession in which all blessings descend; not as to time, but the order of dependency. All morality implies free agency: it presumes beyond all other conditions an agent who is in perfect possession of his own volitions. Now, it is certain that a man without health is not uniformly master of his own purposes. He is not always, and in an absolute sense, a free agent. Often he cannot be said either to be *in* the path of duty or *out* of it; so incoherent are the actions of a man forced back continually from the objects of his intellect and choice upon some alien objects dictated by internal wretchedness. It is true that, by possibility, some derangements of the human system are not incom-

patible with happiness: and a celebrated German author of the last century, Von Hardenberg — better known by his assumed name of Novalis — maintained, that certain modes of ill health, or valetudinarianism, were pre-requisites towards certain modes of intellectual development. He drew this refinement from his own case. But the ill health to which he pointed could not have gone beyond a luxurious indisposition; nor the corresponding intellectual purposes have been other than narrow, fleeting, and anomalous. Inflammatory action, in its early stages, is sometimes connected with voluptuous sensations; so is the preternatural stimulation of the liver. But these states, as pleasurable states, are transitory. All fixed derangements of the health are doubly hostile to the moral energies; first, through the intellect, which they debilitate unconsciously in many ways; and next, both consciously and semi-consciously, through the will. The judgment is, perhaps, too clouded to fix upon a right purpose; the will too enfeebled to pursue it.

Two general remarks may be applied to all interferences of the physical with the moral sanity: 1. That it is not so much by absolute subtractions of time that ill health operates upon the serviceableness of a man, as by its lingering effects upon his temper and his animal spirits. Many a man has not lost one hour of his life from illness, whose faculties of usefulness have been most seriously impaired through gloom, or untuned feelings. 2. That it is not the direct and known risks to our health which act with the most fatal effects, but the semi-conscious condition, the atmosphere of circumstances, with which artificial life

surrounds us. The great cities of Europe, perhaps London beyond all others, under the modern modes of life and business, create a vortex of preternatural tumult, a rush and frenzy of excitement, which is fatal to far more than are ever heard of as express victims to that system.

The late Lord Londonderry's* nervous seizure was no solitary or rare case. So much I happen to know. I am well assured by medical men of great London practice, that the case is one of growing frequency. In Lord Londonderry it attracted notice for reasons of obvious personal interest, as well as for its tragical catastrophe. But the complaint, though one of modern growth, is well known, and comes forward under a most determinate type as to symptoms, among the mercantile class. The original predisposition to it lies permanently in the condition of London life especially as it exists for public men. But the immediate excit-

* This expression — late Lord London lerry — now (1858) means the *third* lord, him that was Lord Stewart, having earned that earlier of his titles by the severe (almost the unexampled) service of watching the expenditure of the subsidy voted by Parliament to Sweden; which subsidy Bernadotte (the greatest rogue, "pure and simple," that even Gascony has ever turned out) anxiously tried to pocket, without doing the work that these wages represented. But Lord Stewart (then Sir Charles Stewart) watched the rogue, until he (the rogue) was obliged to sit down and cry. Lord Stewart, on the death of his brother, succeeded him in the title of Londonderry; and at present he (the third Lord Londonderry) is "the late Lord Londonderry." But when this was written, many years ago, the second Lord Londonderry, whom so many of us remember as Lord Castlereagh, and who committed suicide in 1822, was the late Lord Londonderry.

ing cause, which fires the train always ready for explosion, is invariably some combination of perplexities and deadly anxieties, such as are continually gathering into dark clouds over the heads of great merchants; sometimes only teasing and molesting, sometimes menacing and alarming. These perplexities are generally moving in counteracting paths; some progressive, some retrograde. There lies a man's safety; moving on opposite tacks, these anxieties will not often be confluent. But at times it will happen that all meet at once; and then comes a shock such as no brain, already predisposed by a London life, is strong enough (but more truly let us say — coarse enough) to support.

Lord Londonderry's case was precisely of that order; he had been worried by a long session of Parliament, which adds the crowning irritation in the interruption of sleep. The nervous system, ploughed up by intense wear and tear, is denied the last resource of natural relief. In this crisis, already perilous, a new tempest was called in — of all the most terrific — the tempest of anxiety; and from what source? Anxiety from fear is bad; from hope delayed is bad; but worst of all is anxiety from responsibility, in cases where disease or weakness makes a man feel that he is unequal to the burden. The diplomatic interests of the country had been repeatedly confided to Lord Londonderry; he had justified that confidence; and he had received affecting testimonies of the honor and gratitude due to such services. A very short time before his fatal seizure, he had occasion to pass through Birmingham; he stopped only for the purpose of changing horses; yet, in that brief interval, an expression

of public enthusiasm, unpremeditated, but unanimous, had reached him; and it affected him the more because Lady Londonderry was with him. At a moment when all the gentlemen of the place were assembled on 'Change, close to his inn, he had witnessed the whole assembly — no mob, but the collective good sense of the place — by one impulse standing bareheaded in his presence: a tribute of disinterested homage which affected him powerfully, and which was well understood as offered to his foreign diplomacy. Under these circumstances, could he bear to transfer the business of future negotiation? Could he suffer to lapse into other hands, as a derelict, the consummation of that task which thus far he had so prosperously conducted? Was it in human nature to do so? He felt the same hectic of human passion which Lord Nelson had felt in the very gates of death, when some act of authority was thoughtlessly suggested as belonging rightfully to his successor — "Not whilst I live, Hardy; not whilst I live." Yet, in Lord Londonderry's case, it was indispensable, if he would not transfer the trust, that he should rally his energies instantly; for a new Congress was even then assembling. There was no delay open to him by the nature of the case: the call was — *Now, now*, my lord, just as you are, with those shattered nerves and that overworked brain, take charge of interests the most complex in Christendom; in fact, of interests which *are* those of total Christendom.

This struggle, between a nervous system too grievously shaken, and the *instant* demand for energy seven times intensified, was too much for any generous nature. A merely ceremonial embassy might have fulfilled

its mission even under these drawbacks; but not this embassy. Anxiety supervening upon nervous derangement was bad; anxiety through responsibility was worse; but through a responsibility created by grateful confidence, anxiety was an appeal through the very pangs of martyrdom. No brain could stand such a siege. Lord Londonderry's gave way; and he fell with the tears of the generous, even where they might happen to differ from him greatly in politics.

Meantime, this case, belonging to a class generated by the furnace of a London life, was in some quarters well understood even then; *now*, it is generally known that, had remedies more potent and more active been applied, or had the sufferer been able to stand up under his torture until the cycle of the successive symptoms had begun to come round, he might have been saved. The treatment is now well understood; but even then it was understood by some physicians; amongst others by that Dr. Willis who had attended George III. In several similar cases, overpowering doses had been given of opium, or of brandy; and usually a day or two had carried off the oppression of the brain by a tremendous reaction.

Amongst the Quakers (who may be regarded as a monastic people) anomalous forms of nervous derangement are developed; the secret principle of which turns not, as in these London cases, upon feelings too much called out by preternatural stimulation, but upon feelings too much repelled and driven in. Morbid suppression of deep sensibilities must lead to states of disease equally terrific, and possibly even less tractable; not so sudden and critical it may be, but more settled and gloomy.

I speak not of any physical sensibilities, but of those which are purely moral — sensibilities to poetic emotions, to ambition, to social gaiety, or to impassioned and exalted love. Quaker philosophy takes notice of no possible emotions, however modified or ennobled, as more or other than as morbid symptoms of a morbid derangement. Accordingly, it is amongst the young men and women of this body that the most afflicting cases under this eccentric type occur. Even for children, however, the systematic repression of all ebullient feeling must be perilous; and would be more so, were it not for that marvellous flexibility by which nature adapts herself to all changes — whether imposed by climate or by situation — by inflictions of Providence, or by human spirit of system.

These cases I point to as formidable mementos — *monumenta sacra* of those sudden catastrophes which either ignorance of what concerns the health, or neglect in the midst of knowledge, may produce. Any mode of life in London, or not in London, which trains the nerves to a state of permanent irritation, prepares a *nidus* for disease; and unhappily not for chronic disease only, but for disease of that acute order which finishes the struggle almost before it is begun. In such a state of habitual training for morbid action, it has happened — that one and the same week has seen the victim apparently well, and in his grave.

These, indeed, are extreme cases: though still such as threaten many more than they actually strike; for, though uncommon, they grow out of very common habits. But even the ordinary cases of unhealthy action in the system are sufficient to account for per-

haps three-fourths of all the disquiet and bad temper which disfigure daily life. Not one man in every twenty-five is perfectly clear of some disorder, more or less, in the digestive system — not one man in fifty enjoys the absolutely normal state of that organ; and upon that depends the daily cheerfulness, in the first place, and through that (as well as by more direct actions), the sanity of the judgment. To speak strictly, not one man in a hundred is perfectly sane even as to his mind. For, though the greater disturbances of the mind do not take place in more than one man of each thousand,* though slighter shades that settle on the judgment, which daily bring up molesting thoughts such as a man would gladly banish, thoughts imperiously irritating at the moment, and wearing to the animal spirits, — these derangements are universal.

From the greater alike and the lesser, no man can free himself but in the proportion of his available knowledge applied to his own animal system, and of the surrounding circumstances, as constantly acting on that system. Would I, then, desire that every man should interrupt his proper studies or pursuits for the sake of superintending a medical discipline applied to his own case? Not at all: nor is that requisite. The laws of health are as simple as the elements of arithmetic or geometry. It is required only that a man should open his eyes to perceive the great elementary forces which support health.

* "*One man of each thousand:*" — In several nations that has been found to be the average proportion of the insane. But this calculation has never been made to include all the slighter cases. It is not impossible that at some periods the whole human race may have been partially insane.

They are these: 1. The *blood* requires motion: 2. The great central organ of the *stomach* requires exercise and adaptation of diet: 3. The *nervous system* requires regularity of repose. In those three functions of sleep, diet, exercise, is contained the whole economy of health. All three, of course, act and react upon each other: and all three are wofully deranged by a London life — above all, by a parliamentary life. As regards the first point, it is probable than any torpor, or even *lentor* in the blood, such as scarcely expresses itself sensibly through the pulse, renders that fluid less able to resist the first actions of disease. As to the second, a more complex subject, luckily we benefit not by our own brief experience exclusively; every man benefits practically by the traditional experience of ages, which constitutes the culinary experience in every land and every household. The inheritance of knowledge, which every generation receives, as to the salubrity of this or that article of diet, operates continually in preventing dishes from being brought to table. Every man wonders, on reading the long list of edible substances forbidden by the Mosaic law, how the ordinary Jew could find time to watch this long prohibitory tariff. But *that* was done for him by proxy. The butcher was bastinadoed who offered for sale any prohibited article. The buyer was therefore without anxiety. The same good office is performed for us all, Jews and Gentiles, by old traditional maxims embodied in immemorial usages. Each man's separate experience adds something to arm him against the temptation when it is offered; and again, the traditional experience far oftener intercepts the temptation. As to the third head, *sleep*, this of all

is the most immediately fitted by nature to the relief of the brain and its requisite machinery of nerves: — it is the function of health most attended to in our navy; and of all it is the one most painfully ravaged by a parliamentary life.

It would seem, therefore, that the three central forces of health — viz., *motion*, *rest*, and *temperance* (or, by a more adequate expression, *adaptation to the organ*), are in a certain gross way, taught to every man by his personal experience. The difficulty is — as in so many other cases — not for the understanding, but for the will; not to know, but to execute.

Now, here steps in casuistry with two tremendous suggestions, sufficient to alarm any thoughtful man, and rouse him more effectually to the performance of his duty.

First, that under the same law (whatever that law may be) which makes (or which is generally thought to make) suicide a crime, must the neglect of health be a crime? For thus stand the two accounts: — By suicide you have cut off a *portion unknown* from your life; years it may be, but possibly only days. By neglect of health you have cut off a *portion unknown* from your life; days it may be, but also by possibility years. So the practical result may be the same in either case; or, by possibility, the least is suicide. "Yes," you reply, "the *practical* results — but not the purpose — not the intention: *ergo*, not the crime." Certainly not: in the one case the result arises from absolute predetermination, with the whole energies of the will; in the other it arises *in spite* of your will (meaning your choice) — it arises out of

human infirmity. But still the difference is as between choosing an act for its own sake, and falling into it from strong temptation. I do not pretend to know whether, or in what extent, suicide may be a crime. All *that* is wrapped in clouds. But this is certain — that, in so far as it is criminal, habitual neglect of health must partake of that criminality.

Secondly, that in every case of duty unfulfilled, or duty imperfectly fulfilled, in consequence of illness, languor, decaying spirits, &c., there is a high probability (under the age of sixty-five almost a certainty) that a part of the obstacle is due to self-neglect. No man that lives but loses some of his time from ill health, or at least from the incipient forms of ill health — bad spirits, or indisposition to exertion. Now, taking men even as they are, statistical societies have ascertained that, from the ages of twenty to sixty-five, ill health, such as to interrupt daily labor, averages from seven days to about fourteen per annum. In the *best* circumstances of climate, occupation, &c., one fifty-second part of the time perishes to the species — in the *least* favorable, two such parts. Consequently, in the forty-five years from twenty to sixty-five, not very far from a year perishes on an average to every man — to some very much more. A considerable part even of this loss is due to neglect or mismanagement of health. But this estimate records only the loss of time in a pecuniary sense; which loss, being powerfully restrained by self-interest, will be the least possible under the circumstances. The loss of energy, as applied to duties not connected with any self-interest, or also as applied to the culture of happiness, will

be far more. In so far as that loss emanates from defect of spirits, or other modes of vital torpor, such as neglect of health has either caused or promoted, and such as care might have prevented, in so far the omission is chargeable to our own responsibility, and is a modification of suicide more certainly criminal than that act of which it is the modification: because suicide *may* have, at any rate, one mode of palliation to plead [I do not even guess in what proportion of cases it *has* that plea]; whereas wilful neglect of health never has it. Many men fancy that the slight injuries done by each single act of intemperance, are like the glomeration* of moonbeams upon moonbeams — myriads will not amount to a positive value. Perhaps they are wrong; possibly every act — nay, every separate pulse or throb of intemperate sensation — is numbered in our own after actions; reproduces itself in some future perplexity; comes back in some reversionary shape that injures the

* "*Glomeration*" — "Rather a pedantic word, I should imagine," says Mr. Snarl, critic-general for two parishes. No, Mr. Snarl: not at all pedantic, unless moonbeams are pedantic. Let me presume to point out, even to the Snarlian intellect, a beauty in Virgil (as also in other Latin poets), which hitherto has escaped notice. What does *glomerare* mean? Not simply to *aggregate* or *coacervate;* but to do this after a certain model or fashion. What fashion? Why, what is it that you mean by a *glomus*, from which word the verb *glomero* is a derivative The English word for *glomus* was in elder days a *bottom;* which term still survives in the old English of Lancashire and Yorkshire. And I believe that Shakspeare alluded to this technical word in the mystery of *weaving*, when he styled one of his characters in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," *Bottom the weaver*. The *glomus* was a little wooden implement; of

freedom of action for all men, and makes good men afflicted. At all events, it is an undeniable fact, that many a case of difficulty, which in apology for ourselves we very truly plead to be insurmountable by our existing energies, has borrowed its sting from previous acts or omissions of our own; it might *not* have been insurmountable, had we better cherished our physical resources. For instance, of such a man it is said — he did not assist in repelling an injury from his friend or his native land. "True," says his apologist, "but you would not require him to do so when he labors under paralysis?" Certainly not; but, perhaps, he might *not* have labored under paralysis had he uniformly practised abstinence." *

what exact shape I do not know; but, when covered with worsted (or cotton, I presume), it presented a spiral circumvolution of the thread. Now the aerial curvetings of a horse with his fore legs, the pawings which he describes in the air, exactly repeat the spiral windings of the thread upon the *glomus*. And thence it is that Virgil describes a fiery horse as attempting *gressus glomerare superbos* — to wind as it were his haughty curvetings round some imaginary *glomus* made out of air or moonshine.

* With respect to the management of health, although it is undoubtedly true that like the "primal charities," in the language of Wordsworth, in proportion to its importance it shines alike for all, and is diffused universally — yet not the less, in every age, some very obstinate prejudices have prevailed to darken the truth. Thus Dryden authorizes the conceit, that medicine can never be useful or requisite, because —

"God never made his work for man to mend."

To mend! No, glorious John, neither physician nor patient has any such presumptuous fancy; we take medicine to mend the injuries produced by our own folly. What the medicine mends

Let not the reader suspect me of the Popish doctrine, that men are to enter hereafter into a separate reckoning for each separate act. That reckoning, we Protestants believe, no man could stand; and that some other resource must be had than any personal merits of the individual. But still we should recollect that this doctrine, though providing a refuge for past offences, provides none for such offences as are committed deliberately, with a prospective view to the benefits of such a refuge. Offend we may, and we must: but then our offences must come out of mere infirmity — not because

is not God's work, but our own. The medicine is a *plus* certainly; but it is a *plus* applied to a *minus* of our own introducing. Even in these days of practical knowledge, errors prevail on the subject of health which are neither trivial nor of narrow operation. Universally, the true theory of digestion, as partially unfolded in Dr. Wilson Philip's experiments on rabbits, is so far mistaken, and even inverted — that Lord Byron, when seeking a diet of easy digestion, instead of resorting to animal food broiled and underdone, which all medical men know to be the most digestible food, took to a vegetable diet, which requires a stomach of extra power. The same error is seen in the common notion about the breakfast of ladies in Elizabeth's days, as if fit only for ploughmen; whereas it is *our* breakfasts of slops which require the powerful organs of digestion. The same error, again, is current in the notion that a weak watery diet is fit for a weak person. Such a person peculiarly requires solid food. It is also a common mistake to suppose that, because no absolute illness is caused by daily errors of diet, these errors are practically cancelled. Cowper the poet delivers the very just opinion — that all disorders of a *function* (as, suppose, the secretion of bile), sooner or later, if not corrected, cease to be functional disorders, and become organic; that is, in plain English, beginning with injury to the mere *office* of any organ, they end by attacking its substance.

we calculate upon a large allowance being made to us, and say to ourselves, "*We can do our penitence hereafter: at present let us take out our allowance.*"

Casuistry, therefore, justly, and without infringing any truth of Christianity, urges the care of health as the basis of all moral action, because, in fact, of all *perfectly voluntary* action. Every impulse of bad health jars or untunes some string in the fine harp of human volition; and because a man cannot be a moral being but in the proportion of his free agency, therefore it is clear that no man can be in a high sense moral, except in so far as through health he commands his bodily powers, and is not commanded by them.

CASE II.

LAWS OF HOSPITALITY IN COLLISION WITH CIVIC DUTIES.

Suppose the case, that taking shelter from a shower of rain in a stranger's house, you discover proofs of a connection with smugglers. Take this for one pole of such case, the trivial extreme; then for the other pole, the greater extreme, suppose the case, that, being hospitably entertained, and happening to pass the night in a stranger's house, you are so unfortunate as to detect unquestionable proofs of some dreadful crime, say murder, perpetrated in past times by one of the family. The principle at issue is the same in both cases — viz., the command resting upon the conscience to forget private consideration and personal feelings in the presence of any solemn duty; yet merely the difference of degree, and not any at all in the kind of duty, would lead pretty generally to a separate prac-

tical decision for the several cases. In the last of the two, whatever might be the pain to a person's feelings, he would feel himself to have no discretion or choice left. Reveal he must; not only, if otherwise revealed, he must come forward as a witness, but, if not revealed, he must denounce — he must lodge an information, and that instantly, else even in law, without question of morality, he makes himself a party to the crime — an accomplice after the act. That single consideration would with most men at once cut short all deliberation. And yet even in such a situation, there is a possible variety of the case that might alter its complexion. If the crime had been committed many years before, and under circumstances which precluded all fear that the same temptation or the same provocation should arise again, and with no lurking chance that an innocent person should fall under suspicion, most reflecting people would think it the better course to leave the criminal to his conscience. Often in such denunciations it is certain that human impertinence, and the spirit which sustains the habit of gossip, and mere incontinence of secrets, and vulgar craving for being the author of sensation, have far more often led to the publication of the offence, than any concern for the interests of morality.*

On the other hand, with respect to the slighter extreme — viz., in a case where the offence is entirely

* Most confessions in prison fall within this category. They are special luxuries to all parties, especially to the criminal, whose only vexation is, that he cannot make ten confessions; since ever after he becomes a pet, and is regularly fattened up for the scaffold.

created by the law, with no natural turpitude about it, and besides (which is a strong argument in the case) enjoying no special facilities of escaping justice — no man in the circumstances supposed would have a reason for hesitating. The laws of hospitality are of everlasting obligation; they are equally binding on the host and on the guest. Coming under a man's roof for one moment, in the clear character of guest creates an absolute sanctity in the consequent relations which connect the parties. That is the popular feeling. The king in the old ballads is always represented as feeling that it would be damnable to make a legal offence out of his own venison, which he had eaten as a guest. There is a cleaving pollution, like that of the Syrian leprosy, in the act of abusing your privileges as a guest, or in any way profiting by your opportunities as a guest to the injury of your confiding host. Henry VII., though a prince, was no gentleman; and in the famous case of his dining with Lord Oxford, and saying at his departure, with reference to an infraction of his recent statute, "My Lord, I thank you for my good cheer, but my attorney must speak with you;" Lord Oxford might have justly retorted, "If he does, then posterity will speak pretty plainly with your grace;" for it was in the character of Lord Oxford's guest that he had learned the infraction of his law. Meantime, the general rule, and the *rationale* of the rule, in such cases, appears to be this: Whenever there is, or can be imagined, a sanctity in the obligations on one side, and only a benefit of expediency in the obligations upon the other, the latter must give way. For the detection of smuggling (the

particular offence supposed in the case stated), society has an express and separate machinery maintained. If their activity droops, that is the business of government. In such a case, government is entitled to no aid from private citizens; on the express understanding that no aid must be expected, has so expensive an establishment been submitted to. Each individual refuses to participate in exposure of such offences, for the same reason that in some towns he refuses to keep the street clean even before his own door — he has already paid for having such work discharged by proxy.

CASE III.

GIVING CHARACTERS TO SERVANTS WHO HAVE MISCONDUCTED THEMSELVES.

No case so constantly arises to perplex the conscience in private life as this — which, in principle, is almost beyond solution. Sometimes, indeed, the coarse realities of law step in to cut that Gordian knot which no man can untie; for it is an actionable offence in Great Britain to give a character wilfully false. That little fact at once exorcises all aërial phantoms of the conscience. True: but this coarse machinery applies only to those cases in which the servant has been guilty in a way amenable to law. In any case short of *that*, no plaintiff would choose to face the risks of an action; nor could he sustain it; the defendant would always have a sufficient resource in the vagueness and large latitude allowed to opinion when estimating the qualities of a servant. Almost universally, therefore, the case

comes back to the forum of conscience. Now in that forum how stands the pleading? Too certainly, we will suppose, that the servant has not satisfied your reasonable expectations. This truth you would have no difficulty in declaring; here, as much as anywhere else, you would feel it unworthy of your own integrity to equivocate — you open your writing-desk, and sit down to tell the mere truth in as few words as possible. But then steps in the consideration, that to do this without disguise or mitigation, is oftentimes to sign a warrant for the ruin of a fellow-creature — and that fellow-creature possibly penitent, in any case thrown upon your mercy. Who can stand this? In lower walks of life, it is true that mistresses often take servants without any certificate of character; but in higher grades this is notoriously uncommon, and in great cities dangerous. Besides, the candidate may happen to be a delicate girl, incapable of the hard labor incident to such a lower establishment. Here, then, is a case where conscience says into your left ear — *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum* — "Do your duty and defy consequences." Meantime, into the right ear conscience says, "But mark, in that case possibly you consign this poor girl to prostitution." Lord Nelson, as is well known, was once placed in a dilemma* equally trying; on one side, an iron tongue

* "*Once placed in a dilemma:*" — On the first expedition against Copenhagen (in 1801). He was unfortunately second in command; his principal, a brave man in person, wanted moral courage — he could not face responsibility in a trying shape. And had he not been blessed with a disobedient second in command, he must have returned home *re infectâ*.

sang out from the commander-in-chief (Sir Hyde Parker), *retreat;* on the other, his own oracular heart sang to him, *advance.* How he decided is well known; and the words in which he proclaimed his decision ought to be emblazoned forever as the noblest of all recorded repartees. Waving his hand towards the Admiral's ship, he said to his own officers, who reported the signal of recall — "You may see it; I cannot; you know I am blind on that side." * Oh, venerable blindness! immortal blindness! None so deaf as those who will not hear; none so gloriously blind as those who will not see any danger or difficulty — who have a dark eye on that side, whilst they reserve another blazing like a meteor for honor and their country's interest. Most of us, I presume, in the case stated about the servant, hear but the whispering voice of conscience as regards the truth, and the thundering voice as regards the poor girl's interest. In doing this, however, we (and doubtless others) usually attempt to compromise the opposite suggestions of conscience by some such jesuitical device as this. We dwell pointedly upon those good qualities which the servant really possesses, and evade speaking of any others. But how, if minute, searching, and circumstantial inquiries are made by way of letter? In that case, we affect to have noticed only such as we can answer satisfactorily, passing the dangerous ones as so many rocks, *sub silentio.* All this is not quite right, you think, reader. Why, no; so think we; but what

* He had lost an eye; I forget whether at Teneriffe, or subsequently at Aboukir.

alternative is allowed? "Say, ye severest, what would ye have done?" In very truth, this is a dilemma for which casuistry is not a match; unless, indeed, casuistry as armed and equipped in the school of Ignatius Loyola. But that is with us reputed a piratical casuistry. The whole estate of a servant lies in his capacity of serving; and often if you tell the truth, by one word you ruin this estate forever. Meantime, a case very much of the same quality, and of even greater difficulty, is

CASE IV

CRIMINAL PROSECUTION OF FRAUDULENT SERVANTS.

Any reader, who is not deeply read in the economy of English life, will have a most inadequate notion of the vast extent to which this case occurs. I am well assured (for my information comes from quarters *judicially* conversant with the question), that in no other channel of human life does there flow one-hundredth part of the forbearance and the lenity which are called into action by the relation between injured masters and their servants. I am informed that, were every third charge pursued effectually, half the courts in Europe would not suffice for the cases of criminality which emerge in London alone under this head. All England would, in the course of five revolving years, have passed under the torture of *subpœna*, as witnesses for the prosecution or the defence. This multiplication of cases arises from the coincidence of hourly opportunity with hourly temptation, both carried to the extreme verge of possibility, and generally falling in with youth in the offenders. These aggrava-

tions of the danger are three several palliations of the crime, and they have weight allowed to them by the indulgent feelings of masters in a corresponding degree; not one case out of six score that are discovered (while, perhaps, another six score go undiscovered) being ever prosecuted with rigor and effect.

In this universal laxity of temper lies an injury too serious to public morals; and the crime reproduces itself abundantly under an indulgence so Christian in its motive, but unfortunately operating with the full effect of genial culture. Masters, who have made themselves notorious by indiscriminate forgiveness, might be represented symbolically as gardeners watering and tending luxuriant crops of weeds or poisonous herbs in hot-beds or forcing-houses. In London, many are the tradesmen, who, being reflective as well as benevolent, perceive that something is amiss in the whole system. In part the law has been to blame, stimulating false mercy by punishment disproportioned to the offence. But many a judicious master has seen cause to suspect his own lenity as more mischievously operative even than the law's harshness, and as an effeminate surrender to luxurious sensibilities. Those have not been the severest masters whose names are attached to fatal prosecutions: on the contrary, three out of four have been persons who looked forward to general consequences — having, therefore, been more than usually thoughtful, were, for that reason, likely to be more than usually humane. They did not suffer the less acutely, because their feelings ran counter to the course of what they believed to be their duty. Prosecutors often sleep with less tranquility during the

progress of a judicial proceeding than the objects of the prosecution. An English judge of the last century, celebrated for his uprightness, used to balance against that pity so much vaunted for the criminal, the duty of "a pity to the country." But private prosecutors of their own servants often feel both modes of pity at the same moment.

For this difficulty a book of casuistry might suggest a variety of resources, not so much adapted to a case of that nature already existing, as to the prevention of future cases. Every mode of trust or delegated duty would suggest its own separate improvements; but all improvements must fall under two general heads — first, the diminution of temptation, either by abridging the amount of trust reposed; or, where that is difficult, by shortening its duration, and multiplying the counterchecks: secondly, by the moderation of the punishment in the event of detection, as the sole means of reconciling the public conscience to the law, and diminishing the chances of impunity. There is a memorable proof of the rash extent to which the London tradesmen, at one time, carried their confidence in servants. So many clerks, or apprentices, were allowed to hold large balances of money in their hands through the intervals of their periodical settlings, that during the Parliamentary War multitudes were tempted, by that single cause, into absconding. They had always a refuge in the camps. And the loss sustained in this way was so heavy, when all payments were made in gold, that to this one evil suddenly assuming a shape of excess, is ascribed, by some

writers, the first establishment of goldsmiths as bankers.*

Two other weighty considerations attach to this head — 1. The known fact that large breaches of trust, and embezzlements, are greatly on the increase, and have been since the memorable case of Mr. Fauntleroy. America is, and will be for ages, if the law of extradition should remain unchanged [*written* in 1846], a city of refuge for this form of guilt. 2. That the great training of the conscience in all which regards pecuniary justice and fidelity to engagements, lies through the discipline and *tyrocinium* of the humbler ministerial offices — those of clerks, book-keepers, apprentices. The law acts through these offices, for the unconfirmed conscience, as leading-strings to an infant in its earliest efforts at walking. It forces to go right, until the choice may be supposed trained and fully developed. That is the great function of the law; a function which it will perform with more or less success, as it is more or less fitted to win the cordial support of masters.

CASE V.

VERACITY.

Here is a special "title" (to speak with the civil lawyers), under that general claim put in for England with respect to a moral pre-eminence amongst the

* "*First establishment of goldsmiths as bankers:*" — Goldsmiths certainly acted in that capacity from an earlier period. But from this era, until the formation of the Bank of England in 1696, they entered more fully upon the functions of bankers, issuing notes which passed current in London.

nations. Many are they who, in regions widely apart, have noticed with honor the English superiority in the article of veneration for truth. Not many years ago, two Englishmen, on their road overland to India, fell in with a royal *cortége*, and soon after with the prime minister and the crown prince of Persia. The prince honored them with an interview; both parties being on horseback, the conversation was therefore reduced to the points of nearest interest. Amongst these was the English character. Upon this the prince's remark was — that what had most impressed him with respect for England and her institutions was, the remarkable spirit of truth-speaking which distinguished her sons; as supposing her institutions to grow out of her sons, and her sons out of her institutions. And, indeed, well he might have this feeling by comparison with his own countrymen: Persians have no *principles* apparently on this point — all is impulse and accident of feeling. Thus the journal of the two Persian princes in London, as lately reported in the newspapers, is one tissue of falsehoods: not, most undoubtedly, from any purpose of deceiving, but from the overmastering habit (cherished by their whole training and experience) of repeating everything in a spirit of amplification, with a view to the *wonder* only of the hearer. The Persians are notoriously the Frenchmen of the East; the same gayety, the same levity, the same want of depth both as to feeling and principle. The Turks are supposed to be much nearer to the English: the same gravity of temperament, the same meditativeness, the same sternness of principle. Of all European nations, the French is that which least regards truth. The whole spirit of

their private memoirs and their anecdotes illustrates this To point an anecdote or a repartee, there is no extravagance of falsehood that the French will not endure. What nation but the French would have tolerated that monstrous fiction about La Fontaine, by way of illustrating his supposed absence of mind — viz., that, on meeting his own son in a friend's house, he expressed his admiration of the young man, and begged to know his name. The fact probably may have been that La Fontaine was not liable to any absence at all: apparently this "distraction" was assumed, as a means of making a poor sort of sport for his friends. Like many another man in such circumstances, he saw with half an eye, and entered into the fun which his own imaginary forgetfulness produced. But were it otherwise, who can believe so outrageous a self-forgetfulness as that which would darken his eyes to the very pictures of his own hearth? Were such a thing possible, were it even real, it would still be liable to the just objection of the critics — that, being incredible in appearance, even as a fact it ought not to be brought forward for any purpose of wit, but only as a truth of physiology, or as a fact from the records of a surgeon. The "*incredulus odi*" is too strong in such cases, and it adheres to three out of every four French anecdotes. The French taste is, indeed, anything but good in all that department of wit and humor. And the ground lies in their national want of veracity. To return to England — and having cited an oriental witness to the English character on this point, let me now cite a most observing one in the West. Kant, in Königsberg, was surrounded by Englishmen and by foreigners

of all nations — foreign and English students, foreign and English merchants; and he pronounced the main characteristic feature of the English as a nation to lie in their severe reverence for truth. This from him was no slight praise; for such was the stress he laid upon veracity, that upon this one quality he planted the whole edifice of moral excellence. General integrity could not exist, he held, without veracity as its basis; nor that basis exist without superinducing general integrity.

This opinion, perhaps, many beside Kant will see cause to approve. For myself I can truly say, never did I know a human being, boy or girl, who began life as a habitual undervaluer of truth, that did not afterwards exhibit a character conformable to that beginning; such a character as, however superficially correct under the steadying hand of self-interest, was not in a lower key of moral feeling as well as of principle.

But out of this honorable regard to veracity in Immanuel Kant branched out a principle in casuistry which most people will pronounce monstrous. It has occasioned much disputing backwards and forwards. But as a practical principle of conduct (for which Kant meant it), inevitably it must be rejected — if for no other reason than because it is at open war with the laws and jurisprudence of all Christian Europe. Kant's doctrine was this; and the illustrative case in which it is involved, let it be remembered, is his own: — So sacred a thing, said he, is truth, that if a murderer, pursuing another with an avowed purpose of killing him, were to ask of a third person by what road the

fugitive had fled, that person is bound to give him true information. And you are at liberty to suppose this third person a wife, a daughter, or under any conceivable obligations of love and duty to the fugitive. Now this is monstrous; and Kant himself, with all his parental fondness for the doctrine, would certainly have been recalled to sounder thoughts by these two considerations —

1. That by all the codes of law received throughout Europe, he who acted upon Kant's principle would be held a *particeps criminis* — an accomplice before the fact.

2. That, in reality, a just principle is lurking under Kant's paradox; but a principle translated from its proper ground. Not truth, individual or personal — not truth of mere facts, but truth doctrinal — the truth which teaches, the truth which changes men and nations — this is the truth concerned in Kant's meaning, had he explained his own meaning to himself more distinctly. With respect to that truth, wheresoever it lies, Kant's doctrine applies; that all men have a right to it; that perhaps you have no right to suppose of any race or nation that it is not capable of receiving it; and, at any rate, that no circumstances of expedience can justify you in keeping it back.*

* It is remarkable enough that Kant was once nearly illustrating his own imaginary case. A murderer pursued him for three miles on the high-road with the design of operating; but, being a very religious man, on second thoughts, and in deference to a point of casuistry, he preferred murdering a little girl; and thus it happened that the transcendental philosopher escaped.

CASE VI.

THE CASE OF CHARLES I.

Many cases arise from the life and political difficulties of Charles I. But there is one so peculiarly pertinent to an essay which entertains the general question of casuistry, its legitimacy, and its value, that with this, although not properly a domestic case, or only such in a mixed sense, I shall conclude.

No person has been so much attacked for his scruples of conscience as this prince; and what seems odd enough, no person has been so much attacked for resorting to books of casuistry, and for encouraging literary men to write books of casuistry. Under his suggestion and sanction, Saunderson wrote his book on the obligation of an oath (for which there was surely reason enough in days when the democratic tribunals were forcing men to swear* to an *et cetera*); and, by an impulse originally derived from *him*, Jeremy Taylor wrote his "Ductor Dubitantium" (*i. e.*, "Guide to the Scrupulous"), Bishop Barlow his "Cases of Conscience," &c.

For this dedication of his studies Charles has been plentifully blamed in after times. He was seeking evasions for plain duties, say his enemies. He was arming himself for intrigue in the spirit of Machiavel. But now turn to his history, and ask in what way any man could have extricated himself from that labyrinth which invested his path *but* by casuistry. Cases the most difficult are offered for his decision; peace for a

* Which, however, is untruly stated by all historians.

distracted nation in 1647, on terms which seemed fatal to the monarchy; peace for the same nation under the prospect of war rising up again during the Isle of Wight treaty in 1648, but also under the certainty of destroying the Church of England. On the one side, by refusing, he seemed to disown his duties as the father of his people. On the other side, by yielding, he seemed to forget his coronation oath, and the ultimate interests of his people; to merge the future and the reversionary in the present and the fugitive. It was not within the possibilities that he could so act as not to offend one-half of the nation. His dire calamity it was, that he must be hated, act how he would, and must be condemned by posterity. Did his enemies allow for the misery of this internal conflict? Milton, who never appears to more disadvantage than when he comes forward against his sovereign, is indignant that Charles should have a conscience, or plead a conscience, in a public matter. Henderson, the celebrated Scotch theologian, came post from Edinburgh to London (whence he went to Newcastle), expressly to combat the king's scruples. And he also (in his private letters) seems equally enraged as Milton, that Charles should pretend to any private conscience in a state question.

Now let us ask, what was it that originally drove Charles to books of casuistry? It was the deep shock which he received, both in his affections and his conscience, from the death of Lord Strafford. Everybody had then told him, even those who felt how much the law must be outraged to obtain a conviction of Lord Strafford, how many principles of justice must be

shaken, and how sadly the royal word must suffer in its sanctity — yet all had told him that it was expedient to sacrifice that nobleman. One man ought not to stand between the king and his alienated people. It was good for the common welfare that Lord Strafford should die. Charles was unconvinced. He was sure of the injustice, and perhaps he doubted even of the expedience. But his very virtues were armed against his peace. In all parts of his life self-distrust and diffidence had marked his character. What was he, a single person, to resist so many wise counsellors, and in a representative sense to resist the nation ranged on the other side? He yielded, and it is not too much to say that he never had a happy day afterwards. The stirring period of his life succeeded — the period of war, camps, treaties. Much time was not allowed him for meditation. But there is abundant proof that such time as he had always pointed his thoughts backward to the afflicting case of Lord Strafford. This he often spoke of as the great blot — the ineffaceable transgression of his life. For this he mourned in penitential words yet on record. To this he traced back the calamity of his latter life. Lord Strafford's memorable words, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of princes," rang forever in his ear. Lord Strafford's blood lay like a curse upon his throne.

Now, by what a pointed answer, drawn from this one case, might Charles have replied to the enemies I have noticed — to those, like so many historians since his day, who taxed him with studying casuistry for the purposes of intrigue — to those, like Milton and Henderson, who taxed him with exercising his private conscience on public questions.

"I had studied no books of casuistry," he might have replied, "when I made my capital blunder in a case of conscience.

"I did not insist on my private conscience; wo is me that I did not: I yielded to what was called the public conscience, in that one case which has proved the affliction of my life, and which, perhaps, it was that wrecked the national peace."

A more plenary answer there cannot be to those who suppose that casuistry is evaded by evading books of casuistry. That dread forum of conscience will forever exist as a tribunal of doubt and difficulty. The discussion must proceed on some principle or other, good or bad; and the only way for obtaining light is by clearing up the grounds of action, and applying the principles of moral judgment to such facts or circumstances as most frequently arise to perplex the understanding, or the affections, or the conscience.

ON SUICIDE.

It is a remarkable proof of the inaccuracy with which most men read — that Donne's *Biathanatos* has been supposed to countenance Suicide; and those who reverence his name have thought themselves obliged to apologize for it by urging, that it was written before he entered the church. But Donne's purpose in this treatise was a pious one: many authors had charged the martyrs of the Christian church with Suicide — on the principle that if I put myself in the way of a mad bull, knowing that he will kill me — I am as much chargeable with an act of self-destruction as if I fling myself into a river. Several casuists had extended this principle even to the case of Jesus Christ: one instance of which, in a modern author, the reader may see noticed and condemned by Kant, in his *Religion innerhalb die gronzen der blossen Vernunft;* and another of much earlier date (as far back as the 13th century, I think), in a commoner book — Voltaire's notes on the little treatise of Beccaria, *Dei delitti e delle pene.* These statements tended to one of two results: either they unsanctified the characters of those who founded and nursed the Christian church; or they sanctified suicide. By way of meeting them, Donne wrote his book: and as the whole argument of his

opponents turned upon a false definition of suicide (not explicitly stated, but assumed), he endeavored to reconstitute the notion of what is essential to create an act of suicide. Simply to kill a man is not murder: *primâ facie*, therefore, there is some sort of presumption that simply for a man to kill himself — may not always be so: there is such a thing as simple homicide distinct from murder: there may, therefore, possibly be such a thing as self-homicide distinct from self-murder. There *may* be a ground for such a distinction, *ex analogiâ*. But, secondly, on examination, *is* there any ground for such a distinction? Donne affirms that there is; and, reviewing several eminent cases of spontaneous martyrdom, he endeavors to show that acts so motived and so circumstantiated will not come within the notion of suicide properly defined. Meantime, may not this tend to the encouragement of suicide in general, and without discrimination of its species? No: Donne's arguments have no prospective reference or application; they are purely retrospective. The circumstances necessary to create an act of mere self-homicide can rarely concur, except in a state of disordered society, and during the *cardinal* revolutions of human history: where, however, they *do* concur, there it will not be suicide. In fact, this is the natural and practical judgment of us all. We do not all agree on the particular cases which will justify self-destruction: but we all feel and involuntarily acknowledge (*implicitly* acknowledge in our admiration, though not explicitly in our words or in our principles), that there *are* such cases. There is no man, who in his heart would not reverence a woman that chose to die rather than to be dishonored: and,

if we do not say, that it is her duty to do so, *that* is because the moralist must condescend to the weakness and infirmities of human nature: mean and ignoble natures must not be taxed up to the level of noble ones. Again, with regard to the other sex, corporal punishment is its peculiar and *sexual* degradation; and if ever the distinction of Donne can be applied safely to any case, it will be to the case of him who chooses to die rather than to submit to that ignominy. *At present*, however, there is but a dim and very confined sense, even amongst enlightened men (as we may see by the debates of Parliament), of the injury which is done to human nature by giving legal sanction to such brutalizing acts; and therefore most men, in seeking to escape it, would be merely shrinking from a *personal* dishonor. Corporal punishment is usually argued with a single reference to the case of him who suffers it; and *so* argued, God knows that it is worthy of all abhorrence: but the weightiest argument against it — is the foul indignity which is offered to our common nature lodged in the person of him on whom it is inflicted. *His* nature is *our* nature: and, supposing it possible that *he* were so far degraded as to be unsusceptible of any influences but those which address him through the brutal part of his nature, yet for the sake of ourselves — No! not merely for ourselves, or for the human race now existing, but for the sake of human nature, which trancends all existing participators of that nature — we should remember that the evil of corporal punishment is not to be measured by the poor transitory criminal, whose memory and offence are soon to perish: these, in the sum of things, are as nothing: the injury which

can be done him, and the injury which he can do, have so momentary an existence that they may be safely neglected: but the abiding injury is to the most august interest which for the mind of man can have any existence, — viz. to his own nature: to raise and dignify which, I am persuaded, is the first — last — and holiest command * which the conscience imposes on the philosophic moralist. In countries, where the traveller has the pain of seeing human creatures performing the labors of brutes, † — surely the sorrow which the spectacle moves, if a wise sorrow, will not be chiefly directed to the poor degraded individual — too deeply degraded, probably, to be sensible of his own degrada-

* On which account, I am the more struck by the ignoble argument of those statesmen who have contended in the House of Commons that such and such classes of men in this nation are not accessible to any loftier influences. Supposing that there were any truth in this assertion, which is a libel not on this nation only, but on man in general, — surely it is the duty of lawgivers not to perpetuate by their institutions the evil which they find, but to presume and gradually to create a better spirit.

† Of which degradation, let it never be forgotten that France but thirty years ago[1] presented as shocking cases as any country, even where slavery is tolerated. An eye-witness to the fact, who has since published it in print, told me, that in France, before the revolution, he had repeatedly seen a woman yoked with an ass to the plough; and the brutal ploughman applying his whip indifferently to either. English people, to whom I have occasionally mentioned this as an exponent of the hollow refinement of manners in France, have uniformly exclaimed — '*That* is more than I can believe;' and have taken it for granted that I had my information from some prejudiced Englishman. But who was my informer? A Frenchman, reader, — M. Simond: and though now by adoption an American citizen, yet still French in his heart and in all his prejudices.

[1] [Written in 1823.]

tion, but to the reflection that man's nature is thus exhibited in a state of miserable abasement; and, what is worst of all, abasement proceeding from man himself. Now, whenever this view of corporal punishment becomes general (as inevitably it will, under the influence of advancing civilization), I say, that Donne's principle will then become applicable to this case, and it will be the duty of a man to die rather than to suffer his own nature to be dishonored in that way. But so long as a man is not fully sensible of the dishonor, to him the dishonor, except as a personal one, does not wholly exist. In general, whenever a paramount interest of human nature is at stake, a suicide which maintains that interest is self-homicide: but, for a personal interest, it becomes self-murder. And into this principle Donne's may be resolved.

A doubt has been raised — whether brute animals ever commit suicide: to me it is obvious that they do not, and cannot. Some years ago, however, there was a case reported in all the newspapers of an old ram who committed suicide (as it was alleged) in the presence of many witnesses. Not having any pistols or razors, he ran for a short distance, in order to aid the impetus of his descent, and leaped over a precipice, at the foot of which he was dashed to pieces. His motive to the 'rash act,' as the papers called it, was supposed to be mere *tædium vitæ*. But, for my part, I doubted the accuracy of the report. Not long after a case occurred in Westmoreland which strengthened my doubts. A fine young blood horse, who could have no possible reason for making away with himself, unless it were the high price of oats at that time,

was found one morning dead in his field. The case was certainly a suspicious one: for he was lying by the side of a stone-wall, the upper part of which wall his skull had fractured, and which had returned the compliment by fracturing his skull. It was argued, therefore, that in default of ponds, &c. he had deliberately hammered with his head against the wall; this, at first, seemed the only solution; and he was generally pronounced *felo de se*. However, a day or two brought the truth to light. The field lay upon the side of a hill: and, from a mountain which rose above it, a shepherd had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and gave evidence which vindicated the character of the horse. The day had been very windy; and the young creature being in high spirits, and, caring evidently as little for the corn question as for the bullion question, had raced about in all directions; and at length, descending too steep a part of the field, had been unable to check himself, and was projected by the impetus of his own descent like a battering ram against the wall.

Of human suicides, the most affecting I have ever seen recorded is one which I met with in a German book: the most calm and deliberate is the following, which is *said* to have occurred at Keswick, in Cumberland: but I must acknowledge, that I never had an opportunity, whilst staying at Keswick, of verifying the statement. A young man of studious turn, who is said to have resided near Penrith, was anxious to qualify himself for entering the church, or for any other mode of life which might secure to him a reasonable portion of literary leisure. His family, however,

thought that under the circumstances of his situation he would have a better chance for success in life as a tradesman; and they took the necessary steps for placing him as an apprentice at some shopkeeper's in Penrith. This he looked upon as an indignity, to which he was determined in no case to submit. And accordingly, when he had ascertained that all opposition to the choice of his friends was useless, he walked over to the mountainous district of Keswick (about sixteen miles distant) — looked about him in order to select his ground — cooly walked up Lattrig (a dependency of Skiddaw) — made a pillow of sods — laid himself down with his face looking up to the sky — and in that posture was found dead, with the appearance of having died tranquilly.

SYSTEM OF THE HEAVENS AS REVEALED BY LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPES.*

Some years ago, some person or other (in fact, believe it was myself) published a paper from the German of Kant on a very interesting question — viz., the age of our own little earth. Those who have never seen that paper, a class of unfortunate people whom I suspect to form *rather* the majority in our present perverse generation, will be likely to misconceive its object. Kant's purpose was, not to ascertain how many years the earth had lived: a million of years, more or less, made very little difference to *him.* What he wished to settle was no such barren conundrum; for, had there even been any means of coercing the earth into an honest answer on such a delicate point, — which the Sicilian canon, Recupero, fancied that there was,[36] but which, in my own opinion, there neither is nor ought to be, (since a man deserves to be cudgelled who could put such improper questions to a *lady*

* A review of *Thoughts on some Important Points relating to the System of the World;* by J. P. Nichol, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh: William Tait. 1846. In obedience to the facts of the case, I have indicated this particular work of my friend Professor Nichol's as having furnished — because in some imperfect sense it really *did* furnish — the text to which this little paper refers, and about which it may be said to hover. But it would be doing great injustice to the learned professor, if I should authorize the reader to accept so desultory a paper as an adequate and formal *review* of that work: and it would be doing some injustice to myself, if I were supposed to have ever designed it for discharging such a function.

planet,) — still what would it amount to? What good would it do us to have a certificate of our dear little mother's birth and baptism? Other people — people in Jupiter, or the Uranians — may amuse themselves with her pretended foibles or infirmities — it is quite safe to do so at *their* distance; and, in a female planet like Venus, it might be natural (though, strictly speaking, not quite correct) to scatter abroad malicious insinuations, as though our excellent little mamma had begun to wear false hair or had lost some of her front teeth. But all this we men of sense know to be gammon. Our mother Tellus, beyond all doubt, is a lovely little thing. I am satisfied that she is very much admired throughout the solar system; and in clear seasons, when she is seen to advantage, with her bonny wee pet of a moon tripping round her like a lamb, I should be thankful to any gentleman who will mention where he has happened to observe, — either he or his telescope, — will he only have the goodness to say in what part of the heavens he has discovered, a more elegant turnout. I wish to make no personal reflections. I name no names. Only this I say, that, though some people have the gift of seeing things that other people never *could* see, and though some other people, or other some people, are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, — so that, generally, their geese count for swans, — yet, after all, swans or geese, it would be a pleasure to me, and really a curiosity, to see the planet that could fancy herself entitled to sneeze at our earth. And then, if she (viz., our earth) keeps but one moon, even *that* (you know) is an advantage

as regards some people that keep none. There *are* people, pretty well known to you and me, that can't make it convenient to keep even one moon. And so I come to my moral; which is this, that, to all appearance, it is mere justice, but, supposing it were not, still it is *our* duty, (as children of the earth,) right or wrong, to stand up for our bonny young mamma, if she *is* young; or for our dear old mother, if she *is* old; whether young or old, to take her part against all comers; and to argue through thick and thin, which (sober or not) I always attempt to do, that she is the most respectable member of the Copernican system.

Meantime, what Kant understood by being old is something that still remains to be explained. If one stumbled in the steppes of Tartary on the grave of a megalonyx, and, after long study, had deciphered from some pre-Adamite hiero-pothooks the following epitaph, — "*Hic jacet* a megalonyx, or *Hic jacet* a mammoth, (as the case might be,) who departed this life, to the grief of his numerous acquaintance, in the seventeen thousandth year of his age," — of course one would be sorry for him; because it must be disagreeable at *any* age to be torn away from life and from all one's little megalonychal comforts: that's not pleasant, you know, even if one *is* seventeen thousand years old. But it would make all the difference possible in your grief whether the record indicated a premature death, — that he had been cut off, in fact, whilst just stepping into life, — or had kicked the bucket when full of honors, and been followed to the grave by a train of weeping grandchildren. He had died

" in his teens ; " that's past denying. But still we must know to what stage of life in a man had corresponded seventeen thousand years in a mammoth. Now, exactly this was what Kant desired to know about our planet. Let her have lived any number of years that you suggest, (shall we say, if you please, that she is in her billionth year ?) still that tells us nothing about the *period* of life, the *stage*, which she may be supposed to have reached. Is she a child, in fact ? or is she an adult ? And *if* an adult, and that you gave a ball to the solar system, is she that kind of person that you would introduce to a waltzing partner, some fiery young gentleman like Mars ? or would you rather suggest to her the sort of partnership which takes place at a whist table ? On this, as on so many other questions, Kant was perfectly sensible that people of the finest understandings may, and do, take the most opposite views. Some think that our planet is in that stage of her life which corresponds to the playful period of twelve or thirteen in a spirited girl. Such a girl, were it not that she is checked by a sweet natural sense of feminine grace, you might call a romp — but not a hoiden, observe ; no horse play. O, no ; nothing of that sort. And these people fancy that earthquakes, volcanoes, and all such little *escapades* will be over — they will, in lawyer's phrase, " cease and determine — " as soon as our earth reaches the age of maidenly bashfulness. Poor thing ! It's quite natural, you know, in a healthy, growing girl. A little overflow of vivacity, a *pirouette* more or less, — what harm should *that* do to any of us ? Nobody takes more delight than I in the fawnlike sportiveness of an

innocent girl at this period of life; even a shade of *espièglerie* does not annoy me. But still my own impressions incline me rather to represent the earth as a fine, noble young woman, full of the pride which is so becoming to her sex, and well able to take her own part in case that at any solitary point of the heavens she should come across one of those vulgar, fussy comets, disposed to be rude and take improper liberties. These comets, by the way, are public nuisances, very much like the mounted messengers of butchers in great cities, who are always at full gallop, and moving upon such an infinity of angles to human shin bones that the final purpose of such boys (one of whom lately had the audacity nearly to ride down the Duke of Wellington) seems to be, not the translation of mutton, — which would certainly find its way into human mouths even if riding boys were not, — but the improved geometry of transcendental curves. They ought to be numbered, ought these boys, and to wear badges — X 10, &c. And exactly the same evil, asking therefore by implication for exactly the same remedy, affects the comets. A respectable planet is known every where, and responsible for any mischief that he does; but if a cry should arise, "Stop that wretch, who was rude to the earth: who is he?" twenty voices will answer, perhaps, "It's Encke's comet; he is always doing mischief." Well, what can you say? It *may* be Encke's; it may be some other man's comet: there are so many abroad, and on so many roads, that you might as well ask upon a night of fog, such fog as may be opened with an oyster knife,

whose cab that was (whose, viz., out of twenty-seven thousand in London) that floored you into the kennel.

These are constructive ideas upon the earth's stage of evolution which Kant was aware of, and which will always find toleration even where they do not find patronage. But others there are, a class whom I perfectly abominate, that place our earth in the category of decaying women, nay, of decayed women, going, going, and all but gone. Hair like arctic snows, failure of vital heat, palsy that shakes the head as in the porcelain toys on our mantel pieces, asthma that shakes the whole fabric, — these they absolutely fancy themselves to *see*. They absolutely *hear* the tellurian lungs wheezing, panting, crying, " Bellows to mend ! " periodically as the earth approaches her aphelion.

But suddenly at this point a demur arises upon the total question. Kant's very problem explodes, bursts, as poison in Venetian wine glass of old shivered the glass into fragments ; for is there, after all, any stationary meaning in the question ? Perhaps, in reality, the earth is both young and old. Young — if she is not young at present, perhaps she *will* be so in future. Old — if she is not old at this moment, perhaps she *has* been old, and has a fair chance of becoming so again. In fact, she is a phœnix that is known to have secret processes for rebuilding herself out of her own ashes. Little doubt there is but she has seen many a birthday, many a funeral night, and many a morning of resurrection. Where now the mightiest of oceans rolls in pacific beauty, once were anchored continents and boundless forests. Where the south pole now

shuts her frozen gates inhospitably against the intrusions of flesh, once were probably accumulated the ribs of empires; man's imperial forehead, woman's roseate lips, gleamed upon ten thousand hills; and there were innumerable contributions to antarctic journals almost as good (but not quite) as our own. Even within our domestic limits, even where little England in her south-eastern quarter now devolves so quietly to the sea her sweet pastoral rivulets, once came roaring down, in pomp of waters, a regal Ganges,[37] that drained some hyperbolical continent, some Quinbus Flestrin of Asiatic proportions, long since gone to the dogs. All things pass away; generations wax old as does a garment; but eternally God says, "Come again, ye children of men." Wildernesses of fruit and worlds of flowers are annually gathered in solitary South America to ancestral graves; yet still the Pomona of earth, yet still the Flora of earth, does not become superannuated, but blossoms in everlasting youth. Not otherwise by secular periods, known to us geologically as facts, though obscure as durations, *Tellus* herself, the planet, as a whole, is forever working by golden balances of change and compensation, of ruin and restoration. She recasts her glorious habitations in decomposing them; she lies down for death, which perhaps a thousand times she has suffered; she rises for a new birth, which perhaps for the thousandth time has glorified her disk. Hers is the wedding garment, hers is the shroud, that eternally is being woven in the loom. And God imposes upon her the awful necessity of working forever at her own grave, yet of listening forever to his far-off trumpet of *palingenesis*

If this account of the matter be just, and were it not treasonable to insinuate the possibility of an error against so great a swell as Immanuel Kant, one would be inclined to fancy that Mr. Kant had really been dozing a little on this occasion; or, agreeably to his own illustration elsewhere, that he had realized the pleasant picture of one learned doctor trying to milk a he goat, whilst another doctor, equally learned, holds the milk pail below.[38] And there is apparently this two-edged embarrassment pressing upon the case, that if our dear excellent mother, the earth, could be persuaded to tell us her exact age in Julian years, still *that* would leave us all as much in the dark as ever; since, if the answer were, "Why, children, at my next birthday I shall count a matter of some million centuries," we should still be at a loss to *value* her age. Would it mean that she was a mere chicken, or that she was "getting up in years"? On the other hand, if (declining to state any odious circumstantialities) she were to reply, "No matter, children, for my precise years, which are disagreeable remembrances; I confess generally to being a lady of a certain age," here, in the inverse order, given the *valuation* of the age, we should yet be at a loss for the *absolute* years numerically. Would a "certain age" mean that "mamma" was a million, be the same more or less, or perhaps not much above seventy thousand?

Every way, you see, reader, there are difficulties. But two things used to strike me as unaccountably overlooked by Kant, who, to say the truth, was profound — yet at no time very agile — in the character of his understanding. First, what age, now, might we

take our brother and sister planets to be? for *that* determination, as to a point in *their* constitution, will do something to illustrate our own. We are as good as they, I hope, any day; perhaps, in a growl, one might modestly insinuate — *better*. It's not at all likely that there can be any great disproportion of age amongst children of the same household; and therefore, since Kant always countenanced the idea that Jupiter had not quite finished the upholstery of his extensive premises as a comfortable residence for a man, — Jupiter having, in fact, a fine family of mammoths, but no family at all of "humans," (as Brother Jonathan calls them,) — Kant was bound, *ex analogo*, to hold that any little precedency in the trade of living, on the part of our own mother earth, could not count for much in the long run. At Newmarket or Doncaster the start is seldom mathematically true: trifling advantages will survive all human trials after abstract equity; and the logic of this case argues that any few thousands of years by which Tellus may have got ahead of Jupiter, — such as the having finished her Roman empire, finished her crusades, and finished her French revolution, — virtually amounts to little or nothing — indicates no higher proportion to the total scale upon which she has to run than the few tickings of a watch by which one horse at the start for the leger is in advance of another. When checked in our chronology by each other, it transpires that, in effect, we are but executing the nice manœuvre of a start, and that the small matter of six thousand years, by which we may have advanced our own position beyond some of our planetary rivals, is but the outstretched neck of an

uneasy horse at Doncaster. This is *one* of the data overlooked by Kant; and the less excusably overlooked, because it was his own peculiar doctrine that uncle Jupiter ought to be considered a greenhorn. Jupiter may be a younger brother of our mamma; but, if he is a brother at all, he cannot be so very wide of our own chronology; and therefore the first *datum* overlooked by Kant was, the analogy of our whole planetary system. A second datum, as it always occurred to myself, might reasonably enough be derived from the intellectual vigor of us men. If our mother could, with any show of reason, be considered an old, decayed lady, snoring stentorously in her arm chair, there would naturally be some *aroma* of phthisis or apoplexy beginning to form about *us* that are her children. But *is* there? If ever Dr. Johnson said a true word, it was when he replied to the Scottish judge Burnett, so well known to the world as Lord Monboddo. The judge, a learned man, but obstinate as a mule in certain prejudices, had said, plaintively, querulously, piteously, "Ah, doctor, we are poor creatures, we men of the eighteenth century, by comparison with our forefathers!" "O, no, my lord," said Johnson; "we are quite as strong as our ancestors, and a great deal wiser." Yes; our kick is, at least, as dangerous, and our logic does three times as much execution. This would be a complex topic to treat effectively; and I wish merely to indicate the opening which it offers for a most decisive order of arguments in such a controversy. If the earth were on her last legs, we, her children, could not be very strong or healthy;

whereas, if there were less pedantry amongst us, less malice, less falsehood, and less darkness of prejudice, easy it would be to show that in almost every mode of intellectual power we are more than a match for the most conceited of elder generations, and that in some modes we have energies or arts absolutely and exclusively our own. Amongst a thousand indications of strength and budding youth I will mention two. Is it likely, is it plausible, that our earth should just begin to find out effective methods of traversing land and sea when she had a summons to leave both? Is it not, on the contrary, a clear presumption that the great career of earthly nations is but on the point of opening, that life is but just beginning to kindle, when the great obstacles to effectual locomotion, and therefore to extensive human intercourse, are first of all beginning to give way? Secondly, I ask, peremptorily, Does it stand with good sense, is it reasonable, that earth is waning, science drooping, man looking downward, precisely in that epoch when first of all man's eye is arming itself for looking effectively into the mighty depths of space? A new era for the human intellect, upon a path that lies amongst its most aspiring, is promised, is inaugurated, by Lord Rosse's almost awful telescope.

What is it, then, that Lord Rosse has accomplished? If a man were aiming at dazzling by effects of rhetoric, he might reply, He has accomplished that which once the condition of the telescope not only refused its permission to hope for, but expressly bade man to despair of. What is it that Lord Rosse has

revealed? Answer: He has revealed more by far than he found. The theatre to which he has introduced us is *immeasurably* beyond the old one which he found. To say that he found in the visible universe a little wooden theatre of Thespis, a *tréteau* or shed of vagrants, and that he presented us, at a price of toil and of *anxiety* that cannot be measured, with a Roman Coliseum, — *that* is to say nothing. It is to undertake the measurement of the tropics with the pocket tape of an upholsterer. Columbus, when he introduced the old world to the new, after all that can be said in his praise, did in fact only introduce the majority to the minority; but Lord Rosse has introduced the minority to the majority. There are two worlds — one called Ante-Rosse, and the other Post-Rosse; and, if it should come to voting, the latter would shockingly outvote the other. Augustus Cæsar made it his boast, when dying, that he had found the city of Rome built of brick and that he left it built of marble: *lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.* Lord Rosse may say, even if to-day he should die, "I found God's universe represented for human convenience, even after all the sublime discoveries of Herschel, upon a globe, or spherical chart, having a radius of one hundred and fifty feet; and I left it sketched upon a similar chart, keeping exactly the same scale of proportions, but now elongating its radius into one thousand feet." The reader, of course, understands that this expression, founded on absolute calculations of Dr. Nichol, is simply meant to exhibit the *relative* dimensions of the *mundus Ante-Rosseanus* and the *mundus Post-Rosseanus;* for as to the *abso-*

lute dimensions, when stated in miles, leagues, or any units familiar to the human experience, they are too stunning and confounding. If, again, they are stated in larger units, — as, for instance, diameters of the earth's orbit, — the unit itself that should facilitate the grasping of the result, and which really *is* more manageable numerically, becomes itself elusive of the mental grasp; it comes in as an interpreter; and (as in some other cases) the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two. If, finally, TIME be assumed as the exponent of the dreadful magnitudes, time combining itself with motion, as in the flight of cannon balls or the flight of swallows, the sublimity becomes greater; but horror seizes upon the reflecting intellect and incredulity upon the irreflective. Even a railroad generation, that *should* have faith in the miracles of velocity, lifts up its hands with an "*Incredulus odi!*" We know that Dr. Nichol speaks the truth; but he *seems* to speak falsehood; and the ignorant bystander prays that the doctor may have grace given him and time for repentance; whilst his more liberal companion reproves his want of charity, observing that travellers into far countries have always had a license for lying, as a sort of tax or fine levied for remunerating their own risks, and that great astronomers, as necessarily far travellers into space, are entitled to a double percentage of the same Munchausen privilege.

Great is the mystery of space, greater is the mystery of time; either mystery grows upon man as man himself grows, and either seems to be a function of the godlike which is in man. In reality, the

depths and the heights which are in man — the depths by which he searches, the heights by which he aspires — are but projected and made objective externally in the three dimensions of space which are outside of him. He trembles at the abyss into which his bodily eyes look down or look up, not knowing that abyss to be, not always consciously suspecting it to be, but, by an instinct written in his prophetic heart, feeling it to be, boding it to be, fearing it to be, and sometimes hoping it to be the mirror to a mightier abyss that will one day be expanded in himself. Even as to the sense of space, which is the lesser mystery than time, I know not whether the reader has remarked that it is one which swells upon man with the expansion of his mind, and that it is probably peculiar to the mind of man. An infant of a year old, or oftentimes even older, takes no notice of a sound, however loud, which is a quarter of a mile removed or even in a distant chamber; and brutes, even of the most enlarged capacities, seem not to have any commerce with distance: distance is probably not revealed to them except by a *presence*, — viz., by some shadow of their own animality, — which, if perceived at all, is perceived as a thing *present* to their organs. An animal desire or a deep animal hostility may render sensible a distance which else would not be sensible, but not render it sensible *as* a distance. Hence perhaps is explained, and not out of any self-oblivion from higher enthusiasm, a fact that often has occurred, of deer, or hares, or foxes, and the pack of hounds in pursuit, chaser and chased, all going headlong over a precipice together. Depth

or height does not readily manifest itself to *them;* so that any *strong* motive is sufficient to overpower the sense of it. Man only has a natural function for expanding on an illimitable sensorium, the illimitable growths of space. Man, coming to the precipice, reads his danger; the brute perishes; man is saved, and the horse is saved by his rider.

But, if this sounds in the ear of some a doubtful refinement, the doubt applies only to the lowest degrees of space. For the highest, it is certain that brutes have no perception. To man is as much reserved the prerogative of perceiving space in its higher extensions as of geometrically constructing the relations of space; and the brute is no more capable of apprehending abysses through his eye than he can build upwards or can analyze downwards the aerial synthesis of geometry. Such, therefore, as is space for the grandeur of man's perceptions, such as is space for the benefit of man's towering mathematic speculations, such is the nature of our debt to Lord Rosse, as being the philosopher who has most pushed back the frontiers of our conquests upon this *exclusive* inheritance of man. We have all heard of a king that, sitting on the sea shore, bade the waves, as they began to lave his feet, upon their allegiance to retire. *That* was said not vainly or presumptuously, but in reproof of sycophantic courtiers. Now, however, we see in good earnest another man, wielding another kind of sceptre and sitting upon the shores of infinity, that says to the ice which had frozen up our progress, "Melt thou before my breath!" that says to the rebellious *nebulæ*, "Sub-

mit, and burst into blazing worlds!" that says to the gates of darkness, "Roll back, ye barriers, and no longer hide from us the infinities of God!"

"Come, and I will show you what is beautiful!"

From the days of infancy still lingers in my ears this opening of a prose hymn by a lady then very celebrated — viz., the late Mrs. Barbauld. The hymn began by enticing some solitary infant into some silent garden, I believe, or some forest lawn; and the opening words were, "Come, and I will show you what is beautiful!" Well, and what beside? There is nothing beside. O disappointed, and therefore enraged reader, positively this is the sum total of what I can recall from the wreck of years, and certainly it is not much. Even of Sappho, though time has made mere ducks and drakes of her lyrics, we have rather more spared to us than this. And yet this trifle, simple as you think it, this shred of a fragment, if the reader will believe me, still echoes with luxurious sweetness in my ears, from some unaccountable hide-and-seek of fugitive childish memories; just as a marine shell, if applied steadily to the ear, awakens (according to the fine image of Landor[39]) the great vision of the sea; places the listener

"————in the sun's palace porch,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

Now, on some moonless night, in some fitting condition of the atmosphere, if Lord Rosse would permit the reader and myself to walk into the front drawing room of his telescope, then, in Mrs. Barbauld's words

slightly varied, I might say to him, Come, and I will show you what is sublime! In fact, what I am going to lay before him, from Dr. Nichol's work, is (or at least *would* be, when translated into Hebrew grandeur by the mighty telescope) a step above even that object which some four and twenty years ago in the British Museum struck me as simply the sublimest sight which in this sightseeing world I had seen. It was the Memnon's head, then recently brought from Egypt. I looked at it, as the reader must suppose, in order to understand the depth which I have here ascribed to the impression, not as a human, but as a symbolic head; and what it symbolized to me were: 1. The peace which passeth all understanding. 2. The eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation — the eternity which *had* been, the eternity which *was* to be. 3. The diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession — an emanation from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from the lips; the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations or memorials of flesh.

In that mode of sublimity, perhaps, I still adhere to my first opinion, that nothing so great was ever beheld. The atmosphere for *this*, for the Memnon, was the breathlessness which belongs to a saintly trance; the holy things seemed to live by silence. But there *is* a picture, the pendant of the Memnon, there *is* a dreadful cartoon, from the gallery which has begun to open upon Lord Rosse's telescope,

where the appropriate atmosphere for investing it must be drawn from another silence — from the frost and from the eternities of death. It is the famous *nebula* in the constellation of Orion; famous for the unexampled defiance with which it resisted all approaches from the most potent of former telescopes; famous for its frightful magnitude and for the frightful depth to which it is sunk in the abysses of the heavenly wilderness; famous just now for the submission with which it has begun to render up its secrets to the all-conquering telescope; and famous in all time coming for the horror of the regal phantasma which it has perfected to eyes of flesh. Had Milton's "incestuous mother," with her fleshless son, and with the warrior angel, his father, that led the rebellions of heaven, been suddenly unmasked by Lord Rosse's instrument, in these dreadful distances before which, simply as expressions of resistance, the mind of man shudders and recoils, there would have been nothing more appalling in the exposure; in fact, it would have been essentially the same exposure — the same expression of power in the detestable phantom, the same rebellion in the attitude, the same pomp of malice in the features to a universe seasoned for its assaults.

The reader must look to Dr. Nichol's book, at page 51 for the picture of this abominable apparition: but then, in order to see what *I* see, the obedient reader must do what I tell him to do. Let him, therefore, view the wretch upside down. If he neglects that simple direction, of course I don't answer for any thing that follows: without any fault of mine,

my description will be unintelligible. This inversion being made, the following is the dreadful creature that will then reveal itself: —

Description of the Nebula in Orion,[40] *as forced to show out by Lord Rosse.* — You see a head thrown back, and raising its face, (or eyes, if eyes it had,) in the very anguish of hatred, to some unknown heavens. What *should* be its skull wears what *might* be an Assyrian tiara, only ending behind in a floating train. This head rests upon a beautifully developed neck and throat. All power being given to the awful enemy, he is beautiful where he pleases, in order to point and envenom his ghostly ugliness. The mouth, in that stage of the apocalypse which Sir John Herschel was able to arrest in his eighteen-inch mirror, is amply developed. Brutalities unspeakable sit upon the upper lip, which is confluent with a snout; for separate nostrils there are none. Were it not for this one defect of nostrils, and, even in spite of this defect, (since, in so mysterious a mixture of the angelic and the brutal, we may suppose the sense of odor to work by some compensatory organ,) one is reminded by the phantom's attitude of a passage, ever memorable, in Milton — that passage, I mean, where Death first becomes aware, soon after the original trespass, of his own future empire over man. The "meagre shadow" even smiles (for the first time and the last) on apprehending his own abominable bliss, by apprehending from afar the savor "of mortal change on earth."

> "—— such a scent" (he says) "I draw
> Of carnage, prey innumerable."

As illustrating the attitude of the phantom in Orion, let the reader allow me to quote the tremendous passage : —

> " So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell
> Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
> Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
> Against the day of battle to a field
> Where armies lie encamped come flying, lured
> With scent of living carcasses designed
> For death the following day in bloody fight,
> So scented the grim feature, and upturned
> His nostril wide into the murky air,
> Sagacious of his quarry from so far."

But the lower lip, which is drawn inwards with the curve of a conch shell, — O, what a convolute of cruelty and revenge is *there!* Cruelty ! — to whom ? Revenge ! — for what ? Ask not, whisper not. Look upwards to other mysteries. In the very region of his temples, driving itself downwards into his cruel brain and breaking the continuity of his diadem, is a horrid chasm, a ravine, a shaft, that many centuries would not traverse, and it is serrated on its posterior wall with a harrow that perhaps is partly hidden. From the anterior wall of this chasm rise, in vertical directions, two processes — one perpendicular, and rigid as a horn, the other streaming forward before some portentous breath. What these could be seemed doubtful ; but now, when further examinations by Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, have filled up the scattered outline with a rich umbrageous growth, one is inclined to regard them as the plumes of a sultan. Dressed he is, therefore, as well as armed. And finally comes Lord Rosse, that glorifies

him with the jewelry[42] of stars. He is now a vision "to dream of, not to tell;" he is ready for the worship of those that are tormented in sleep; and the stages of his solemn uncovering by astronomy, first by Sir W. Herschel, secondly by his son, and finally by Lord Rosse, is like the reversing of some heavenly doom, like the raising of the seals that had been sealed by the angel in the Revelation.

But the reader naturally asks, How does all this concern Lord Rosse's telescope on the one side, or general astronomy on the other? This *nebula*, he will say, seems a bad kind of fellow by your account; and of course it will not break my heart to hear that he has had the conceit taken out of him. But in what way can *that* affect the pretensions of this new instrument; or, if it did, how can the character of the instrument affect the general condition of a science? Besides, is not the science a growth from very ancient times? With great respect for the Earl of Rosse, is it conceivable that he, or any man, by one hour's working the tackle of his new instrument, can have carried any stunning revolutionary effect into the heart of a section so ancient in our mathematical physics? But the reader is to consider that the ruins made by Lord Rosse are in *sidereal* astronomy, which is almost wholly a growth of modern times; and the particular part of it demolished by the new telescope is almost exclusively the creation of the two Herschels, father and son. Laplace, it is true, adopted their views, and he transferred them to the particular service of our own planetary system; but he gave to them no new sanction except what arises from

showing that they would account for the appearances as they present themselves to our experience at this day. That was a *negative* confirmation; by which I mean, that, had their views failed in the hands of Laplace, then they were proved to be false; but, *not* failing, they were not, therefore, proved to be true. It was like proving a gun: if the charge is insufficient, or if, in trying the strength of cast iron, timber, ropes, &c., the strain is not up to the rigor of the demand, you go away with perhaps a favorable impression as to the promises of the article. It has stood a moderate trial; it has stood all the trial that offered — which is always something; but you are still obliged to feel that, when the ultimate test is applied, smash may go the whole concern. Lord Rosse applied an ultimate test; and smash went the whole concern. Really I must have laughed, though all the world had been angry, when the shrieks and yells of expiring systems began to reverberate all the way from the belt of Orion, and positively at the very first broadside delivered from this huge four-decker of a telescope.

But what was it, then, that went to wreck? That is a thing more easy to ask than to answer. At least, for my own part, I complain that some vagueness hangs over all the accounts of the nebular hypothesis. However, in this place a brief sketch will suffice.

Herschel the elder, having greatly improved the telescope, began to observe with special attention a class of remarkable phenomena in the starry world hitherto unstudied — viz., milky spots in various stages

of diffusion. The nature of these appearances soon cleared itself up thus far, that generally they were found to be starry worlds, separated from ours by inconceivable distances, and in that way concealing at first their real nature. The whitish gleam was the mask conferred by the enormity of their remotion. This being so, it might have been supposed that, *as* was the faintness of these cloudy spots, or *nebulæ*, such was the distance. But *that* did not follow; for in the treasury of Nature it turned out that there were other resources for modifying the powers of distance, for muffling and unmuffling the voice of stars. Suppose a world at the distance x, which distance is so great as to make the manifestation of that world weak, milky, nebular. Now, let the secret Power that wields these awful orbs push this world back to a double distance, — *that* should naturally make it paler and more dilute than ever; and yet by *compression*, by deeper centralization, this effect shall be defeated. By forcing into far closer neighborhood the stars which compose this world, again it shall gleam out brighter when at $2x$ than when at x. At this point of compression, let the great moulding Power a second time push it back; and a second time it will grow faint. But once more let this world be tortured into closer compression, again let the screw be put upon it, and once again it shall shake off the oppression of distance as the dewdrops are shaken from a lion's mane And thus, in fact, the mysterious Architect plays at hide-and-seek with his worlds. "I will hide it," he says, "and it shall be found again by man. I will withdraw it into distances that shall seem fabulous

and again it shall apparel itself in glorious light. A third time I will plunge it into aboriginal darkness and upon the vision of man a third time it shall rise with a new epiphany."

But, says the objector, there is no such world, there is no world that has thus been driven back and depressed from one deep to a lower deep. Granted: but the same effect, an illustration of the same law, is produced equally, whether you take four worlds, all of the same magnitude, and plunge them *simultaneously* into four different abysses, sinking by graduated distances one below another, or take one world and plunge it to the same distances *successively*. So in Geology; when men talk of substances in different stages, or of transitional states, they do not mean that they have watched the same individual *stratum* or *phenomenon*, exhibiting states removed from each other by depths of many thousand years, (how could they?) but they have seen one stage in the case A, another stage in the case B. They take, for instance, three objects, the same (to use the technical language of logic) generically, though numerically different, under separate circumstances, or in different stages of advance. They are one object for logic; they are three for human convenience. So again it might seem impossible to give the history of a rose tree from infancy to age. How could the same rose tree, at the same time, be young and old? Yet by taking the different developments of its flowers, even as they hang on the same tree, from the earliest bud to the fullblown rose, you may, in effect, pursue this vegetable growth through all its stages. You have

before you the bonny, blushing little rosebud and the respectable "mediæval" fullblown rose.

This point settled, let it now be remarked that Herschel's resources enabled him to unmask many of these *nebulæ:* stars they were, and stars he forced them to own themselves. Why should any decent world wear an *alias?* There was nothing, you know, to be ashamed of in being an honest cluster of stars. Indeed, they seemed to be sensible of this themselves; and they now yielded to the force of Herschel's arguments so far as to show themselves in the new character of *nebulæ* spangled with stars; these are the *stellar nebulæ;* quite as much as you could expect in so short a time. Rome was not built in a day; and one must have some respect to stellar feelings. It was noticed, however, that where a bright haze, and not a weak milk-and-water haze, had revealed itself to the telescope, this, arising from a case of *compression*, (as previously explained,) required very little increase of telescopic power to force him into a fuller confession. He made a clean breast of it; but at length came a dreadful anomaly. A "nebula" in the constellation *Andromeda* turned restive; another in *Orion*, I grieve to say it, still more so. I confine myself to the latter. A very low power sufficed to bring him to a slight confession, which, in fact, amounted to nothing; the very highest would not persuade him to show a star. "Just one," said some coaxing person; "we'll be satisfied with only one." But no; he would *not.* He was hardened; "he wouldn't *split;*" and Herschel was thus led, after waiting as long as flesh and blood *could* wait, to infer two classes of *nebulæ* — one

that were stars; and another that were *not* stars, nor ever were meant to be stars. Yet *that* was premature. He found, at last, that, though not raised to the peerage of stars, finally they would be so. They were the matter of stars, and by gradual condensation would become suns, whose atmosphere, by a similar process of condensing, would become planets capable of brilliant literati and philosophers in several volumes octavo. So stood the case for a long time. It was settled to the satisfaction of Europe that there were two classes of *nebulæ* — one that *were* worlds; one that were *not*, but only the pabulum of future worlds. Silence arose. A voice was heard, "Let there be Lord Rosse!" and immediately his telescope walked into Orion, destroyed the supposed matter of stars, but, in return, created immeasurable worlds.

As a hint for apprehending the delicacy and difficulty of the process in sidereal astronomy, let the inexperienced reader figure to himself these separate cases of perplexity: 1st. A perplexity where the dilemma arises from the collision between magnitude and distance — is the size less, or the distance greater? 2dly. Where the dilemma arises between motions, a motion in ourselves doubtfully confounded with a motion in some external body; or, 3dly. Where it arises between possible positions of an object. Is it a real proximity that we see between two stars, or simply an apparent proximity from lying in the same visual line, though in far other depths of space? As regards the first dilemma, we may suppose two laws, A and B, absolutely in contradiction, laid down at starting: A, that all fixed stars are precisely at the

same *distance;* in this case, every difference in the apparent magnitude will indicate a corresponding difference in the real magnitude, and will measure that difference. B, that all the fixed stars are precisely of the same *magnitude;* in which case every variety in the size will indicate a corresponding difference in the distance, and will measure that difference. Nor could we imagine any exception to these inferences from A or from B, whichever of the two were assumed, unless through optical laws that might not equally affect objects under different circumstances; I mean, for instance, that might suffer a disturbance as applied under hypoth. B, to different depths in space, or, under hypoth. A, to different arrangements of structure in the star. But, thirdly, it is certain that neither A nor B is the abiding law; and next it becomes an object by science and by instruments to distinguish more readily and more certainly between the cases where the distance has degraded the size, and the cases where the size, being *really* less, has caused an exaggeration of the distance; or, again, where the size being really less, yet coöperating with a distance really greater, may degrade the estimate (though travelling in a right direction) below the truth; or, again, where the size being really less, yet counteracted by a distance also less, may equally disturb the truth of human measurements; and so on.

A second large order of equivocating appearances will arise, not as to magnitude, but as to motion. If it could be a safe assumption that the system to which our planet is attached were absolutely fixed and motionless except as regards its own *internal* rela-

tions of movement, then every change outside of us, every motion that the registers of astronomy had established, would be objective, and not subjective. It would be safe to pronounce at once that it was a motion in the object contemplated, *not* in the subject contemplating; or, reversely, if it were safe to assume as a universal law that no motion was possible in the starry heavens, then every change of relations in space between ourselves and them would indicate and would measure a progress, or regress, on the part of our solar system in certain known directions. But now, because it is not safe to rest in either assumption, the range of possibilities for which science has to provide is enlarged, the immediate difficulties are multiplied, but with the result (as in the former case) of reversionally expanding the powers, and consequently the facilities, lodged both in the science and in the arts ministerial to the science. Thus, in the constellation *Cygnus* there is a star gradually changing its relation to our system, whose distance from ourselves (as Dr. Nichol tells us) is ascertained to be about six hundred and seventy thousand times our own distance from the sun; that is, neglecting minute accuracy, about six hundred and seventy thousand stages of one hundred million miles each. This point being known, it falls within the *arts* of astronomy to translate this apparent angular motion into miles; and presuming this change of relation to be, not in the star, but really in ourselves, we may deduce the velocity of our course, we may enter into our *log* daily the rate at which our whole solar system is running. Bessel, it seems, the eminent astronomer

who died lately, computed this velocity to be such (viz., three times that of our own earth in its proper orbit) as would carry us to the star in forty-one thousand years. But, in the mean time, the astronomer is to hold in reserve some small share of his attention, some trifle of a side glance, now and then, to the possibility of an error, after all, in the main assumption. He must watch the indications, if any such should arise, that not ourselves, but the star in *Cygnus*, is the real party concerned in drifting at this shocking rate, with no prospect of coming to an anchorage.[43]

Another class, and a frequent one, of equivocal phenomena, — phenomena that are reconcilable indifferently with either of two assumptions, though less plausibly reconciled with the one than with the other, — concerns the position of stars that seem connected with each other by systematic relations, and which yet *may* lie in very different depths of space, being brought into seeming connection only by the human eye. There have been, and there are, cases where two stars dissemble an interconnection which they really *have*, and other cases where they simulate an interconnection which they have *not*. All these cases of simulation and dissimulation torment the astronomer, by multiplying his perplexities and deepening the difficulty of escaping them. He cannot get at the truth: in many cases, magnitude and distance are in collusion with each other to deceive him; motion subjective is in collusion with motion objective; duplex systems are in collusion with fraudulent stars, having no real partnership whatever, but mimicking such a

partnership by means of the limitations or errors affecting the human eye, where it can apply no other sense to aid or to correct itself; so that the business of astronomy, in these days, is no sinecure, as the reader perceives; and, by another evidence, it is continually becoming less of a sinecure. Formerly one or two men — Tycho, suppose, or, in a later age, Cassini, and Horrox, and Bradley — had observatories. One man, suppose, observed the stars for all Christendom; and the rest of Europe observed *him*. But now, up and down Europe, from the deep blue of Italian skies[44] to the cold frosty atmospheres of St. Petersburg and Glasgow, the stars are conscious of being watched every where; and, if all astronomers do not publish their observations, all use them in their speculations. New and brilliantly appointed observatories are rising in every latitude, or risen; and none, by the way of these newborn observatories is more interesting from the circumstances of its position, or more *picturesque* to a higher organ than the eye, — viz., to the human heart, — than the New Observatory raised by the University of Glasgow.[45]

The New Observatory of Glasgow is now, I believe, finished; and the only fact connected with its history that was painful, as imbodying and recording that Vandal alienation from science, literature, and all their interests which has ever marked our too haughty and Caliph-Omar-like British government, lay in the circumstance that the glasses of the apparatus, the whole mounting of the establishment, in so far as it was a scientific establishment, and even the workmen for putting up the machinery, were imported from

Bavaria. We, that once bade the world stand aside when the question arose about glasses or the graduation of instruments, were now literally obliged to stand, cap in hand, bowing to Mr. Somebody, successor of Frauenhofer or Frauendevil, in Munich! Who caused *that*, we should all be glad to know, if not the wicked treasury, that killed the hen that laid the golden eggs by taxing her until her spine broke? It is to be hoped that at this moment, and specifically for this offence, some scores of exchequer men, chancellors, and other rubbish are in purgatory, and perhaps working, with shirt sleeves tucked up, in purgatorial glasshouses, with very small allowances of beer to defray the cost of perspiration. But why trouble a festal remembrance with commemorations of crimes or criminals? What makes the Glasgow Observatory so peculiarly interesting is its position, connected with and overlooking so vast a city, having more than three hundred thousand inhabitants, (in spite of an American sceptic,) nearly all children of toil; and a city, too, which, from the necessities of its circumstances, draws so deeply upon that fountain of misery and guilt which some ordinance, as ancient as "our father Jacob," with his patriarchal well for Samaria, has bequeathed to manufacturing towns — to Ninevehs, to Babylons, to Tyres. How tarnished with eternal canopies of smoke and of sorrow, how dark with agitations of many orders, is the mighty town below! How serene, how quiet, how lifted above the confusion and the roar, how liberated from the strifes of earth, is the solemn observatory that crowns the grounds above! And duly, at night, just when the toil of overwrought

Glasgow is mercifully relaxing, then comes the summons to the laboring astronomer. *He* speaks not of the night, but of the day and the flaunting daylight, as the hours "in which no man can work." And the least reflecting of men must be impressed by the idea that at wide intervals, but intervals scattered over Europe, whilst "all that mighty heart" is, by sleep, resting from its labors, secret eyes are lifted up to heaven in astronomical watch towers — eyes that keep watch and ward over spaces that make us dizzy to remember — eyes that register the promises of comets and disentangle the labyrinths of worlds.

Another feature of interest connected with the Glasgow Observatory is personal, and founded on the intellectual characteristics of the present professor, Dr. Nichol; in the deep meditative style of his mind seeking for rest, yet placed in conflict forever with the tumultuous necessity in *him* for travelling along the line of revolutionary thought, and following it loyally, wearied or not, to its natural home.

In a sonnet of Milton, one of three connected with his own blindness, he distinguishes between two classes of servants that minister to the purposes of God. "*His* state," says he, meaning God's state, the arrangement of his regular service, "is kingly;" that is to say, it resembles the mode of service established in the courts of kings; and in this it resembles that service, that there are two classes of ministers attending on his pleasure. For as in the trains of kings are some that run without resting, night or day, to carry the royal messages, and also others — great lords in waiting — that move not from the royal

gates, so of the divine retinues, some are for action only, some for contemplation. "Thousands" there are that

> "———— at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest."

Others, on the contrary, motionless as statues, that share not in the agitations of their times, that tremble not in sympathy with the storms around them, but that listen, that watch, that wait for secret indications to be fulfilled or secret signs to be deciphered. And of this latter class he adds, that they, not less than the others, are accepted by God; or, as it is so exquisitely expressed in the closing line,—

> "*They* also serve that only stand and wait."

Something analogous to this one may see in the distributions of literature and science. Many popularize and diffuse; some reap and gather on their own account. Many translate, into languages fit for the multitude, messages which they receive from human voices; some listen, like Kubla Khan, far down in caverns or hanging over subterranean rivers, for secret whispers that mingle and confuse themselves with the general uproar of torrents, but which can be detected and kept apart by the obstinate prophetic ear, which spells into words and ominous sentences the distracted syllables of aerial voices. Dr. Nichol is one of those who pass to and fro between these classes, and has the rare function of keeping open their vital communications. As a popularizing astronomer, he has done

more for the benefit of his great science than all the rest of Europe combined. And now, when he notices, without murmur, the fact that his office of popular teacher is almost taken out of his hands, (so many are they who have trained of late for the duty,) that change has, in fact, been accomplished through knowledge, through explanations, through suggestions dispersed and prompted by himself.

For my own part, as one belonging to the laity, and not to the *clerus*, in the science of astronomy, I could scarcely have presumed to report minutely, or to sit in the character of dissector, upon the separate details of Dr. Nichol's works, either this or those which have preceded it, had there even been room left disposable for such a task. But in this view it is sufficient to have made the general acknowledgment which already *has* been made, that Dr Nichol's works and his oral lectures upon astronomy are to be considered as the *fundus* of the knowledge on that science now working in this generation. More important it is, and more in reconciliation with the tenor of my own ordinary studies, to notice the philosophic spirit in which Dr. Nichol's works are framed, the breadth of his views, the eternal tendency of his steps in advance, or (if advance on that quarter or at that point happens to be absolutely walled out for the present) the vigor of the *reconnaissances* by which he examines the hostile intrenchments. Another feature challenges notice. In reading astronomical works, there arises (from old experience of what is usually most faulty) a wish either for the naked severities of science, with a total abstinence from all display of enthusiasm, or

else, if the cravings of human sensibility *are* to be met and gratified, that it shall be by an enthusiasm unaffected and grand as its subject. Of that kind is the enthusiasm of Dr. Nichol. The grandeurs of astronomy are such to him who has a capacity for being grandly moved. They are none at all to him who has not. To the mean they become meannesses. Space, for example, has no grandeur to him who has no space in the theatre of his own brain. I know writers who report the marvels of velocity, &c., in such a way that they become insults to yourself. It is obvious that, in *their* way of insisting on our earth's speed in her annual orbit, they do not seek to exalt *her*, but to mortify *you*. And, besides, these fellows are answerable for provoking people into fibs; for I remember one day, that, reading a statement of this nature, about how many things the earth had done that *we* could never hope to do, and about the number of cannon balls, harnessed as a *tandem*, which the earth would fly past, without leaving time to say, *How are you off for soap?* in vexation of heart I could not help exclaiming, "That's nothing; I've done a great deal more myself;" though, when one turns it in one's mind, you know there must be some inaccuracy *there*. How different is Dr. Nichol's enthusiasm from this hypocritical and vulgar wonderment! It shows itself not merely in reflecting the grandeurs of his theme, and by the sure test of detecting and allying itself with all the indirect grandeurs that arrange themselves from any distance, upon or about that centre, but by the manifest promptness

with which Dr. Nicho.'s enthusiasm awakens itself upon *every* road that leads to things elevating for man; or to things promising for knowledge; or to things which, like dubious theories or imperfect attempts at systematizing, though neutral as regards knowledge, minister to what is greater than knowledge — viz., to intellectual *power*, to the augmented power of handling your materials, though with no more materials than before. In his geological and cosmological inquiries, in his casual speculations, the same quality of intellect betrays itself; the intellect that labors in sympathy with the laboring *nisus* of these gladiatorial times; that works (and sees the necessity of working) the apparatus of many sciences towards a composite result; the intellect that retires in one direction only to make head in another; and that already is prefiguring the route beyond the barriers whilst yet the gates are locked.

There was a man in the last century, and an eminent man too, who used to say, that whereas people in general pretended to admire astronomy as being essentially sublime, he for *his* part looked upon all that sort of thing as a swindle; and, on the contrary, he regarded the solar system as decidedly vulgar; because the planets were all of them so infernally punctual, they kept time with such horrible precision, that they forced him, whether he would or no, to think of nothing but post-office clocks, mail coaches, and bookkeepers. Regularity may be beautiful, but it excludes the sublime. What he wisned for was something like Lloyd's list: —

Comets — due 3; arrived 1
Mercury, when last seen, appeared to be distressed; but made no signals.
Pallas and *Vesta* not heard of for some time; supposed to have foundered.
Moon spoken last night through a heavy bank of clouds; out sixteen days: all right.

Now, this poor man's misfortune was, to have lived in the days of mere planetary astronomy. At present, when our own little system, with all its grandeurs, has dwindled by comparison to a subordinate province, if any man is bold enough to say so, a poor shivering unit amongst myriads that are brighter, we ought no longer to talk of astronomy, but of *the astronomies*. There is the planetary, the cometary, the sidereal, perhaps also others — as, for instance, even yet the nebular; because, though Lord Rosse has smitten it with the son of Amram's rod, has made it open, and cloven a path through it, yet other and more fearful *nebulæ* may loom in sight, (if further improvements should be effected in the telescope,) that may puzzle even Lord Rosse. And when he tells his *famulus*, "Fire a shot at that strange fellow and make him show his colors," possibly the mighty stranger may disdain the summons. That would be vexatious: we should all be incensed at *that*. But no matter. What's a *nebula?* what's a world, more or less? In the spiritual heavens are many mansions; in the starry heavens that are now unfolding and preparing to unfold before us are many vacant areas upon which the astronomer may pitch his secret pavilion. He may dedicate himself to the service of the *Double Suns;* he has my license to devote his whole time to

the quadruple system of suns in *Lyra*. Swammerdam spent his life in a ditch, watching frogs and tadpoles: why may not an astronomer give nine lives, if he had them, to the watching of that awful appearance in *Hercules*, which pretends to some rights over our own unoffending system? Why may he not mount guard with public approbation, for the next fifty years, upon the zodiacal light, the interplanetary ether, and other rarities, which the professional body of astronomers would naturally keep (if they could) for their own private enjoyment? There is no want of variety now, nor, in fact, of irregularity; for the most exquisite clockwork, which from enormous distance *seems* to go wrong, virtually for us *does* go wrong; so that our friend of the last century, who complained of the solar system, would not need to do so any longer. There are anomalies enough to keep him cheerful; there are now even things to alarm us; for any thing in the starry worlds that looks suspicious, any thing that ought *not* to be there, is, for all purposes of frightening us, as good as a ghost.

But, of all the novelties that excite my own interest in the expanding astronomy of recent times, the most delightful and promising are those charming little pyrotechnic planetoids,[46] that variegate our annual course. It always struck me as most disgusting that, in going round the sun, we must be passing continually over old roads; and yet we had no means of establishing an acquaintance with them: they might as well be new for every trip. Those chambers of ether, through which we are tearing along night and day, (for *our* train stops at no stations,) doubtless, if we could put some mark

upon them, must be old fellows perfectly liable to recognition. I suppose *they* never have notice to quit. And yet, for want of such a mark, though all our lives flying past them and through them, we can never challenge them as known. The same thing happens in the desert: one monotonous iteration of sand, sand, sand, unless where some miserable fountain stagnates, forbids all approach to familiarity; nothing is circumstantiated or differenced; travel it for three generations, and you are no nearer to identification of its parts: so that it amounts to travelling through an abstract idea. For the desert, really I suspect the thing is hopeless; but, as regards our planetary orbit, matters are mending. For the last six or seven years I have heard of these fiery showers; but indeed I cannot say how much earlier they were first noticed,[47] as celebrating two annual festivals — one in August, one in November. You are a little too late, reader, for seeing this year's summer festival; but that's no reason why you should not engage a good seat for the November meeting, which, if I recollect, is about the 9th, or the Lord Mayor's day, and on the whole better worth seeing. For any thing *we* know, this may be a great day in the earth's earlier history; she may have put forth her original rose on this day or tried her hand at a primitive specimen of wheat; or she may, in fact, have survived some gunpowder plot about this time; so that the meteoric appearance may be a kind, congratulating *feu de joie* on the anniversary of the happy event. What it is that the "cosmogony man" in the Vicar of Wakefield would have thought of such novelties, — whether he would have favored us with his usual opin-

ion upon such topics, viz., that *anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to pan*, or have sported a new one exclusively for this occasion, — may be doubtful. What it is that astronomers think, who are a kind of "cosmogony men," the reader may learn from Dr. Nichol, Note B, pp. 139, 140.

In taking leave of a book and a subject so well fitted to draw out the highest mode of that grandeur which *can* connect itself with the external, (a grandeur capable of drawing down a spiritual being to earth, but not of raising an earthly being to heaven,) I would wish to contribute my own brief word of homage to this grandeur by recalling from a fading remembrance of twenty-five years back a short *bravura* of John Paul Richter. I call it a *bravura*, as being intentionally a passage of display and elaborate execution; and in this sense I may call it partly "my own," that, at twenty-five years' distance, (after one single reading,) it would not have been possible for any man to report a passage of this length without greatly disturbing[48] the texture of the composition. By altering, one makes it partly one's own; but it is right to mention that the sublime turn at the end belongs entirely to John Paul.

"God called up from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, 'Come thou hither and see the glory of my house.' And to the servants that stood around his throne he said, 'Take him and undress him from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision and put a new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart — the heart that weeps and trembles.' It was done; and, with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage;

and from the terraces of heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wing they fled through Zaarrahs of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then, from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film: by unutterable pace the light swept to *them*, they by unutterable pace to the light: in a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. To the right hand and to the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways, — horizontal, upright, — rested, rose, — at altitudes, by spans, — that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities above, that descended to the eternities below: above was below, below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body: depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite, suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose, that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, — other heights and other depths, — were coming, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His over-

laden heart uttered itself in tears; and he said, 'Angel, I will go no farther; for the spirit of man aches with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave from the persecutions of the infinite; for end, I see, there is none.' And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice, 'The man speaks truly; end there is none, that ever yet we heard of.' 'End is there none?' the angel solemnly demanded. 'Is there, indeed, no end? and is this the sorrow that kills you?' But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God? Lo, also, there is no beginning.'"

NOTE. — On throwing his eyes hastily over the preceding paper, the writer becomes afraid that some readers may give such an interpretation to a few playful expressions upon the age of our earth, &c., as to class him with those who use geology, cosmology, &c., for purposes of attack or insinuation against the Scriptures. Upon this point, therefore, he wishes to make a firm explanation of his own opinions, which (whether right or wrong) will liberate him, once for all, from any such jealousy.

It is sometimes said that the revealer of a true religion does not come amongst men for the sake of teaching truths n science or correcting errors in science. Most justly is this said, but often in terms far too feeble; for generally these terms are such as to imply that, although no function of his mission, it was yet open to him; although not pressing with the force of an obligation upon the revealer, it

was yet at his discretion; if not to correct other men's errors, yet at least in his own person to speak with scientific precision. I contend that it was *not*. I contend that to have uttered the truths of astronomy, of geology, &c., at the era of newborn Christianity, was not only *below* the purposes of a religion, but would have been *against* them. Even upon errors of a far more important class than any errors in science can ever be, — superstitions, for instance, that degraded the very idea of God; prejudices and false usages, that laid waste human happiness, (such as slavery and many hundreds of other abuses that might be mentioned,) — the rule evidently acted upon by the Founder of Christianity was this: Given the purification of the fountain, once assumed that the fountains of truth are cleansed, all these derivative currents of evil will cleanse themselves; and the only exceptions which I remember to this rule are two cases, in which, from the personal appeal made to his decision, Christ would have made himself a party to wretched delusions if he had not condescended to expose their folly. But, as a general rule, the branches of error were disregarded, and the roots only attacked. If, then, so lofty a station was taken with regard even to such errors as had moral and spiritual relations, how much more with regard to the comparative trifles (as in the ultimate relations of human nature they are) of merely human science! But, for my part, I go farther, and assert, that upon three reasons it was impossible for any messenger from God (or offering himself in that character) for a moment to have descended into the communication of truth merely scientific, or economic, or worldly; and the reasons are these: *First*. Because it would have degraded his mission, by lowering it to the base level of a collision with human curiosity or with petty and transitory interests. *Secondly*. Because it would have ruined his mission — would utterly have prostrated the free agency and the proper agency of that mission. He that, in those

days, should have proclaimed the true theory of the solar system and the heavenly forces, would have been shut up at once, as a lunatic likely to become dangerous. But suppose him to have escaped *that;* still, as a divine teacher, he has no liberty of caprice; he must stand to the promises of his own acts. Uttering the first truth of a science, he is pledged to the second; taking the main step, he is committed to all which follow. He is thrown at once upon the endless controversies which science in every stage provokes, and in none more than in the earliest; or, if he retires as from a scene of contest that he had not anticipated, he retires as one confessing a human precipitance and a human oversight, weaknesses venial in others, but fatal to the pretensions of a divine teacher. Starting, besides, from such pretensions, he could not (as others might) have the privilege of selecting arbitrarily or partially. If upon one science, then upon all; if upon science, then upon art; if upon art and science, then upon *every* branch of social economy, upon *every* organ of civilization, his reformations and advances are equally due — due as to all, if due as to any. To move in one direction is constructively to undertake for all. Without power to retreat, he has thus thrown the intellectual interests of his followers into a channel utterly alien to the purposes of a spiritual mission.

Thus far he has simply failed; but next comes a worse result — an evil not negative, but positive; because, *thirdly*, to apply the light of a revelation for the benefit of a merely human science, which is virtually done by so applying the illumination of an *inspired* teacher, is to assault capitally the scheme of God's discipline and training for man. To improve by *heavenly* means, if but in one solitary science, to lighten, if but in one solitary section, the condition of difficulty which had been designed for the strengthening and training of human faculties, is *pro tanto* to disturb, to cancel, to contradict a previous purpose of

God, made known by silent indications from the beginning of the world. Wherefore did God give to man the powers for contending with scientific difficulties? Wherefore did he lay a secret train of continual occasions, that should rise by intervals through thousands of generations, for provoking and developing those activities in man's intellect, if, after all, he is to send a messenger of his own, more than human, to intercept and strangle all these great purposes? When, therefore, the persecutors of Galileo alleged that Jupiter, for instance, could not move in the way alleged, because then the Bible would have proclaimed it, as they thus threw back upon God the burden of discovery which he had thrown upon Galileo, why did they not, by following out their own logic, throw upon the Bible the duty of discovering the telescope or discovering the satellites of Jupiter? And as no such discoveries were there, why did they not, by parity of logic and for mere consistency, deny the telescope as a fact, deny the Jovian planets as facts? But this it is to mistake the very meaning and purposes of a revelation. A revelation is not made for the purpose of showing to idle men that which they may show to themselves by faculties already given to them, if only they will exert those faculties, but for the purpose of showing *that* which the moral darkness of man will not, without supernatural light, allow him to perceive. With disdain, therefore, must every considerate person regard the notion that God could wilfully interfere with his own plans by accrediting ambassadors to reveal astronomy or any other science which he has commanded men to cultivate *without* revelation, by endowing them with all the natural powers for doing so.

Even as regards astronomy, a science so nearly allying itself to religion by the loftiness and by the purity of its contemplations, Scripture is nowhere the *parent* of any doctrine, nor so much as the silent sanctioner of any doctrine. Scripture cannot become the author of falsehood,

though it were as to a trifle, cannot become a party to falsehood; and it is made impossible for Scripture to teach falsely, by the simple fact that Scripture, on such subjects, will not condescend to teach at all. The Bible adopts the erroneous language of men, (which at any rate it must do in order to make itself understood,) not by way of sanctioning a theory, but by way of using a fact. The Bible *uses* (postulates) the phenomena of day and night, of summer and winter, and expresses them in relation to their causes as *men* express them — men, even, that are scientific astronomers; but the results, which are all that concern Scripture, are equally true, whether accounted for by one hypothesis which is philosophically just, or by another which is popular and erring.

Now, on the other hand, in geology and cosmology the case is still stronger. *Here* there is no opening for a compliance even with popular language. *Here*, where there is no such stream of apparent phenomena running counter (as in astronomy) to the real phenomena, neither is there any popular language opposed to the scientific. The whole are abstruse speculations even as regards their objects, not dreamed of as possibilities, either in their true aspects or their false aspects, till modern times. The Scriptures, therefore, nowhere allude to such sciences, either under the shape of histories applied to processes current and in movement, or under the shape of theories applied to processes past and accomplished. The Mosaic cosmogony, indeed, gives the succession of natural births, and that succession will doubtless be more and more confirmed and illustrated as geology advances; but as to the time, the duration, of this cosmogony, it is the idlest of notions that the Scriptures either have or could have condescended to human curiosity upon so awful a prologue to the drama of this world. Genesis would no more have indulged so mean a passion with respect to the mysterious inauguration of the world than the Apocalypse with

respect to its mysterious close. "Yet the six *days* of Moses!" Days! But is any man so little versed in biblical language as not to know that (except in the merely historical parts of the Jewish records) every section of time has a secret and separate acceptation in the Scriptures? Does an *æon*, though a Grecian word, bear scripturally (either in Daniel or in St. John) any sense known to Grecian ears? Do the seventy *weeks* of the prophet mean weeks in the sense of human calendars? Already the Psalms, (ninetieth,) already St. Peter, (Second Epistle,) warn us of a peculiar sense attached to the word *day* in divine ears. And who of the innumerable interpreters understands the twelve hundred and odd days in Daniel, or his two thousand and odd days, to mean, by possibility, periods of twenty-four hours? Surely the theme of Moses was as mystical and as much entitled to the benefit of mystical language as that of the prophets.

The sum of the matter is this: God, by a Hebrew prophet, is sublimely described as *the Revealer;* and, in variation of his own expression, the same prophet describes him as the Being "that knoweth the darkness." Under no idea can the relations of God to man be more grandly expressed. But of what is he the revealer? Not surely of those things which he has enabled man to reveal for himself, and which he has commanded him so to reveal, but of those things which, were it not through special light from Heaven, must eternally remain sealed up in the inaccessible darkness. On this principle we should all laugh at a revealed cookery; but essentially the same ridicule applies to a revealed astronomy or a revealed geology. As a fact, there *is* no such astronomy or geology; as a possibility, by the *a priori* argument which I have used, (viz., that a revelation on such fields would contradict *other* machineries of Providence,) there *can* be no such astronomy or geology; consequently there *can* be none such in the

Bible; consequently there *is* none; consequently there can be no schism or feud upon *these* subjects between the Bible and the philosophies outside. Geology is a field left open, with the amplest permission from above to the widest and wildest speculations of man.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

[FIRST PAPER.]

I BEGIN by entreating the reader, not so much in kindness (of which he may have none to spare) as in mere justice, to make allowance for this little sketch, as a sketch written under unfavorable circumstances. What circumstances? Why, written at a distance, in the first place, from the press; or, because in these days there is no such thing as distance, written under a difficulty almost incredible to myself of communicating with the press. It is a fact that I can send a letter to Astrachan, or even to Bokhara (and, indeed, I meditate a letter to Bokhara, filled with reproaches to the sultan, whom I particularly[49] detest) much more easily than I can plant a note in the hands of my publisher or his compositors. Once posted, the letter to Bokhara, like an arrow dismissed from a bow, will assuredly find out the sultan, without further 'fash' on *my* part, and will cause a festering in his villanous heart; and he can have no pretence for complaining of me to the court of St. James's, since I shall pay the postage to the last farthing. Fluent as the flight of a

* These papers on Sir William Hamilton were originally published in a weekly journal.

swallow is the sultan's letter; whereas the letter to my publisher describes a path that is zigzag, discontinuous, moving through harsh angles, and intersected at every turn by human negligences, or by *in*human treacheries of coachmen. The sultan presents a point-blank mark to my bullet; but, to hit my publisher, I must fire round a corner; or, indeed, round three corners at once. That is *one* of the circumstances; and it seems to follow, that, unless my publisher could be prevailed on kindly to 'flit' to Bokhara, there is no great prospect of opening a direct or rapid communication with him. Another of the evil circumstances is, that I have no materials — not a scrap — my sole resource being in a poor wearied brain, and in a memory which (although at intervals working like a steam-engine) oftentimes yearns for rest, and, with Themistocles, would humbly pray for some sweet voluptuous art of forgetting. With this brain, so time-shattered, I must work, in order to give significancy and value to the few facts which I possess — alas! far too scanty as a basis for the very slightest superstructure. With this memory, so restive on such a mission of revisiting the past, I must go down into depths and shy recesses of time, over which dusky draperies are hanging, and voluminous curtains have long since fallen, such as I shrink from raising. Wordsworth points to images and phantom recollections, that spontaneously

> 'Will sometimes leap
> From hiding-places ten years deep;'

but in this case the earliest of my recollections must be rekindled painfully at depths far lower. Forty years, or near it, I must descend; and the case be-

comes that of a man forcing his way violently back into his burning house, under a vow of recovering some special jewels: if he is repelled by the flames, he suffers the mortification of a baffled purpose; if he presses forward, and accomplishes his vow, then, perhaps, in the very midst of his success, he is scorched by the fire. Of all curses, that which searches deepest is the violent revelation through infinite darkness — a revelation like that 'sudden blaze (Paradise Lost, b. ii.) which far round illumined hell,' of a happiness or a glory which once and forever has perished. Martyrdom it is, and no less, to revivify by effect of your own, or passively to see revivified, in defiance of your own fierce resistance, the gorgeous spectacles of your visionary morning life, or of your too rapturous noontide, relieved upon a background of funeral darkness. Such poisonous transfigurations, by which the paradise of youthful hours is forced into distilling demoniac misery for ruined nerves, exist for many a profound sensibility. And, as regards myself, touch but some particular key of laughter and of echoing music, sound but for a moment one bar of preparation, and immediately the pomps and glory of all that has composed for me the delirious vision of life re-awaken for torment; the orchestras of the earth open simultaneously to my inner ear; and in a moment I behold, forming themselves into solemn groups and processions, and passing over sad phantom stages, all that chiefly I have loved, or in whose behalf chiefly I have abhorred and cursed the grave — all that should *not* have died, yet died the soonest — the brilliant, the noble, the wise, the innocent, the brave, the beautiful. With these dreadful masks, and under the persecution of their malicious

beauty, wakens up the worm that gnaws at the heart. Under that corrosion arises a hatred, blind, and vague, and incomprehensible even to one's self, as of some unknown snake-like enemy, in some unknown hostile world, brooding with secret power over the fountains of one's own vitality. Such scourges, at any rate, must be borne where the machinery of the nerves brings round the hour of torment. But it forms a hard condition towards the possibility of a sketch like this — that, by recalling such vanished scenes too vividly, one obeys a summons to an active collusion and co-operation with one's own secret suffering, and becomes a fiery *heautontimoroumenos* (or self-tormentor) in the most afflicting sense.

Another circumstance of hardship, which entitles me to the special indulgence of the reader, is, that in this paper I am writing against time. Many are the matches which I have had against time in *my* time and in *his* time [*i. e.* in Time's time.] And all such matches, writing or riding, are memorably unfair. Time, the meagre shadow, carries no weight at all, so what parity can there be in any contest with *him*? What does *he* know of anxiety, or liver complaint, or income-tax, or of the vexations connected with the correcting of proofs for the press? Although, by the way, he *does* take upon himself, with his villanous scrawl, to correct all the fair proofs of nature. He sows canker into the heart of rosebuds, and writes wrinkles (which are his odious attempts at pothooks) in the loveliest of female faces. No type so fair, but he fancies, in his miserable conceit, that he can improve it; no stereotype so fixed, but he will alter it; and, having spoiled one generation after another, he

still persists in believing himself the universal amender and the ally of progress. Ah! that one might, if it were but for one day in a century, be indulged with the sight of Time forced into a personal incarnation, so as be capable of a personal insult — a cudgelling, for instance, or a ducking in a horse-pond. Or, again, that once in a century, were it but for a single summer's day, his corrected proofs might be liable to supersession by *revises*,[50] such as I would furnish, down the margin of which should run one perpetual iteration of *stet.*, *stet.*;' everything that the hoary scoundrel had *deleted*, rosebuds or female bloom, beauty or power, grandeur or grace, being solemnly reinstated, and having the privilege of one day's secular resurrection, like the Arabian phœnix, or any other memento of power in things earthly and in sublunary births, to mock and to defy the scythe of this crowned thief!

But this eternal blazon must not be, or the reader will think himself to have fallen into the company of a madman, and perhaps at the first convenient turning will abscond. And yet, if he knew all that I could tell him about the villanies of Time, possibly he would participate in the *acharnement* of my hatred. I know that wretch better than the reader is likely to do. For the present, what I wish to have understood is, that the time available for my little paper is not at all commensurate to the dignity of its theme. By reason of what I mentioned above, in regard to my publisher's procrastination in fixing himself at Bokhara, the correspondence with him is in that condition of circuitousness and liability to *rests* [which are very good in music, but shameful and disgusting in the post-office,] that three-fourths of the time otherwise disposable for

my paper, perishes in holes and corners amongst the embezzlements of the road; and every contraction in the *rations* allowed as to hours and minutes, regularly shows itself in a corresponding expansion of hurry and inevitable precipitancy, as regards the quality of the composition. Not that always and unconditionally it is an evil to be hurried in writing for the press. I doubt not that many a score of practised writers for the press will have been self-observing enough to notice a phenomenon which *I* have many times noticed, viz., that hurry and severe compression from an instant summons that brooks no delay have a tendency to often furnish the flint and steel for eliciting sudden scintillations of originality: sometimes in what regards the picturesque felicity of the phrase, sometimes in what regards the thought itself, or its illustrations. To *autoschediaze*, or improvise, is sometimes in effect to be forced into a consciousness of creative energies, that would else have slumbered through life. The same stimulation to the creative faculty occurs even more notoriously in musical improvisations; and all great executants on the organ have had reason to bemoan their inability to arrest those sudden felicities of impassioned combinations, and those flying arabesques of loveliest melody, which the magnetic inspiration of the moment has availed to excite. Meantime, this possible advantage of hurry and adventurous precipitation, for the kindling of originality, applies less probably to a case in which philosophy happens to be concerned. But is the present a case of that order? A philosopher is concerned undoubtedly, and a great one; but philosophy not so much. The public would not bear it. One man may lead a horse to a pond, but twenty will

not make him drink; and a sip is all that the public collectively ever care to take from reservoirs of abstract philosophy. Yet, even in such a case, where leisurely thought is really a possible disadvantage in regard to the immediate prosperity of the composition, it is still indispensable in regard to its revision; so that my title still remains good to a special indulgence.

But now, reader, do not worry me any more with questions or calls for explanation. *When* I do not know, nor *how*, but not the less I feel a mesmeric impression that you have been bothering me with magnetic passes: but for which interruptions, we should have been by this time a long way on our journey. I am now going to begin. You will see a full stop or period a very few inches farther on, lurking immediately under the word *earnest* on the off side; and, from and after that full stop, you are to consider me as having shaken off all troublesome companions, and as having once for all entered upon business in earnest.

In the year 1814 it was that I became acquainted with Sir William Hamilton, the present professor of logic in the University of Edinburgh.* I was then in Edinburgh for the first time, on a visit to Mrs. Wilson, the mother of Professor Wilson. Him, who at that time neither *was* a professor, nor dreamed of becoming one (his intention being to pursue his profession of advocate at the Scottish bar), I had known for a little more than five years. Wordsworth it was, then living at Allan Bank in Grasmere, who had introduced me to John Wilson; and ever afterwards I was a frequent visitor at his beautiful place of Elleray, on Windermere, not above nine miles distant from my own cot-

* [This was written in 1852.]

tage in Grasmere. In those days, Wilson sometimes spoke to me of his friend Hamilton, as of one specially distinguished by manliness and elevation of character and occasionally gazed at as a monster of erudition. Indeed, the extent of his reading was said to be portentous — in fact, frightful; and, to some extent, even suspicious; so that certain ladies thought him 'no canny;' for, if arithmetic could demonstrate that all the days of his life, ground down and pulverized into 'wee wee' globules of five or eight minutes each, and strung upon threads, would not furnish a rosary anything like corresponding, in its separate beads or counters, to the books he was known to have studied and familiarly used, then it became clear that he must have had *extra* aid, and, in some way or other, must have read by proxy. Now, in that case, we all know in what direction a man turns for help, and *who* it is that he applies to when he wishes, like Dr. Faustus, to read more books than belong to his own allowance in this life. I hope sincerely there was no truth in these insinuations; for, besides that it would be disagreeable to have a hanger-on like Mephistopheles expecting to receive a card every time that you gave a little dance, I, for my part, could have no reliance on the accuracy of his reading. The objection to Mephistopheles as a prosy reader would be absolutely fatal. Such a malicious wretch would leave out all the *nots* in critical places, as the printers fined by Laud did from the seventh commandment (reading, 'thou *shalt* commit adultery,') and would discredit his principal's learning by continual falsifications of the text. I do trust and hope, therefore, that there was no ground for any such painful suspicions. Candor, however, obliges me to

mention, that at one time Sir William had a large dog in Great King Street, Edinburgh, very much answering to the description of the dog which Goethe and at least *one* of our old Elizabethan dramatists assigns to poor Dr. Faustus. Surely it never could be the same identical dog, figuring first in Frankfort during the fifteenth century, and then in Edinburgh during the nineteenth!

An interest of curiosity in Sir William Hamilton had gradually, from some cause or other, combined in my mind with an interest of respect for his extraordinary attainments. Neither interest might possibly have sustained itself amongst the continual distractions of the world, had there been little prospect of forming his acquaintance. But the accident of my own visit to Edinburgh in 1814, whilst it suddenly ripened a remote chance into an instant certainty, deepened that already deep interest in Sir William's pretensions, which had long given value to such a chance. Together with the certainty that I should now speedily enjoy a personal insight into the splendid accomplishments of this Titan amongst students, suddenly arose a profounder curiosity as to the exact range of these accomplishments. And I was truly happy when this anticipation was realized.

One morning I was sitting alone after breakfast, when Wilson suddenly walked in with his friend Hamilton. So exquisitely free was Sir William from all ostentation of learning, that unless the accidents of conversation made a natural opening for display, such as it would have been affectation to evade, you might have failed altogether to suspect that an extraordinary scholar was present. On this first interview with him, I saw nothing to challenge any special attention beyond an

unusual expression of kindness and cordiality in his *abord*. There was also an air of dignity and massy self-dependence diffused over his deportment, too calm and unaffected to leave a doubt that it exhaled spontaneously from his nature, yet too unassuming to mortify the pretensions of others. Men of genius I had seen before, and men distinguished for their attainments, who shocked everybody, and upon me in particular, nervously susceptible, inflicted with horror as well as distress, by striving restlessly and almost angrily for the chief share in conversation. Some I had known, who possessed themselves in effect pretty nearly of the whole, without being distinctly aware of what they were about; and one autocratic gentleman there was among them, perfectly aware of what he was about, who (in the phrase of politicians) 'went for' the whole from the very first; and, if things had come to that pass that he might not have all, gave notice, with vengeance blazing in his eyes, that he would have none. He was not to be *done* at his time of life by frivolous offers of a compromise that might have secured him seventy-five per cent. No, no; all without discount — that was his *ultimatum*. In Sir William Hamilton, on the other hand, was an apparent carelessness whether he took any conspicuous share or none at all in the conversation. It is possible that, as the representative of an ancient[51] family, he may secretly have felt his position in life; far less, however, in the sense of its advantages than of its obligations and restraints. And, in general, my conclusion was, that at that time I had rarely seen a person who manifested less of self-esteem, under any of the forms by which ordinarily it reveals itself — whether of pride,

or vanity, or full-blown arrogance, or heart-chilling reserve.

But, meantime, what was the peculiar and differential nature of Sir William's pursuits, which had won *for* him already so much distinction, and *against* him so much expectation? for really a man's own merit often comes to act against him with deadliest hostility, when, by inflaming his reputation, it has also the power of too much inflaming the standard by which he will be tried. Sir William's reputation was as yet of that interesting (because somewhat mysterious) kind, which has not yet crept into newspapers, but is moving, even locally, only through whispers. And in these whispers, forty years ago, there was nothing like the same principle of contagion that now exists. The cause of this lies partly in railways, which are not only swift in themselves, but the causes of swiftness in everything else; so that very soon, I am convinced, out of pure, blind sympathy with railway trains, men will begin to trot through the streets; and in the next generation, unconsciously, they will take to cantering We may see a proof of this in the increased vitality of slang. To my knowledge, it took eighteen years to transplant from Germany to this country the Greek word *mythus:* but, in more recent days, the absurd abuse of the word *myth*, for a fib, has not cost three years, when helped forward by female lips. And as the whispers were then far below our existing whispers in velocity of circulation, they were no better as regarded accuracy. The first thing I heard about Sir William Hamilton was, that he might be regarded as the modern Magliabecchi, or even as a better Magliabecchi, if better there could be. Now you are aware,

my youthful reader, or (if not) you soon *shall* be aware, that the said M. (whose long name I don't intend to spell over again) was that librarian, a hundred and fifty years ago, to some Grand Duke of Tuscany, who, by dint of trotting and cantering over all pages of all books, could not only repeat *verbatim et literatum* any possible paragraph from any conceivable book, and, letting down his bucket into the dark ages, could fetch up for you any amount of rubbish that you might call for, but could even tell you on which side, dexter or sinister, starboard or larboard, the particular page might stand, in which he had been angling. Well: I admire Indian jugglers; I look with pleasure on rope-dancers, whether dancing the slack or the tight rope; and I, for one, would not have grudged a subscription of five shillings towards inducing Mag. to go through his tricks. But, when all was over, I must still have asked, Now, Mag. with submission, what may be the use of all that? It is a question through which I could never see my way, except that once a glimmering light occurred to me in the following case: — Jacob Bryant, a great scholar some fifty years ago, and a dead shot at all mythological questions, had a large and lofty library, to the upper regions of which, where he kept all his cloudy and flighty authors, he was under the necessity of ascending by means of a long ladder. Now, it came to pass, that when Jacob was well stricken in years, and the sight was waxing dim in his eyes, in mounting to his mythological Olympus, whilst midway on this Jacob's ladder, Jacob fell from it; and, by reason of falling from this ladder, Jacob broke his leg; and, by reason of this fracture, Jacob died. Now, it occurs to one, that, if Mag. had stood at the foot of the ladder,

Jacob needed not to have died; for Mag. would have told him everything that he could possibly have learned by going aloft. But still, as Jacob (being above eighty) was nearly *due* to the undertaker, and as we children of earth have contrived to crawl through the better half of the nineteenth century without Jacob, and as, after all, Mag. was *not* at the foot of the ladder when most wanted, I continue to think that, even if pleading for Mag's usefulness before a jury, I must submit to a non-suit.

But I do not stop there. For else, though useless, Mag.'s talent might seem admirable in the way that magic is admirable. Any intellectual gift whatever, such as Jedediah Buxton's gift of demoniac arithmetic, though not only useless, but perhaps even a curse to its possessor, is worth the tribute of one moment's admiration; it is entitled to a *Bravo!* though one would scruple to give it an *Ancora!* On the other hand, as to Mag.'s mode of conjuring, I am now satisfied that it was no talent at all, as the world has hitherto imagined, but simply a cutaneous disease. The man ought to have been cupped and leeched, or treated with tonics. *Experto crede.* I was myself attacked by it some years ago, for my memory is subject to frightful irregularities of spasmodic energy; and it struck me then that corrosive sublimate might be required, if it were any species of *psora*. But, inclining to try milder remedies at first, I took nitric acid, and finished off with chalybeates. This course of practice, accompanied by violent exercise and sudorifics, succeeded at that time. But I have since felt the *virus* still lurking in the system; and am at times horribly alarmed at the prospect of turning out

a confirmed Magliab.; which, in point of misery to the patient, must be the next bad thing to being a vampyre.

They knew little of Sir William Hamilton, who fancied that his enormous reading tended to any result so barren as this. But other whisperers there were, who would have persuaded me that Sir William was simply a great linguist. Since the time when I first came to know him, Europe has had several monsters of that class, and, amongst others, Cardinal Mezzofante. Perhaps the cardinal was, on the whole, the greatest of his order. He knew, I believe (so as to speak familiarly), thirty-four languages; whereas a Scandinavian clergyman (Swedish or Norse), who has died since the cardinal, and was reputed to have mastered fifty-six, probably only *read* them. But what ultimate value[52] attached to this hyperbolical acquisition? If one wrote an epitaph for his eminence, one might be tempted into saying, 'Here lies a man that, in the act of dying, committed a robbery, absconding from his poor fellow-creatures with a valuable polyglot dictionary.' Assuredly, any man who puts his treasures into a form which must perish in company with himself, is no profound benefactor to his species. Not thus did Sir William proceed, as I soon learned after I made his acquaintance; and the results of his reading are now sown and rooted at Paris, not less than at Berlin; are blossoming on the Rhine; and are bearing fruit on the Danube.

Ah, reader, at this moment I hear the fierce clamors of the press that speaks through double trumpets of space and time, uttering inexorable edicts and interdicts as to both. Pardon me, therefore, if, by hurry-

ing, I fall into disproportion with myself, or if, in order to hurry, I should find it necessary to be affectedly brief. My own direct acquaintance with Sir William Hamilton soon apprised me, that, of all great readers, he was the one to whom it was most indispensable that he should react by his own mind upon what he read. There are different lines of approach upon which a man may force an entrance into the citadels of philosophy. Some read little or nothing: for instance, Kant, who had not (as might be proved) read even Locke — perhaps not one page of Locke — though I fully believe that he would not materially have modified what he has written, if by accident he *had*. He, by blank power, integrated any imperfect hint as to a writer's doctrines that he had picked up casually in conversation or from random reading. But others make their advances by different routes. Sir William Hamilton, when I first knew him, was not properly a philosopher — nor would *then* have called himself such — but a polyhistor, of a higher class, and with far more combining powers, than Bayle, having (or taking means to have) a pancyclopædic acquaintance with every section of knowledge that could furnish keys for unlocking man's inner nature. Already, in 1814, I conceive that he must have been studying physiology upon principles of investigation suggested by himself. In 1820, 1827, and the following years, up to 1832, on revisiting Edinburgh, I found him master of all the knowledge that France and Germany had then accumulated upon animal magnetism, which he justly conceived to hide within itself shy secrets as to 'the dark foundations' of our human nature, such as cannot *now* be lawfully neglected — secrets which evidently had gleamed and

cropped out at intervals through past ages of the world in various phenomena, that were tarnished or were darkened into apparent doubtfulness only by the superstitions that surrounded them. The immensity of Sir William's attainments was best laid open by consulting him (or by hearing him consulted) upon intellectual difficulties, or upon schemes literary and philosophic. Such applications, come from what point of the compass they would, found him always prepared. Nor did it seem to make any difference, whether it were the erudition of words or things that was needed. Amongst the books for which I am indebted to his kindness as memorials of his regard, one which I value most is a copy of the 'Scaligerana,' and for this reason, that it is intrinsically a characteristic memento of himself when first I knew him. In the Scaligers, father and son, who were both astonishing men, I fancied this resemblance to himself, that there was the same equilibrium in all three as to *thing* knowledge and *word* knowledge. Again, Scaliger the elder, as is well known, had been a cavalry officer up to his fortieth year; and often, in his controversial writings, one deciphers the *quondam* trooper cutting furiously right and left in a *melée*. There, also, I fancy a resemblance: now and then, in Sir William's polemics, I seem to trace the sword-arm that charged at Drumclog; or is that story all a dream?

But that trumpet — both those trumpets again are sounding, and now evidently for the last time; and it seems to me that, if ever I heard a trumpet in a passion, both of these trumpets are laboring under that infirmity. Ah, what a chaos! In what confusion and hurry, my reader, shall we part! I had three hundred

things, at least, to say; and, if that arithmetic is correct, it strikes me as a sad necessity, that, for a matter of two hundred and ninety-nine, I must remain in your debt. In debt? Ay; but for how long? When do I mean to pay? Thirty days after date would be almost as good as cash. True, much injured reader, it would be so; and my wish, were wishes discountable, would run exactly in that channel. But that, alas, is impossible. Hearken to the nature of the *fix* in which I find myself, and say if you ever heard of a worse. Under ordinary circumstances, if one outruns the usual allowance of space, one has but to say at the foot of the paper, *to be continued*, and all is healed. Any paper may be adjourned from month to month, — true, but not from volume to volume; and, unhappily for me, this very week's number, in which I am now writing, closes a volume. The several monthly divisions of the journal may *inosculate*, but not the several volumes. If any one volume were allowed to throw out great tap-roots into a succeeding *volume*, no section of the journal would ever be finished, or capable of being regarded as a separate and *independent* whole. To purchase any one volume of the INSTRUCTOR might pledge a man to purchasing onwards into the twentieth century, under the pain of else having on his hands a weight of unfinished articles. Rightly, therefore, it has been made a law,[53] that no subject can be carried on by adjournment from volume to volume. Yet, on the other hand, by a necessity not less cogent, the merest *silhouette*, or Indian ink sketch in profile of a philosopher, cannot decently evade some notice of his philosophy. Is not Mallet a by-word in literature to this day, for having written a life of Lord Bacon, in

which he remembered that the noble lord was a chancellor, but unhappily forgot that he was a leader and a revolutionist in philosophy? And did not this hideous oversight of his make people rejoice in his having failed to keep his engagements with the Duchess of Marlborough for writing the life of her lord, since, by parity of blunder, he would carefully have remembered that the Duke had once been a gentleman of the bedchamber, and had taken a flying leap early in the morning from the bed-room window of Barbara Villiers, but would have forgotten utterly that he commanded at Blenheim, or (which is worse) would have notified it by way of 'P. S.' among the errata and addenda that would be carefully looked after in the next edition? Here, now, is a necessity on one side that I should *do* that which on the other side it appears to be a sheer impossibility that I should even *attempt*. Even the famous sixteen-string Jack would have recoiled a little from such a perplexity. Is there no dodge, sacred or profane, by which it can be met? Yes, on consideration, perhaps, by this which follows. Volume the fifteenth, it is true, cannot *succeed* to property in the fourteenth volume. It cannot receive it as an *inheritance*. But *that* will not prevent it from holding such property as an original endowment of its own. This article, for instance, cannot prolong its life into another volume; but it may rise again — it may receive a separate birth *de novo* in the future volume. What is to hinder me from writing a paper next March, for example, with this title, 'On the Contributions of Sir William Hamilton to Philosophy?' Publicly the law of the journal is thus maintained; and yet, in consistency with that law, an opportunity is

gained for something nearer to a reasonable estimate of an illustrious man than could have been crowded within three octavo pages.

Here is a man (it will be said by the thoughtful reviewer of his own age) able to have 'made the world grow pale' with the enormity of his learned acquisitions, had he been more often confronted with that world, or, when face to face with it, more capable of ostentatious display. Make us understand in what direction his studies have moved: towards what capital objects; with what immediate results; followed by what testimonies of honor from the supreme tribunals in this department of literature; and supported by what evidences or presumption of having impressed lasting changes upon some great aspects of intellectual philosophy.

[SECOND PAPER.]

HERE I am, viz., in vol. xv.* Never ruffle your own temper, reader, or mine, by asking *how*, and with what right. I *am* here. So much is clear; and what you may call a *fait accompli*. As to saying that, though I am maybe here 'de facto,' nevertheless 'de jure' I am *not* so; that I have no *locus standi;* that I am an usurper; an intruder; and that any contraband process by which I can have smuggled myself from vol. xiv. to this present vol. xv., is not of a kind that

* Hogg's Instructor.

will bear looking into. Too true, I answer: very few things *will* bear looking into. In particular, the revolution of 1688–9 will not bear looking into with eyes of philosophic purism. The object of the purist is to effect the devolution of the crown through a smooth lubricated channel known and conformable to old constitutional requisitions; and if the word '*abdicate*' could but be established, formally, were it, or even constructively, all would run as sweetly as the chronometers of Greenwich. As it is, I grieve to say that there is a deadly hiatus in the harness which should connect the pre-revolutionary and post-revolutionary commonwealths of England. It is not merely a screw that is loose, it is a link that is missing, and no use advertising for it now. But no matter: that is a grief which, being nearly two hundred years old, an extra glass of wine will do much to heal. And in reality I never heard of a man's meditating suicide, because he could not harmonize the facts of our revolution with its transcendental theory. Yet not the less the human mind does really yearn and sicken after intellectual modes of solution applied to any intellectual intricacy or nodus. Art must thaw the dilemma which art has frozen together: and never yet was there a reader of any sensibility that did not resent with clamorous indignation the removal by apoplexy from a novel or a drama of any impracticable character that ought to have been disposed of agreeably to the providential forecastings of the plot itself, and by the spontaneous evolution of the fable. My own personal embarrassment on this occasion, in effecting a transit or in evading a transit, was of a nature hardly paralleled in literature. I was to write a paper within certain as-

signed limits, which paper, by its very subject and the crying necessities of its nature, utterly rebelled against limits. To transfer it (not in part but in mass) to a field of ampler limits, *i. e.*, to another volume, was made impossible by certain arrangements which nailed the accompanying portrait[54] to this punctual spot — to this instant *now*, and this momentary audience. The biographic record could not be disjoined from the portrait, and the portrait could not be removed from that particular place in that particular volume. But could I not, *secondly*, content myself with giving part, carrying forward the other parts by adjournment to another volume? No: because that would be establishing a dependency of one volume upon another, contrary to the plan and law of the whole work. But then, *thirdly*, at least I might have hyperbolically expanded on the dimensions of that single paper which the fates allowed me to write? No: I could not do *that* even, for then I must have monopolized the entire train — first, second, and third class — and, in order to do *that*, I must have booked myself as the one sole passenger in this journal, at least three months beforehand.

It is strange to see what mountains of difficulty sometimes melt away before the suggestions of a child. *Accipe principium sursus* — solved the whole case. What is to hinder me from beginning afresh upon a new foundation in a new volume, and utterly ignoring all that has gone before? I now *do* so. And what follows is to be viewed as a totally new article, standing on its own basis.

Everybody, I believe, is young at some period of his life; at least one has an old physiological prejudice

in that direction. Else, to hear people talk, one must really suppose that there are celebrated persons who are born to old age as to some separate constitutional inheritance. Nobody says 'Old Sophocles,' but very many people say 'Old Chaucer.' Yet Chaucer was a younger man at his death than Sophocles. But if not, why should men insist upon one transitory stage or phasis in a long series of changes, as if suddenly and lawfully arrested, to the exclusion of all the rest? *Old* Chaucer! why, he was also middle-aged Chaucer; he was young Chaucer; he was baby Chaucer. And the earlier distinctions of a man bear as much relation to posterity as his later distinctions. Above all, one is betrayed into such misconceptions when a man carries a false certificate of age in the very name which designates his relationship to one's self. My great-great-grandmother naturally I figured to myself as having a patriarchal beard. Could I think otherwise of one so deeply merged in grandmotherhood? But a portrait of her taken immediately after death represented her as an attractive young woman not quite twenty-three, which it appeared that she really was. And I remember a similar case even still more striking, which occurred in Chester about the year 1803. Some overflowing of the Dee had exposed to view the secrets of the churchyard. Amongst the coffins in the lower tiers was one which contained the corpse of a woman, particularly blooming. According to my first precipitate computation, she might be rated as one hundred and twenty years old; for she had died in Queen Anne's reign (about 1707, I think), and by the plate on the coffin lid had been twenty-four at the time of death. Yet her face was most blooming, her lips

beautifully fresh, and her hair of the loveliest auburn. Ninety-and-three years of the eighteenth century, and two years of the nineteenth, had she spent in the grave; and adding these ninety-five years of rest to the twenty-four of her (doubtless unresting) life, for a moment I fell into the natural confusion of making her a very, very old woman; and proportionably I wondered at the vernal beauty which had not ceased to adorn her in the wintry grave. This special indulgence to a special beauty had been the gift of a soil preternaturally antiseptic. But inevitably the sudden collision of a youthfulness so apparent with an antiquity so historical, caused each idea reciprocally to illuminate the other; so that, for a minute or two, until I had distinguished the elements of this antiquity, and had separated the ninety-five years that did not belong to the young woman herself from the twenty-four that *did*, I struggled with the impossible and contradictory conception of crazy superannuation incarnated in perfect womanly loveliness. Some metaphysical perplexity of this same nature, I observe, besets those who contemplate us the tenants of a past generation through the inverted tube of the present. The Trophonian gloom which they ascribe to us, considered as present antiquities and relics, adheres to the image of the same poor *us* when traced upwards to our morning period. We that cannot attempt even to smile in this present stage of the world, is it credible that at *any* stage we can have laughed? Child of incredulity, if not credible, it is certain. 'Ginger[55] was hot in the mouth' in those long-past years; and 'because we were virtuous' at that era, not the less there were 'ale and cakes.' Though transcendental philosophers (ἀεροβατοῦντες) that

walked the air, we condescended to sip at times from sublunary liquors; and at odd times it is possible that we even entered into the kingdom of 'civilation.'

'Civilation![56] And what may *that* be?' Look below, reader, into the foot-note,* which will explain it. Whilst you are studying *that*, I'll be moving on slowly overhead; and, when you come up from that mine to the upper air, you'll easily overtake me. Civilation, or (if you choose to call it so) civilization, was not a state into which any of us made a regular habit of ascending: only at times we did so; and I presume that at such times Sir William Hamilton, being thoroughly social, would keep us company. From the circumstances given, I infer a probability. Else I protest against 'preaching,' and revealing secrets small or great, though forty years old. The range of time which is concerned in my present notice stretches over a dozen years; within which space intermittingly, as off and on I happened to be in Edinburgh, various persons, variously interesting, entered for a time, or quitted for a time, our fluctuating circle. The original nucleus had been John Wilson (*i. e. the* Wilson) and his brothers, amongst whom the naturalist (James Wilson) was known to me first, and subsequently Sir William Hamilton. Next, and after the war had finally reached its consummation in Waterloo — a *peripetteia* as perfect and dramatic as ever was exhibited on the stage of Athens — others at intervals gladdened our festal company; amongst whom, as the most memorable, I ought to mention Colonel Mitchell, the biographer of Wallenstein, so advantageously known by his bold and original views upon strategies, upon the effi-

* The foot-note has been transferred to the end of the volume, Note 56.

tacy of the bayonet, and upon the critical interpretation of some capital chapters in martial history; Captain Thomas Hamilton, the brother of Sir William, an accomplished man, latterly known amongst us by the name of Cyril Thornton, from the title of his novel; Sir William Allan, the distinguished artist, afterwards President of the Royal Scottish Academy; and, lastly, Mr. R. P. Gillies, the advocate, whose name I repeat with a sigh of inexpressible sadness, such as belongs of right to some splendid Timon of Athens, so often as on the one hand I revivify to my mind his gay saloons, resonant with music and festal laughter — the abode for years of a munificent hospitality, which Wordsworth characterized as 'all but princely' — and, on the other hand, shudder at the mighty shadows of calamity, of sorrow, of malice, of detraction, that have for thirty years stalked after his retreating splendors, and long since have swallowed up the very memory of his pretensions from the children of this generation.

But, returning to the subject of civilization, could it be said of Sir William Hamilton that he favored it or promoted it? Hardly, I think. The age itself — that generation of Waterloo — sanctioned a certain degree of civilization in young and old: and Sir William, in his fervid youth, was too social and too generous to retreat austerely within the circle of absolute barbarism. But it would have been difficult to civilize *him* effectually, such was the resistance opposed to civilation by his extraordinary muscular strength. Sir William's powers, in some directions, as an athlete, were indeed unusually great, and would have attracted much more notice, had he not, upon all his personal endowments, been so systematically shy, and even so disdainful of

display. Nobody, therefore, fancied that he could gratify Sir William by recalling gymnastic feats of *his*. When he relaxed at all from his habitual mood of freezing contempt for all personal acts of ostentation whatever (no matter whether intellectual or physical), it was in pure overmastering sympathy with the spirit of genial fun — the *amabilis insania* — which some special gathering of youth and youthful gayety had concurred to kindle. It was in mere deference to the expectations or wishes of others, that Sir William could be ever persuaded into a moment's display, and then not without an expression of scorn too palpable for his own compliance. A person worse qualified than myself for recording the exact extent of his athletic powers cannot be imagined; and for the plain reason — that, having not the slightest pretensions in that way myself, I had not cultivated any interest in such powers, nor consequently any knowledge of their nature or limits. Ignorant I was of the human frame, and of its latent powers, as regarded speed, force, ambi-dexterity, in a degree that would have been inexcusable in an old woman. I was even proud of my own desperate ignorance to an extent that made penitence or amendment apparently hopeless. And the worst feature of my barbarism was, and *is* to this hour, that, instead of meditating occasionally on the possibility that *I* might be wrong, and the world might be right — on the contrary, with a stiff-neckedness (surely there *is* such a word) that is truly criminal, I then did, and I now do, exhaust myself in terms of bloody contempt for all the men, and all the races of men, that ever fell down in prose or verse to worship the idol of human physical excellence. 'The abject villains!' was the best term (how illiberal!)

that I could afford to the ancient Greeks, when noticing their beastly admiration of good running, good wrestling, good cab-driving at Olympia. Oh, heavens! that a fist, that a foot, that a hoof, should be viewed with a holy homage, such as belonged of right to a revelation of truth, or after a millennium of darkness that belonged to the first fruits of the rising dawn! The Romans, it is remarkable, had no reverence for individual physical prowess. They had no Olympic contests. On the contrary, they regarded all such animal exertions as mere gladiatorial glories, *i. e.*, as the distinctions of slaves, and distinctions that were to be bought for copper and silver amongst the savages of earth. But the Greeks, who, with the tremulous and half-effeminate temperament of genius, combined a hideous defect of dignity and moral stamina, figure as perfect lunatics in their admiration of animal excellence: —

> 'Metaque fervidis
> Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis,
> Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos.'

Horace himself, *roué* as he was, is Roman enough to squint at his reader with a look half-aghast at this extravagance of descent into the superstition that glorifies the fleshly. Homer, the greatest master of traumatic surgery (*i. e.*, the philosophy of wounds) that has ever existed, in fact (if it were not for his profound darkness on the subject of gun-shot wounds) the only poet on record that would, *sede vacante*, have been elected by acclamation, without needing any interest at all or any canvass, as house surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, or the Hotel Dieu, has absolutely left nothing for posterity to do in what regards the description of wounds, ulcers,

&c. That department of surgery has become a mere sinecure since the first edition of the Iliad. But in Milton, raised above Homer as heaven is raised above earth, who can tolerate the grovelling ambition of angels glorying in 'a *noble* stroke?' To have delivered a 'facer,' or a backhanded blow, or to have cut St. George with a broadsword over the conk of an archangel — ah, faugh! who can blame me for being sick? Is it I, or is it Milton, that is in the wrong? At all events, reader, justifying these things, never dream yourself entitled to join the wretched and effeminate abusers of boxing, of the ring, of the fancy, as now languishing in England. How brutal, you pretend to say, is that savage practice in the London ring of thumping the human face divine into the semblance of a roasted apple dressed with a poultice! Doubtless. But, even as it is, you that laud the traumatic sagacities of Homer, and even of the heaven-born Milton, presume not to talk of brutality in that which carried glory and illustration amongst the heavenly host. To 'fib' a man, to 'punish' him, to 'draw his claret,' or to get his cocoa-nut into 'chancery,' cannot be so thoroughly unworthy of a bargeman, or the Tipton Slasher, if it's quite becoming to a Grecian Milo, or a Phrygian Entellus, or even — *horresco referens* — not beneath a Miltonic seraph.

Sir William Hamilton's prowess did not exhibit itself in that line. Professor Wilson had *thumped* his way to consideration; he had also *walked* and *run* into fame. But standing leaps it was — leaps upward without any advantage of a run — in which Sir W.'s pre-eminence was illustrated. Even me, cased against foolish admiration in seven-fold ignorance, they startled

and astonished — me even, though resolutely bent upon despising every pretension of that class, and the more so at that time, because Wordsworth had then recently shocked me beyond expression by a confession that seemed inhuman in its degradation, viz. this — that, whereas he would not walk for a quarter of a mile to see the man whom all the world should agree to crown as its foremost *intellectual* champion, willingly he would go three days' journey through a wilderness to see Belzoni![57]

But stop. This will not do. I must alter the scale of this paper, or else — something will happen which would vex me. The artist who sketched the Vicar of Wakefield's family group, in his zeal for comprehensive fulness of details, enlarged his canvas until he forgot the narrow proportions of the good vicar's house; and the picture, when finished, was too big to enter the front-door of the vicarage. One side of the house must have been pulled down to allow of its introduction; and, as a natural consequence, the picture was consigned to a barn — which fate will be mine, unless an instant remedy can be applied to the desultory and expansive tendencies which besiege all personal sketches, and especially sketches of such men as, being largely philosophic, and controversially entangled in the questions of their own generation, stand in a possible relation to all things. A dangerous subject is a philosopher. For, even if he has not formally and broadly entangled himself controversially in the moving disputes of his age, be assured that up and down his writings will be detected hooks and eyes lurking more or less obscurely, that are fitted to infibulate him (or perhaps meant to infibulate him) into

the great draperies and arras of the philosophical speculations hanging down to coming generations. '*Hooks and eyes!*' Is not that image strictly a plagiarism from some respectable tailor and habit-maker? Perhaps it is, but *infibulate* cannot be a plagiarism, because I never saw the word before; and, in fact, I have this moment invented it, in order to express an extra interest in the subject.

The embarrassment is this: I *must* have some amusement for my reader. Can I have it? Is it to be looked for, from any region of philosophic speculation? The reader has shown himself a patient reader — he has waited: and I *must* reward him. I must 'take a rise' out of something or other: and nothing that connects itself with Sir W. H. is so likely to furnish it as the old-world superannuated manuals of logic. One-half of Sir William's laurels have been won in the fields of logic — and a better way there cannot be for doing justice to the reforms (whether of extension or of purification) which we owe and *shall* owe to Sir William, than that which lies through any fair and lively abstract of the unreformed manuals, such as have prevailed all over Europe for the last three centuries. *Lively* seems a strange epithet for the characterizing of a logic. But, in fact, from pure misconception of their appropriate functions, the ordinary books of logic had gradually come to trespass more and more upon the regular province of Joe Miller. Here follow, for the reader's entertainment, a few of their most classical cases: —

Protagoras had instructed Euathlus in the art of judicial pleading; and upon these terms, that the stipulated fee for this instruction should not be paid by

the pupil until he came to plead his first cause, and then only in the event of his winning it. Having finished his education, however, Euathlus showed no intention of fulfilling the contract by applying his knowledge practically: and Protagoras, as the best mode of forcing him to do so, raised a suit against him for the money. The pleadings were opened by the plaintiff, who argued that it was very little matter how the court decided the case, since under *any* possible decision the result must practically be for himself—'Because,' said he, 'if you the judges decide in my favor, then I gain my cause by that decision; but, on the other hand, if you decide against me, then it is true, that, forensically, I lose the cause. But in that case Euathlus gains it; and it is his first cause. Now, the very agreement was, that if he gained his first cause he should pay me *instanter*.' On the other side, the defendant smilingly retorted upon him his own line of argument. 'In any case,' said Euathlus, 'I am destined to win; for if the court decides in my favor there is an end of the matter. I am absolved from paying by the highest legal authority. But, if the court makes its award in favor of the learned gentleman, my antagonist, then I shall have lost the cause; and that is precisely the case in which it was agreed between us that I was not to pay.' The knavish Athenian in search of a dinner (*Græculus esuriens*) who manufactured this pretty conundrum of litigation, flattered himself that he had got both parties into a deadly fix, out of which they could not stir backwards or forwards. But the summary solution of the dilemma is this: 1st, that at any rate it is not a dilemma within the jurisdiction of logic; 2d, that, as

a forensic dilemma, it might read prettily in the schools, but not in the forum : since the real *nodus* of the perplexity lies in this — that each party alternately shelters himself under the shadow of a double law — when the one law fails him, he runs under the shadow of the other, and *vice versa*. But in a case of actual life the parties must previously have made their election of the law by which they would be tried ; and, once having done this, neither party would be at liberty to upset the decision of the court by the specific terms of the agreement, nor reciprocally to upset the specific agreement by the authority of the court.

Another well-known case of perplexity, falsely classed as logical, is that denominated ' The Crocodile.' I recall at this moment a little metrical tale of Southey's, in which the *dramatis personæ* are pretty nearly the same, viz., a crocodile, a woman and her son. In that case, however, the crocodile is introduced as a person of pattern morality, for the woman says of him —

> ' The king of the crocodiles never does wrong :
> He has no tail so stiff and strong
> Petitioners to sweep away,[58]
> But he has ears to hear what I say.'

Not so the crocodile known to the Greek dialecticians. *He* bore a very different character. If he had no tail to interfere with Magna Charta and the imprescriptible right of petitioning, he had, however, teeth of the most horrid description for crushing petition and petitioner into one indistinguishable pulp ; and, in the particular case contemplated by the logicians, having made prisoner of a poor woman's son, he was by her charged with the same purpose in regard to her beloved cub as

the Cyclops in the 'Odyssey' avows in regard to Ulysses, viz., that he reserved him to his larder for an *extra bonne bouche* on a gala-day. The crocodile, who, generally speaking, is the most uncandid of reptiles, would not altogether deny the soft impeachment, but, in order to sport an air of liberality which was far from his heart, he protested that, no matter for any private views which he might have dallied with in respect to the young gentleman, he would abandon them all on one condition (but, observe, a condition which he privately held to be impossible for a woman to fulfil,) viz. that she should utter some proposition which was incontrovertibly true. The woman mused upon this; for though she knew of propositions that no neutral party could dispute — as this, for instance, that crocodiles are the most odious of vermin — it was evident that her antagonist would repel *that* as an illiberal and one-sided personality. After some consideration, therefore, she replied thus — 'You will eat my son.' There and then arose in the crocodile's brain a furious self-conflict, from which it is contended that no amount of Athenian chicanery could ever deliver him; since, if he *did* eat her son, then the woman had uttered the plain truth, which the crocodile himself could not have the face to deny, in which case (the case of speaking truth), he had pledged his royal word *not* to eat him: and thus he had acted in a way to make the word of a crocodile, or his bond, or even the tears of a crocodile, a mere jest amongst philosophers. On the other hand, if in contemplation of these horrid consequences he did *not* eat her son, then the woman had uttered a falsehood in asserting that he would, and it became a royal duty in *him*, as a guardian of

morality, to exact the penalty of her wickedness. Here, however, as so commonly in the case of diplomatic treaties, when the secret object is to leave a nest-egg towards a future war, as soon as war shall become convenient, the original error lay in not having exhausted the circle of possibilities, that is, in having provided for two out of three cases, but not for the third Truth absolute was provided for; in that case the son was to be spared. Absolute falsehood was also provided for; in that case the son was to die. But truth conditional was *not* provided for. Supposing the woman to say something contingent on a case that might or might not be realized, then it became necessary to wait for the event. But here there was no use in waiting, since, whichever of the two possible events should occur, either equally and irretrievably landed the crocodile in a violation of his royal promise.

Another and much more famous perplexity, paraded by the Greek logicians, was that known by the title of 'Achilles and the Tortoise.' None better illustrates the erroneous and vague conceptions which they (and universally which the popular understanding) formed of logic and its proper jurisdiction. For the sake of many who will never have heard of it, and for the sake of the metaphysical solution which it has since suggested to some original thinkers, I will here rehearse it. Achilles, most of us know, is celebrated in the 'Iliad' as the swift-footed (*ποδας ωκυς Αχιλλευς*); and the tortoise, perhaps all of us know, is equally celebrated amongst naturalists as the slow-footed. In any race, therefore, between such parties, according to the equities of Newmarket and Doncaster, where artificial compensations as to the weight of the riders are used

to redress those natural advantages that would else be unfair, Achilles must grant to the tortoise the benefit of starting first. But if he does *that*, says the Greek sophist, then I, the sophist, back the tortoise to any amount, engaging that the goddess-born hero shall never come up with the poor reptile. Let us see. It matters little what exact amount of precedency is conceded to the tortoise; but say that he is allowed a start of one-tenth part of the whole course. Quite as little does it matter by what ratio of speed Achilles surpasses the tortoise; but suppose this ratio to be that of ten to one, then, if the race-course be ten miles long, our friend the slow-coach, being by the conditions entitled to one-tenth of the course for his starting allowance, will have finished one mile as a *solo* performer before Achilles is entitled to move. When the *duet* begins, the tortoise will be entering on the second mile precisely as Achilles enters on the first. But, because the Nob runs ten times as fast as the Snob, whilst Achilles is running his first mile, the tortoise accomplishes only the tenth part of the second mile. Not much, you say. Certainly not very much, but quite enough to keep the reptile in advance of the hero. This hero, being very little addicted to think small beer of himself, begins to fancy that it will cost him too trivial an effort to run ahead of his opponent. But don't let him shout before he is out of the wood. For, though he soon runs over that tenth of a mile which the tortoise has already finished, even this costs him a certain time, however brief. And during that time the tortoise will have finished a corresponding sub-section of the course, viz., the tenth part of a tenth part. This fraction is a hundredth part of the total

distance. Trifle as that is, it constitutes a debt against Achilles, which debt *must* be paid. And whilst he *is* paying it, behold our dull friend in the shell has run the tenth part of a hundredth part, which amounts to a thousandth part. To the goddess-born, what a flea-bite is that! True, it is so; but still it lasts long enough to give the tortoise time for keeping his distance, and for drawing another little bill upon Achilles for a ten-thousandth part. Always, in fact, alight upon what stage you will of the race, there is a little arrear to be settled between the parties, and always *against* the hero. 'Vermin, in account with the divine and long-legged Pelides, Cr. by one-billionth or one-decillionth of the course,' much or little, what matters it, so long as the divine man cannot pay it off before another instalment becomes due? And pay it off he never will, though the race should last for a thousand centuries. Here, now, was a Gordian knot which never could be untied, viz., that A. should be confessedly ten times fleeter than B., and yet through all ages be unable to get ahead of him. But, in fact, though baffling to the popular understanding, the problem does not turn upon any *logical* difficulty; the difficulty is purely mathematical, and the same as is involved in a certain familiar case of decimal fractions, namely, in a repeating decimal, such as this: — Throw the vulgar fraction of 2 divided by 3 into the form of a decimal, and it will become six tenths + six hundredths + six thousandths, &c. (·66666, &c., inexhaustibly to all eternity). It is, in fact, a pure mathematic or ideal case made perplexing by being incarnated in a case of physical experience. In other words, it is one amongst the many confounding consequences which may be deduced from

the endless divisibility of space. But (as more than one subtle thinker has noticed) even this perplexity, as regards the *practical* antinomy (viz., the demonstrability on the one side that Achilles never can overtake the tortoise, and yet on the other side the certainty from experience that he will), is supported only by pursuing the expansion of one infinite (viz., space subdividing itself), and concealing the compensatory expansion of another infinite, viz., time subdividing itself. The infinity of space in this race of subdivision is artfully run against a *finite* time; whereas, if the one infinite were pitted, as in reason it ought to be, against the other infinite, the endless divisibility of time against the endless divisibility of space, there would arise a reciprocal exhaustion and neutralization that would swallow up the astounding consequences, very much as the two Kilkenny cats ate up each other. Or, as Leibnitz explains the problem to M. Foucher, in a passage called into notice by Mrs. Coleridge, '*Ne craignez point, monsieur, la tortue que les Pyrrhoniens faisaient aller aussi vite qu' Achille. Un espace divisible sans fin se passe dans un tems aussi divisible sans fin.*'[59] That is, a space that is infinitely subdivisible, (and which, therefore, seems to us an abyss that never could be traversed in a finite time,) is traversed without difficulty in a time that is also infinitely divisible.

[THIRD PAPER.]

In the case of Achilles and the Tortoise, and many others, there were concerned great metaphysical problems, and elementary perplexities, such as never cease to awaken and to interest the human mind under any condition of human development. Such questions wear always an air of permanent involution in the understanding; and the challenge is, not to their claim upon human interest, but to their privilege of intrusion upon the field of logic. As misplaced, you reasonably protested against many of these speculations, but not as in themselves trivial or wanting in philosophic importance. Too often, on the other hand, mere tricks of verbal legerdemain, fantastic snares for puzzling the understanding by means of the equivocalities that lurk in language, entered largely into the popular books of logic, not rising in the quality of their interest at all above the level of rope-dancing and thimblerigging. Here, for instance, is an illustrative case, that has been adopted into many manuals of logic, and apparently much admired: — A great philosopher pronounces the people of Crete, one and all, liars. But this great philosopher, whose name is Epimenides, happens himself to be a Cretan. On his own showing, therefore, Epimenides is a liar. But if so, what he says is a lie Now, what he says is, that the Cretans are liars. This, therefore, as coming from a liar, is a lie; and the Cretans, as it is now philosophically demonstrated, are all persons of honor and veracity. Consequently, Epimenides is such. You may depend upon everything that he says. But what he says most frequently

is, that all the Cretans are liars. Himself, therefore, as one amongst them, he denounces as a liar. Being such, he has falsely taxed the Cretans with falsehood, and himself amongst them. It is false, therefore, that Epimenides is a liar. Consequently, in calling himself by implication a liar, as one amongst the Cretans, he lied. And the proof of his veracity rests in his having lied. And so on *da capo* forever and ever.

A more pleasant example of the same logical see-saw occurs in the sermons[60] of Jeremy Taylor. 'That man,' says the inimitable bishop, 'was prettily and fantastically troubled, who, having used to put his trust in dreams, one night dreamed that all dreams were vain; for he considered, if so, then *this* was vain, and the dreams might be true for all this.' (For who pronounced them *not* true, except a vain dream?) 'But if *they* might be true, then *this* dream might be so upon equal reason. And then dreams *were* vain, because this dream, which told him so, was true; and so round again. In the same circle runs the heart of man. All his cogitations are vain, and yet he makes especial use of this — that that thought which thinks so, *that* is vain. And if *that* be vain, then his other thoughts, which are vainly declared so, may be real and relied upon.' You see, reader, the horrid American fix into which a man is betrayed, if he obeys the command of a dream to distrust dreams universally, for then he has no right to trust in this particular dream, which authorizes his general distrust. No; let us have fair play. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. And this ugly gander of a dream, that 'notes' and 'protests' all dreams collectively, silently and by inevitable consequence notes and protests itself.

So natural, indeed, to the morbid activity of man are these revolving forms of alternate repulsion, where flight turns suddenly into pursuit, and pursuit into flight, that I myself, when a schoolboy, invented several: this, for instance, which once puzzled a man in a wig, and I believe he bore me malice to his dying day, because he gave up the ghost, by reason of fever, before he was able to find out satisfactorily what screw was loose in my logical conundrum; and thus, in fact, 'all along of me' (as he expressed it) the poor man was forced to walk out of life *re infecta*, his business unfinished, the one sole problem that had tortured him being unsolved. It was this. Somebody had told me of a dealer in gin, who, having had his attention roused to the enormous waste of liquor caused by the unsteady hands of drunkards, invented a counter which, through a simple set of contrivances, gathered into a common reservoir all the spillings that previously had run to waste. St. Monday, as it was then called in English manufacturing towns, formed the jubilee day in each week for the drunkards; and it was *now* ascertained (*i. e.*, subsequently to the epoch of the artificial counter) that oftentimes the mere 'spilth'[61] of St. Monday supplied the entire demand of Tuesday. It struck me, therefore, on reviewing this case, that the more the people drank, the more they would *titubate*, by which word it was that I expressed the reeling and stumbling of intoxication. If they drank abominably, then of course they would titubate abominably; and, titbubating abominably, inevitably they would spill in the same ratio. The more they drank, the more they would titubate; the more they titubated, the more they would spill; and the more they spilt, the more, it is

clear, they did *not* drink. You can't tax a man with drinking what he spills. It is evident, from Euclid, that the more they spilt, the less they *could* have to drink. So that, if their titubation was excessive, then their spilling must have been excessive, and in that case they must have practised almost total abstinence. Spilling nearly all, how could they have left themselves anything worth speaking of to drink? Yet, again, if they drank nothing worth speaking of, how could they titubate? Clearly they could not; and, not titubating, they could have had no reason for spilling, in which case they must have drunk the whole — that is, they must have drunk to the whole excess imputed, which doing, they were dead drunk, and must have titubated to extremity, which doing, they must have spilt nearly the whole. Spilling the whole, they could not have been drunk. *Ergo*, could not have titubated. *Ergo*, could not have spilt. *Ergo*, must have drunk the whole. *Ergo*, were dead drunk. *Ergo*, must have titubated. 'And so round again,' as my Lord the bishop pleasantly expresses it, *in secula seculorum.*

It is not easy to state adequately the condition of logic when overrun by a vegetation of weeds like those which I have described. The extent of the mischief would not be measured by saying that the culture of the ancient vineyard had languished. Much better it would describe the case to say that the culture had gradually been transferred to a growth of alien plants, having no relation or even resemblance to the vine, nor any tendency towards a common purpose with the vine. Logic had silently become not so much a superannuated speculation that was exhibited in decay, as a new and intrusive speculation that masquerades under

an ancient name. And undoubtedly, had it not been for the inveterate traditions of logic, which maintained their ground by means of *names* — had it not been for the hereditary necessities, which kept open a section by a sort of dull prescription for *syllogism*, for *definition*, for *division*, for *dilemma*, for *sorites*, &c. — but for this accident, the very last links that connected the modern systems of logic with the original Aristotelian system would probably have perished. The heterogeneity of the materials dealt with in modish books of logic was gradually making itself more and more conspicuous. This taint had long been felt obscurely; the next step would naturally have been to brighten that feeling to the consciousness, after which the final step would be to restore its homogeneous character to the science, by separating the two incoherent elements, and by expelling one or the other of them. But *which*, whether the true or the intrusive, no man can doubt who has watched the set of the currents in our ordinary and popular philosophy — the philosophy which recommends itself to the children of our own generation. And thus, to a dead certainty, had not such a consummation been intercepted by a splendid accident, the last stage in the history of logic must have been to ignore every distinguishable atom and fibre that continued to connect logic with anything whatever that had originally been called or understood by that name.

The splendid accident[62] was the critical appearance of a great man, viz., Immanuel Kant. He it was (and how comes it that a reviewer of 'Logical Revolutions' so able as Mr. Spencer Baynes should have dropped such a fact from his record?) — he it was that authoritatively recalled logic to its proper duties as a

formal science. In that sense, and to that extent — viz., simply in relation to the corruptions worked or completed by his own century — Kant was an innovator. He was an innovator by virtue of rejecting innovation. He had credit for a novelty, because he called back an antiquity; but in reality, whatever might be the openings which he made *elsewhere*, for going ahead and for doing or enabling to do something which should merit to be marked with the affirmative sign, the sign of *plus* [+], certainly, as regarded this special science which we are now speaking of, viz., logic, he contented himself with cleansing the general field, and removing accumulations, whether of mere unsightly rubbish[63] or of downright obstruction. He built nothing; simply, as an active Roman edile, he pulled down the irregular and lawless erections that preoccupied the serviceable areas where truth might pitch her tents, or that encroached upon the ancient paths along which the plain upright man might see his way into the centre of those tents.

Kant not only volunteered no extensions that I am aware of to the great Crystal Palace of logic, with the single exception (not yet practically adopted) of the *judicia infinita* (or *limitantia*,) as furnishing a basis for the arrondissement of his own categories; but, moreover, he seems systematically to have questioned the possibility of making any *real* additions to the edifice as left by Aristotle. Kant, therefore, in effect, bequeathed *carte blanche* on this subject to the generations that should succeed him.

But *carte blanche* is not a thing to be thankful for, unless you know of something to write upon it that may occupy the blank. If not, it is a standing reproach

to your poverty; for who would have said '*thank ye*' for a gift of Chat Moss, unless he had happened also to possess those three million cart-loads of rubbish that were found necessary to fill its insatiable maw, and to reconcile its feelings to the torture of railway locomotives rushing and snorting, day and night, between Manchester and Liverpool.

There are not many people who can boast of having made *discoveries* in logic; for the simplicity of so elementary a speculation presents at any period not very much of what can properly be made the subject of discovery. The field is not fertile, and what little it yields is soon carried off by the earliest reapers. But, in spite of the difficulties, Sir William *has* been a discoverer. He has drawn into open daylight so much of ancient hints that were but dimly shadowed out, strengthening their outlines, and exposing the intellectual necessity in which they had their roots, that even so far he might have merited something of that gratitude which is conceded to the earliest explorers of truth. And, apart from these cases, there are others in which unequivocally he is the very first revealer of what had lurked unsuspected even to the most superstitious searchers of Aristotle's text. All the history of letters does not present us with so remarkable a detection of an error, that had hidden itself for a couple of thousand years, as that made by Sir William in the Aristotelian use of the term *categorical*. There has been many a man that would have risked his life upon the certainty that Aristotle had employed this word as the antithesis of *hypothetic*: whereas it now appears, that, although corrupted into that sense by the very earliest interpreters of the 'Organon,' it is not once so

employed by Aristotle. The new doctrine upon the Quantification of the Predicate belongs in part to Sir William, viz., in its extension to negative propositions. A distinguished pupil of Sir William's has recently made it public, and partially it had been published previously in the double controversy which it had fastened upon its author. The value of it lies, I believe chiefly in the integration which it gives to the theory of logic; and everything is valuable on that path, so long as any darkness lingers upon it. The important distinction between the *extension and the comprehension*, as marking two alternate wholes involved in a syllogism, is in part a restoration, but a restoration which owes its *improvement* (using that word in a sense confined to the pulpit, viz., as an adaptation of a thing to the necessities of practice) to Sir William. The material glimpses into these innovations had dawned upon him, it now appears, so early as 1833. But, several years before that date, I myself can testify that Sir William was looking with a sceptical jealousy into the old traditional notions that had become obstinate fixtures in the received books of logic. He it was — and certainly before 1820 — that first threw light upon a very interesting point that had perplexed me for years. Somewhere in the 'Rhetoric' of Aristotle, I had, with secret astonishment, observed him speaking of the enthymeme as having some special relation to the purposes of the orator.[64] Yet how? Simply that it abridged the syllogism — doubtless fitted it better for popular use. But *that* was a matter of course; and Aristotle, it was clear, meant more than that. Next came across me, in some Greek expounder of Aristotle, the expression of ῥητορικοὶ συλλογισμοι, *rhetorical syllo-*

gisms, which certainly could not point to a mere accident of ellipsis, but to some special differentiation as to the matter of the particular syllogism appropriated to the orator. Sir William Hamilton it was that threw the first ray of light into my perplexity by a little essay of Facciolati's on this very point. Subsequently, I learned from Sir William that a sort of controversy had existed at one time upon this particular question of the sense attaching to this special use of the word *enthymeme*. In those years, I entertained a private intention of publishing a translation (but largely altered for English use) of Lambert's 'Organon.' It had seemed to me a sort of encyclopædia on the whole world of subjects connected with logic. From its great compass and variety, I had found it a most amusing book, and I need not say that Lambert, the friend and correspondent of Kant, could not be otherwise than instructive. My intention was to connect with this work a supplement containing everything that bore upon logic of a revolutionary character, and suggesting either changes or doubts, no matter whether orthodox or heterodox, so long as it was but interesting; and, amongst the jewels of this appendix, I relied upon this essay of Facciolati, for I knew that it was of a nature to create a lively interest amongst scholars. However, my Lambert never made its appearance in this world; nor will perhaps; and in the meantime, Sir William has expanded his own knowledge of this enthymeme dispute in a way that greatly reduces the value of Facciolati's particular contribution, and places Sir William himself on the central station of authority in the controversy, as the first person who has reviewed the whole of it, and abstracted

the relations to each other of the several stages through which it passed.

There is, indeed, I am disposed to think, no great question that has ever connected itself with logic which Sir William Hamilton has not glanced at, with more or less of circumstantiality, according to its importance, except, perhaps, this one, viz., the dependency of geometrical propositions on the direct machinery of the syllogism. Once only I have observed him to look in that direction.[65] On that single occasion, I saw with surprise what *seemed* an insinuation that is utterly irreconcilable with any theory of the case that I can understand.

Meantime, what the public misses chiefly, and still looks for with hope from the hands of Sir William Hamilton, is a comprehensive treatise on every part of logic, adapted to the growing necessities of the times; for, after satire has done its worst, and the malice is exhausted which fastens with such genial bitterness on the errors or infirmities of our own times, I cannot but feel a steady persuasion that this age is laboring with a deeper fermentation of thought and self-questioning than has ever before reached the general heart of a nation. In such circumstances, a logic like that of the Jansenists does not move a step in advance towards any real want of the times. To be free by comparison from some gross errors and impertinences that disfigure the bulk of logics, is not any positive service rendered to the struggling intellect that everywhere is seeking clamorously a discipline of art to guide its efforts towards the free movement of its powers. It is not a sound logic that is wanted, so much as a potent and life-giving logic — not a logic whose merit is

simply to keep the right road, and so far as guaranteed against misleading, but a logic that will break down obstructions and impediments such as make even the right road impassable.

To sketch the outline of such a logic, and to show that the sketcher was not under any confusion as to the proper functions of logic, would require a separate paper. The great difficulty which besets it, and which might repel from such a service men of the highest faculties, is, that it presupposes a long preparation and vigilance in noting *as they arise* the innumerable cases of erring logic amongst parliaments, governments, factions, &c. Errors that have actually occurred, and have recorded themselves as *operative* errors in historical results, cannot be disputed; whereas the errors that are imagined for the sake of illustration, always present themselves as extravagances that express no real dangers incident to human thinking. It must occur, also, to anybody reflecting on this subject, that a vast proportion of bad logic rests upon false and defective definition. That two ideas *can* be associated or dissociated by the mediation of a third, depends upon the limits assigned to these ideas by definition, and *that* again depends upon a greatly improved valuation of words. Or, if we look to another resource of logic, viz., division and subdivison, how faulty is *that* in cases innumerable; and that inference seems good, whilst such an idea is divided on a principle of bisection, which would not have seemed good had the division proceeded by trisection. Many collateral aids are needed for a new logic that should aim at real service. But these are now concurrently accumulating; and even where they are not, Sir William Hamil-

ton is that man who might be relied on for furnishing these aids from his own resources.

Whether he has any purpose of gratifying us all in that way, I do not know; and there is an impertinence in suggesting any choice of labors to a man of profound views, who must be supposed long ago to have been self-determined in this or that direction; and nothing is less truly complimentary, though it may clothe itself in those forms of speech, than to imagine a profound and lifelong speculator as having any freedom left him for listening to random voices of suggestion. Yet, if it *should* happen that Sir William were to give us a comprehensive logic, he will in that service be making a special atonement for a special offence of Scotland against logic. It is interesting to notice some of the fierce contradictions that have domineered over the national mind in Scotland, both in matters of religion and of literature. For instance, the nation that beyond all others has put forth a rancorous intolerance of Popery, and especially of Popery intruding into the civil rights of men; second, that most angrily protests against all hallowing of times and places; and, third, against all ceremonial usages — suffers all three principles to be violated at once, and itself in one most important concern of life to be laid under a yoke of slavery, such as rarely any Papal interdict has attempted to impose upon the most Popish of nations. During the month of May, in Scotland, there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Scotland spurns a Papal, and she allows of a Pagan nterdict. For one month out of twelve, a solemn suspension of Christianity silently takes place as regards one capital concern of life, and the nation to that

extent re-enters upon its ancient allegiance to the heathen pantheon. Hardly less remarkable is the self-contradiction of Scotland in its relation to logic. We all know that everywhere throughout Christendom, *since* the time of Lord Bacon, and very much *in consequence* of Lord Bacon, under the misinterpretation given to his words,[66] the fanciful idea has arisen of an essential opposition between the Aristotelian logic and the procedure by induction — not an opposition as to the separate conditions under which these methods could be usefully applied, but as to the comparative soundness of the methods themselves. A hundred years later than Lord B., when Locke's influence began to diffuse itself, this prejudice became everywhere more obstinate. But, as to this point, Scotland outran all nations in the strength of her obstinacy. For the last hundred years, it is notorious that no expressions of hostility in relation to Aristotle so keen or so contemptuous have been avowed by the learned men of any nation as by those of Scotland. And these feelings, generally so unlimited in their verbal expression, have not usually been applied to any part of the Aristotelian physics, or psychology, which are not much known in any country, but almost exclusively (and, at any rate, pre-eminently) to the 'Organon.' Now, it is a striking fact, when ranged over against this notorious tendency amongst the Scottish thinkers, what Sir William circumstantially illustrates to us, viz., that in older times the Scotch ranked in the estimation of the most cultivated nations, especially in the universities of France, Italy, and Spain, as the most zealous and the ablest expounders of Aristotle, consequently as his most effective champions. Then,

as now, they did not rank high as masters of language, generally of what was meant by *humanity* (the 'literæ *humaniores*'), but as commentators and champions of Aristotle in his logic, they were preferred to men of all other nations. That is sharp enough in the way of contra-position, but sharper is this which follows, and I cannot imagine by what tortuosity of evasion a Scotch hater of Aristotle could slip his neck out of such a noose. The Scottish law is notoriously an adoption from the civil law; and for some reason, which I own myself unable to state, in the jurisprudence, which thus inoculates itself upon the Roman jurisprudence, a larger use of the judicial process is conducted by written pleadings than in the English law, which rejects the Roman. Thirty years ago, I believe that this difference prevailed even more largely in Scotland; and as all their pleadings were printed, one natural consequence of this arrangement was, that enormous masses of such papers, when once their honey had been sufficiently sucked out by my lords the judges, were served up as cold dishes to a second table, open to the public at large. They were sold as rubbish, or old almanacs. Flights of them came abroad as wrappings for parcels. And in that way the public, in which mob I formed one, without needing to pick locks, or to bribe servants, wormed ourselves into the knowledge of many family secrets. We 'intromitted,' as Scotch law phrases it, with many family affairs, having no more business with them than I have at this moment to 'intromit' with the King of Dahomey's harem. Now, the thing which fixed my attention, and caused me to muse exceedingly, was, that nowhere before in all my reading, early or late,

regular or contraband, had there faced me so many cases of direct, formal, undisguised, syllogism as occurred in these earnest pleadings. Misunderstand me not, reader, as meaning that some superannuated and pedantic forms of reasoning, elsewhere obsolete, had here obtained a privileged and traditional footing. Not at all. They were the mere voice and utterance of natural earnestness extorted, perhaps, at times from men who might disapprove of them æsthetically, but to whom nevertheless, the just consideration that the *salus clientis lex suprema* recommended them as the best form of argument. Virtually, the syllogistic elements *must* have been used and covertly dispersed through the argument upon *any* mode of pleading. This could not have been evaded. But the rigorous form of the syllogism, ostentatiously parading itself, might have been evaded. That it was *not*, argued the overpowering sense of its use. The same harsh and naked obtrusion of the scholastic syllogism I had noticed in Hackstone of Rathillet, when dealing with a religious proposition, in an agony of earnestness. And thus, I said to myself, here is a succession of learned men, with a zealotry unknown to the rest of the world, violently rejecting and disowning the whole clockwork of syllogism as if it were some monstrous impediment in the way of using our natural energies with freedom; and yet this same succession of men, when pleading for the dearest rights of property, or for the most sacred interests of truth, that is, in situations which throw back our human nature upon the instincts of its native sincerity, and when the clamorous necessity is for that resource which is most effectual to save, these very men we find coerced and

driven beyond all others in Europe into the scholastic forms of argument, although beyond all others in Europe they had a motive in their previous undervaluation of such forms for strenuously rejecting them. No contradiction can be so broad as that between the Scotch inordinate disparagement of the syllogism in theory, and the Scotch inordinate intrusion of it in their practice.

One may descry, indeed, a double necessity as now working towards the same end, that is, hurrying forward logic to a great epoch in its evolution. There is the crying necessity already noticed that besieges the human mind on every line of advance, for a regulating discipline of exercise, that, whilst evoking the human energies, will not suffer them to be wasted. And again, another necessity is arising out of such schisms as I have just cited from Scotland. The mere scandal of such contradictions and antinomies must arrest the attention in a degree that will terminate in a revolution. Even a case so broad of simple contradiction, contradiction amongst different individuals, would finally have that effect. But here it is evident that the contradictions were self-contradictions: for the people, who in obedience to a prevailing disparagement of scholasticism disowned the syllogism as any legitimate form of argument, were precisely the same people that resorted to it in their practical extremities. And a scandal like that, I *do* say, is unparalleled in human science. And it is a scandal which, though not everywhere taking the amusing shape as using as your main weapon what you denounce as no weapon at all, nevertheless everywhere exists. *Logica docens* is everywhere treated contemptuously, whilst *logica utens* is

but another name for strength of reasoning, which is everywhere an object of intense ambition. That is, translating out of scholastic into ordinary language, logic as a thing to be taught and studied, logic as it is gathered into a book, is to this hour spoken of as bearing a very dubious value: whilst logic as a thing to be practised, is so far from being disparaged, that it is recognized universally as the whole difference between good reasoning and bad reasoning. And the very reason why the logic that is taught, and upon sale and gathered into a book, is spoken of with so much suspicion or contempt, is, not because the natural gift of logic is held cheap, but for the very opposite reason, viz., because this gift is suspected to be so transcendently beyond the reach and grasp of human systems. There is here something which reminds us of the air we breathe. Two generations back, when the popular mind had not the least tincture of science, air was viewed as absolutely nothing; in fact, as the most complete cipher that exists in nature. Yet even then, though as a force, or power or chemical agent, it had no place at all for our imagination generally, it was, however, known fearfully and allowed for in the dreadful effects of its absence. In like manner, logic is so much of a subjective thing, confounded with our general feeling of what constitutes ourselves, that originally we do not project it from the dead level in which it lies sunk. It is not made prominent, if not forced into relief. The man who breathes most healthy is least conscious of his own breathing. And as it is possible enough to be a most subtle logician without any direct or vivid consciousness of this admirable endowment, it ought not to surprise us that what may by possibility have

escaped the knowledge of its possessor, should exist as a subject of scepticism to the mere observer, and still more so that it should exist as a subject of a doubtful and variable appreciation. The confession of Southey, always natural in his judgments, and always faithful in reporting them, expresses accurately the general feeling upon this subject. Having himself received no logical training whatever, and sensible that his power of thinking had not therefore suffered, he might have been tempted into a scornful rejection of it as of a superfluous labor. But his candor, and his equitable disposition to acquiesce in other opinions adverse to his own, cause him to suspend. He wishes, and we must all wish, for a just adjudication upon this point. It would form the best introduction to a good logic; as, again, in its full compass, such an adjudication could only arise as a sequel and a sort of epilogue to such a logic. Whether Sir W. H. will ever raise an edifice of so much labor and fatigue, is (I suppose) quite uncertain to his closest friends. But so much is evident, that whenever, and by whomsoever, such an edifice shall be raised, the amplitude and the beauty of the superstructure will depend largely upon foundations already laid, and ground plans already traced out by the admirable labors of Sir William Hamilton.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.*

This collection comprehends, with one exception, (viz., the History of England, which is published separately,) all that is of permanent value in the writings of Sir James Mackintosh. The editor is the writer's son; and he, confident in powers for higher things, has not very carefully executed the minor duties of his undertaking. He has contributed valuable notes; but he has overlooked some important errors of the press, and he has made separate errors of his own. At page 387, vol. ii., Charles VII. is described as King of *Sweden*, meaning clearly King of Denmark. At page 557, of the same volume, Sir James, having referred to 'a writer now alive in England,' as one who had 'published doctrines not dissimilar to those which Madame de Staël ascribes to Schelling,' the editor suggests that probably the person in his eye was Mr. William Taylor of Norwich. This is the most unaccountable of blunders. Mr. Taylor of Norwich was among the earliest English students of German, and so far his name connects itself naturally with the notice of the *De l'Allemagne*. But on the other hand, he never trespassed

* *The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh.* Edited by Robert James Mackintosh, Esq.

into the fields of metaphysics. He did not present any 'allurements' in a 'singular character,' nor in 'an unintelligible style;' neither was he the author of any 'paradoxes.' The editor is probably thinking of Taylor the Platonist, who was far more distinguished for absurdity, and is now equally illustrious for obscurity. But that either of these Taylors, or both, or even *nine* of them, acting with the unanimity of one man, ever could have founded 'a sect,' is so entirely preposterous, that the accomplished editor must pardon my stopping for half a minute to laugh. The writer, whom Sir James indicated, was probably 'Walking Stewart;' a most interesting man whom personally I knew; eloquent in conversation; contemplative, if *that* is possible, in excess; crazy beyond all reach of hellebore; three Anticyræ would not have cured him; yet sublime and divinely benignant in his visonariness; the man who, as a pedestrian traveller, had seen more of the earth's surface, and communicated more extensively with the children of the earth, than any man before or since; the writer also who published more books (all intelligible by fits and starts) than any Englishman, except perhaps Richard Baxter, who is said to have published three hundred and sixty-five, *plus* one, the extra one being probably meant for leap-year. Walking Stewart answers entirely to the description of Sir James's unknown philosopher; his character was most 'singular;' his style tending always to the 'unintelligible;' his privacy, in the midst of eternal publication, most absolute; his disposition to martyrdom, had anybody attempted it, ready and cheerful; and as the 'founder of a sect,' considering his intense cloudiness, I am not at all sure but he might have answered as

well as the Grecian Heraclitus, as Spinosa the Jew, or even as Schelling the Teutonic Professor. *His* plantations were quite as thriving as theirs; but the three foreigners fell upon happier times, or at least (as regards the last of them) upon a soil more kindly, and a climate more hopeful for metaphysical growths. Not only has the editor done that which he ought *not* to have done, but too often he has left undone that which he *ought* to have done. The political tracts of the third volume require abundant explanations to the readers of this generation; and yet the notes are rare as well as slight.

There is no need, at this time of day, to take the altitude, intellectually, of Sir James Mackintosh. His position in public life was that of Burke; he stood as a mediator between the world of philosophy and the world of moving politics. The interest in the two men was the same in kind, but differently balanced. As a statesman, Burke had prodigiously the advantage; not only through the unrivalled elasticity of his intellect, which in that respect was an intellect absolutely *sui generis*, but because his philosophy was of a nature to express and incarnate itself in political speculations. On the other hand, Sir James was far better qualified, by nature as well as by training, for the culture of pure abstract metaphysics. It is sometimes made a matter of regret that Burke should have missed the Professor's chair which he sought. This is injudicious: as an academic lecturer on philosophy, or a speculator in ontological novelties, Burke would have failed. Not so Mackintosh. As to *him*, the regret would be reasonable: by detaching him from the cares of public business, a chair of philosophy would have

widened the sphere of those higher speculations which, under *his* management, could not have been less than permanently profitable to the world.

To review so extensive a collection is clearly impossible within any short compass. I content myself with a flying glance at those papers which are likely to prove the most interesting.

MACKINTOSH ON STRUENSEE.

The case of Count Struensee is to this hour wrapped in some degree of darkness: but, even under those circumstances of darkness, it is full of instruction. The doubts respect Struensee himself, and the unhappy young queen, Matilda; were *they* criminal in the way alleged by their profligate enemies? So far there is a cloud of mystery resting on the case: but, as to those enemies, as to the baseness of their motives, and the lawlessness of their acts, there is no doubt at all, and no shadow of mystery. This being so, it being absolutely certain that the accusers were the vilest of intriguers, and unworthy of belief, for a moment, when at any point they passed the boundary line of judicial proof, certified to Christendom by public oaths of neutral parties, — it follows, that the accused are every where entitled to the benefit of any doubt, any jealousy, any umbrage, suspicion, or possibility, against the charge which *has* arisen, *shall* arise, or *ought* to arise, in the brain of the most hair-splitting special pleader. They, that ruined better people than themselves by the wickedest of special pleading, cannot have too much of it: let *them* perish, as regards history and reputation, by the arts which they practised.

King Christian the Seventh, of Denmark, came over to London early in the reign of George the Third:

> 'It was in the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid.'

He came by contract, to fall in love with our Princess Matilda. But he had the misfortune to be 'imbecile,' which is a word of vague meaning; in fact, he was partially an idiot, and, at times, a refractory madman. It has been remarked, in connection with Mr. Galt's excellent novels, that at one time, (of course not the present time,) too large a proportion of the Scottish lairds were secretly, and in ways best known to their households, daft; and in such a degree, that, if not born gentlemen, they would certainly, by course of law, have been *cognosced*.[67] Perhaps the same tendency, and developed in part by the same defect of training, at that time affected the royal houses of Europe. Christian VII. if, instead of being a king, he had been a Scottish laborer, would certainly have been 'cognosced.' Amongst other eccentricities, that recoiled eventually upon others, he insisted on his friend's thumping him, kicking him, knocking him down, and scratching him severely: and, if his friend declined to do so, then he accused him of high treason. Really you had difficult cards to play with this daft 'aird of Copenhagen. If you positively refused to thump him, then you were a rebel: an absolute monarch had insisted on your doing a thing, and you had mutinously disobeyed. If you thumped him, and soundly, (which was the course taken by his friend Brandt,) then you were a traitor; you had assaulted the Lord's anointed, and were liable to question from

the *lex majestatis*. To London did this madman come; perhaps on the principle laid down by the grave-digger in Hamlet — that in England all men are mad; so that madness is not much remarked. The king saw London; and London saw *him*. But a black day it was for some people, when he first set his face towards St. James's. The poor young princess Matilda, sister to George III., and then only seventeen years old, became his unhappy wife; and Struensee, a young physician, whom he had picked up at Altona, about the same time received the fatal distinction of becoming his favorite, and his minister. The frail personal tenure of such a situation, dependent on the caprices of a man, imbecile, equally as regarded intellect and as regarded energy of will, suggested to a cabal of court rivals the obvious means for overthrowing and supplanting the favorite. To possess themselves suddenly of the king's person, was to possess themselves of the state authority. Five minutes sufficed to use this authority for the arrest of Struensee — after which, as a matter of course, followed his close confinement, with circumstances of cruelty, now banished everywhere, even from the treatment of felons; to that succeeded his pretended trial, his pretended penitence, his pretended confession, and, finally, his execution.

Sir James Mackintosh notices the *external* grounds of suspicion applying to the publications against Struensee, and particularly the doubtful position in respect to the conspirators of Dr. Munter, the spiritual assistant of the prisoner. This man was employed by the government: was he not used as a decoy, and a calumniating traitor? That point is still dark. He certainly

published what he had no right to publish. Sir James is disposed, on the other hand, to find *internal* marks of sincerity in the doctor's account of his conversations with Struensee. But were not these in their very nature confidential? And Sir James himself remarks, that nobody knows what became latterly of Munter himself; so that the vouchers for his veracity, which might have been found in subsequent respectability of life, are entirely wanting. General Falkenskiold's Memoirs, make us acquainted with the artifices used to obtain from the unhappy young queen a confession of adulterous intercourse with Struensee. And, if these artifices had been even unknown to us, it must strike everybody, that such a confession being so gratuitously mischievous to the queen, is not likely to have been made by her, in any case, where she was free from coercion, or free from gross delusion. Equally on the hypothesis of her guilt or her innocence, the poor lady could have had no rational motive for inculpating herself, except such as would imply stratagems and frauds in the conspirators. The case seems to tell its own story. It was thought necessary to include Matilda in the ruin of Struensee, because else there was no certainty of *his* ruin; and upon *that* depended not only the prosperity of the intrigue, but the safety of the intriguers. The destruction recoiled upon themselves, if the young queen regained the king's ear. But this could be prevented certainly by nothing short of her removal forever from the court. And *that* could be accomplished only by a successful charge of adultery. Else, besides other consequences, the cabal feared the summary interposition of England. But of adultery, as they had no proof, or vestige of a proof,

it became necessary to invent one, by obtaining a confession from the queen herself. And this was obtained by practising on her credulity, and her womanly feelings of compassion for the unfortunate. She was told by the knaves about her, that an acknowledgment of guilt would save the life of the perishing minister.

There is something in this atrocious falsehood as to Struensee, a part of the story which is not denied by any party, reminding one of the famous anecdote about Colonel Kirke, in connection with Monmouth's rebellion; a fable no doubt in *his* case, but realized by the Danish conspirators. They won their poor victim to what she abhorred, by a promise that could have offered no temptation except to a generous nature; and, having thus gained their villanous object, they did not even counterfeit an effort to fulfil the promise. A confession obtained under circumstances like these, would weigh little with the just and the considerate.[68] But where is the proof that the queen *did* make such a confession? No body of state-commissioners ever received anything of the kind from her own hands: nothing remains to attest it but the two first letters of her name, having written which, she is said to have fainted away: but who wrote the words *above* her fraction of a signature, without which the signature is unmeaning, and *when* they were written, whether before or after that fractional signature, nothing survives to show. Besides, if Munter's account of penitential confessions in prison (many of which argue rather the abject depression from a bread-and-water diet, and from savage ill-treatment, than any sincere or natural compunction) are to be received against

Struensee, much more ought we to receive the dying declarations of the young queen; for these were open to no suspicions of fraud. Three years after her pretended confession, she declared to her spiritual attendant, M. Roques, that, although conscious of imprudences, she never had been criminal. This was her solemn declaration, in the midst of voluntary penitential expressions, and at a moment when she knew herself to be dying. Strange indeed, considering her youth, and her unhappy position amongst enemies, knaves, and a lunatic husband, if she had *not* fallen into some imprudences.

Meantime, Sir James Mackintosh is almost certainly wrong in his view of the course adopted by the English government. He imagines that, from mere excess of indisposition to all warlike movements at that time, this government shrank from effectual interference. But evidently the case was one for diplomatic management. And in that way it was effectually conducted to the best possible solution, by the British ambassador, Sir Robert Murray, who frightened the guilty intriguers out of their wits. Once satisfied that nothing would be attempted against the life of the queen, England had no motive for farther interference, nor any grounds to go upon. She could not have said, — 'I declare war against you, because you have called a daughter of England by the foul name of adulteress.' The case was too delicate, and too doubtful. Even now, after some light has been obtained, the grounds for a legal judgment are insufficient on either side: *then*, they were much more so. The English *government* must also have been entirely controlled, in such a case, by the private wishes of the

royal family; and it was a natural feeling for *them*, when no prospect existed of a fair judicial inquiry, amongst those, who, in fighting against the queen, would be fighting for their own lives, to retire from a feud that could only terminate in fixing the attention of Europe upon the miserable charges and scandals; charges that arose in self-interest, and scandals that were propagated by malice.

The moral of the story seems to lie in its exposure of the ruins, and the absolute chaos worked by a pure despotism. All hangs by the thread of the sovereign's personal character. Here is a stranger to the land suddenly raised from the dust into a station of absolute control over the destinies of the people. *His* rise, so sudden and unmerited, calls forth rival adventurers: and an ancient kingdom becomes a prize for a handful of desperate fortune-hunters. Is there no great interest in the country that might rally itself, and show front against this insufferable insult? There is none. Had the case arisen in the old despotisms of France or of Spain, it could have been redressed: for each of them possessed ancient political institutions, that would perhaps have revived themselves under such a provocation. But in Denmark there were no similar resources. The body of the people, having no political functions, through any mode of representation, were utterly without interest in public affairs: they had no *will* to move. The aristocracy had no *power*, unless in concert with the king. And the king was a lunatic. All centred therefore in half-a-dozen ruffians and their creatures; and the decencies of public justice, the interests of the innocent, with the honors of an ancient throne, went to wreck in their private brawls.

MACKINTOSH'S DISSERTATION ON THE PROGRESS OF ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY.

This is the most valuable of all the twenty-eight tracts here collected. At the outset, however, (p. 10,) it shocks the sense of just logic not a little to find Sir James laying down the distinction between the Moral and the Physical Sciences, as though 'the purpose of the Physical were to answer the question — *What is?* the purpose of the Moral to answer the question — *What ought to be?*' Yet at p. 238, Sir James himself makes it the praise[69] of a modern writer, that he professes to have treated the moral affections 'rather physiologically than ethically; as parts of our mental constitution, not as involving the fulfilment or violation of duties.' Now, this is exactly the same thing as saying that he has translated the inquiry from the *ought* to the *is:* which translation Sir James views as an important change; and not, as may be fancied, important for the general field of philosophy, but expressly for 'the territory of Ethics.' In reality, the merest *practical* guide to morals cannot evade continual glimpses into regions of pure theory. And, confining ourselves to the great *polemic* systems of morality, amongst which it is that Sir James's business lies, we must all be aware that their differences are not with respect to what should be done and left undone, but with respect to the *grounds* of doing and forbearing, or with respect to the method of deducing these grounds. It was a mistake of the same nature which led Coleridge to speak scornfully of a man's fancying any room, at this time of day, for innovation in Ethics, whether in the way of improvement or addition. To

be novel, to be original, was upon this view unavoidably to be false: and no road, it seems, is open to truth in morals, except through the monotony of ancient commonplaces. But all this I vehemently deny. In days of old, the Academic, the Peripatetic, the Stoic, the Epicurean, sought for originality — not by patronizing separate modes of action, but by deriving from separate principles the same modes, or by unfolding the various relations of objects that were still the same.[70] Not one of them dissented from the praise of patriotic zeal, of justice, of temperance, of veracity. You hear of nobody but a scoundrel Spartan (always too illiterate to write on Ethics) that ever thought of recommending immodesty to young women, or the picking of pockets to boys, or the flagellation of innocent children as an agreeable gymnastic exercise to grown-up gentlemen. Allowing for these denaturalized wretches on the banks of the Eurotas, all Greeks had *practically* the same final views in Ethics. What they differed in was the way of arriving at these final views; from what fountains they were to be derived; and, in passing down from these fountains, through what particular obstructions or collisions of principle they had to fight their way. It is the will, the *ought*, the practical, which is concerned in the final maxims of Ethics; but it is the intellect, the *is*, the theoretic, which is concerned chiefly in the early stages of its deduction.

One consequence, and an unfortunate consequence, from what I have here noticed as an oversight in Sir James, is, that he has not examined the various opinions among the ancient Greek schools as to the *summum bonum;* nor apparently has adverted to the importance

of such an examination. These conflicting opinions formed for *them* the rudders, or regulative principles, of their moral theories. We in Christendom have two concurrent sets of such theories: one of worldly ethics, in which 'vice' and 'virtue' are the prevailing terms; another of Christian ethics, in which the terms are 'sin' and 'holiness.' And singular it is, that these separate systems flow oftentimes quite apart, each deaf to the other, and nobody taking any notice of their collisions, or seeking for any harmony between them. The first class reposes chiefly on good sense, and the prudential experience of life; the second, upon the revealed will of God. But, upon any graver or more solemn interest of morals coming forward, recourse is usually had to some principles or other, more or less truly stated, professing to derive themselves from revelation. So that, in modern Europe, the Scriptures are a primary source of morals to some theorists, and a supplementary source to all. But the ancients, it must be remembered, had no such resource in revelation. Real or pretended revelation never existed for *them;* consequently, the revealed will of God, which at once settles, amongst *us*, what is the true *summum bonum* for man and his race, could not be appealed to, either as furnishing a foundation for ethical systems, or as furnishing their integration. In default of such a resource, never, in fact, having heard or conceived of such a resource, which way could the Greeks turn themselves? Naturally, and indeed necessarily, they set themselves to investigate the *summum bonum*, so far as it was fitted for a human nature. What was the supreme object after which man should strive? Was it pleasure, was it power, wisdom, happiness, or freedom

from passion? Because, according to the decision, arose a corresponding economy of morals. The supreme good, whatever *that* were found to be, formed the *nucleus* around which the system of moralities crystallized and arranged themselves. Sir James regrets, with reason, the wrecked condition in which all the elder systems of Greek ethics are now lying. Excepting the Platonic remains generally, and the two works of Aristotle on this subject, we have no authentic documents to steer by. But by collecting all the fragments, and looking back to the presiding view of the *summum bonum*, we might rebuild the outlines of the old ethics; at least, as a fossil megatherium is rebuilt, — not so as to display its living power, but enough of its structure to furnish a basis for comparison.

It is singular that Sir James, with all his scholastic subtlety, should not have remarked the confusion which Paley and others of his faction make between utility as a *test* or *criterion* of morality, and utility as a *ground* of morality. Taking it even in the limited sense of a test, (that is, as the means by which we *know* an act to be moral, but not therefore as any ground or reason which *makes* the act to be moral,) the doctrine is a mere barren theorem, perfectly inert and without value for practical application; since the consequences of all important actions expand themselves through a series of alternate undulations, expressing successively good and evil; and of this series no summation is possible to a finite intellect. In its earliest and instant effects, a given act shall be useful: in its secondary effects, which we may distinguish as the undulation B, it shall become perhaps mischievous (mischievous, I mean, now

that it has reached a new order of subjects :) in C, the tertiary undulation, it shall revive into beneficial agencies ; and in remoter cycles travel again into evil. Take for instance the French Revolution, or any single act by which a disinterested man should have deliberately hastened on that awful event ; in what blindness must he have stood at the time, say about 1789, as to the ultimate results of his own daring step ! First came a smiling dawn and the loveliest promise of good for man. Next came a dreadful overcasting, in which nothing could be seen distinctly ; storms and darkness, under cover of which innocent blood was shed like water, fields were fought, frenzies of hatred gathered amongst nations, such as cried to heaven for help and for retribution. That wo is past ; the second undulation is gone by : and now, when the third is below our eyes, we are becoming sensible that all that havoc and fury, though sad to witness or to remember, were not thrown away ; the chaos has settled into order, and a new morning with a new prospect has arisen for man. Yet even here the series of undulations is not complete. It is perhaps barely beginning : other undulations, moving through other revolutions, and perhaps fiercer revolutions, will soon begin to travel forward. And if a man should fancy that he would wait for the final result, before he made up his mind as to the question of moral verdict to be pronounced upon the original movement, he would make a resolution like that of a child who proposes to chase the rainbow.

As a *criterion*, therefore, the principle of utility could not be of any *practical* value for appraising an act or system of acts ; since this utility is never known, even by approximation, until long after the election of the

act must have been made. But a worse fault in Paley is, that he has mistaken his own position, and lost in his perplexity the real object which he was then in search of. This was exactly what the schoolmen would have called the *form*, *i. e.* formal principle or essence of virtue; the *ratio essendi;* what, in fact, it is that constitutes the common ground, or internal principle of agreement between two acts (one, suppose, an act of justice, one an act of temperance,) so as to bring them equally under the common denomination of virtue.[71]

Perhaps the perfection of acuteness appears in Sir James Mackintosh's refutation of Paley upon the law of honor. Rarely has a false idea been more suddenly caused to founder and to show out. At one sling it is dispersed into smoke. And the reader is the more gratified, because in fact Paley was doing a bit of sycophancy to public cant when he said the thing which Mackintosh exposes. What he said was this: — the principle called *the law of honor* countenances many criminal acts. An ordinary debt, for instance, to a tradesman may be neglected with no wound to a man's honor: not so a gaming debt; this becomes an obligation of honor. And very properly: because the latter sort of debt cannot be recovered compulsorily; but the other may. This power in the creditor, though it does not relieve you from the duty of paying him, most properly relieves you from the stress upon your honor. Honor creates a sanctity in that only which is confided to the keeping and sanction of honor. It is good for so much as it undertakes. But, if this were even otherwise, how is Paley entitled to presume, in any law, a countenance to crimes of which that law

simply takes no cognizance? 'His chapter,' (says Sir James,) 'on what he calls the Law of Honor, is unjust even in its own small sphere, because it supposes Honor to *allow* what it *does not forbid;* though the truth be that the vices enumerated by him are only not forbidden because they are not within its jurisdiction.' Honor tells a man to repay a friend who lent him money at a critical moment of distress, and who holds no voucher for that money: but honor never told a man *not* to pay his shoemaker. That sort of debt indeed honor does not enforce, though far from discountenancing its payment, simply because such a case does not fall within its proper cognizance. But as well might the Court of Chancery be reproached for not trying the crime of murder, or the chief justice of the Queen's Bench for not lecturing defendants in cases of Crim. Con.

There are two most weighty remarks at p. 106, connected by Sir James, with this subject of Paley. One is — that, even if the law of honor ceased as a separate mode of obligation, (not contradicting general moral laws, but only unequally enforcing them,) still there would remain a natural and transcendent law of sexual morality, as much distinct from the higher ethics as the worldly principle of honor, viz., that morality which makes the characteristic virtue of a man to lie in courage, of a woman in chastity. Great good is done, and much of social welfare is upheld, by such a morality; and also, as by the rule of honor, some wrong — because much practical partiality, and oftentimes much disproportion in our judgments. Yet here is a mode of morality, imperfect as honor is imperfect, but not therefore false, and which still works for good, and

which all the Paleys in this world will fortunately never be able to shake.

The other remark concerns the *tendency* of Paley's philosophy, which, having little grandeur or enthusiasm to support it, was morbidly disposed to compromise with evil, and to 'go for' as much good as seemed conveniently to be got. Most justly does Mackintosh tax it with looking in the same direction as the worst ethics of the Roman Catholics, that is, the ethics of Escobar and the most intensely worldly amongst the Jesuits. Upon that he argues that no philosophy can be so unfitted for the training of the moral sense, or for the culture of the noble and the enthusiastic, as it exists in early manhood. Oxford, but more especially Cambridge, as carried by old connection too naturally to an exaggerated estimate of Paley, would do well to think of this. Paley's talents, within lower spheres of speculation, were prodigious. But he wanted everything that should have fitted him for what is subtlest in philosophy, or what is grandest in ethics. Continue to honor the man as the most philosophic amongst the essentially worldly-minded: but do not ratify and countersign his *hybrid* morality by making it a chief text of your ethics, and an examination-book for the young aristocracy of England.

MACKINTOSH ON MACHIAVEL.

There is a short but fine and very important exordium[72] to the paper on Machiavel, exposing the relations of literature to science, to ethics, and to speculative philosophy. That function of literature,

by which it reacts upon all these great interests, so as to diffuse them, to popularize them, to protect them, and to root them, is apt enough to escape the notice of most men, who regard literature as a mere embellishment of life, not as one of its deep-sunk props. And yet, as Sir James truly remarks, in times when the whole philosophic speculation of a country gathers itself into cloistral retreats, and when as yet there is no general literature to diffuse its results and to naturalize its capital problems amongst the people, nothing is more liable to sudden blights than such insulated advances in culture; which, on the other hand, become ineradicable when once they have knit themselves on to the general mind of the people by the intertexture of literature. Spinning this kind of *nidus* for itself, the larva of the future chrysalis becomes safe; whilst otherwise it is in constant peril.

What suggests this train of thought is the fact that Machiavel was amongst the first who 'stooped to conquer,' by laying aside the pomps of a learned language: being an Italian, he wrote Italian; he adapted himself to the popular mind amongst his countrymen; he spoke to them in their mother-tongue. By such an effort a man sacrifices a little momentary rank in the estimate of critics, to regain it a hundred-fold in an influence wide and lasting over the general heart. The choice of Machiavel was wise; and yet, perhaps, not made in the spirit of wisdom, but of rancorous passions. He could not reach his enemies by his republican patriotism, or his fierce misotramontanism *without* Italian; he could not reach his friends by counsels that should guide their exterminating swords, unless through a familiar dialect. The same malicious

and destroying wisdom, in the same service of a vindictive heart, burns in the most famous of his works, *The Prince*. This work it is, and the true interpretation of its reckless insensibility to the wickedness of the machinery by which it works, that probably constituted the reason to Sir James Mackintosh for at all turning his attention upon Machiavel.

It has always been a riddle whether *The Prince* of Machiavel were meant for a Titan satire upon the profligacy of political agents, or very seriously for a Titan theory of evil arts as the only weapons commensurate to the unscrupulous wickedness of men armed with power. It is Sir James Mackintosh's wish to side with the former view of the question: — '"The Prince,"' says he, 'is an account of the means by which tyrannical power is to be acquired and preserved: it is a theory of that class of phenomena. It is essential to its purpose, therefore, that it should contain an exposition of tyrannical arts. But it is also plain that the calm statement of tyrannical arts is the bitterest of all satires against them.' Yes, for him who has already preconceived such a view of tyrannical arts; but no satire at all for him who has reconciled himself to such arts, as the indispensable means of placing men upon a level with their enemies, and cities upon equal terms with their rivals. When Gulliver talked with coolness and smiling amateurship of every art used in Christian warfare for hacking, hewing, slashing, maiming, or burning the frame-work of human bodies, he was viewed by his royal auditor, after hearing him coolly to the end, as the most horrid little monster on the terraqueous globe. But Gulliver had so little suspected any liability in his own opinions

to such a construction, that he had talked with the self-satisfied air of a benevolent philosopher teaching the *old* idea how to shoot.

'A philosophical treatise on poisons would,' says Mackintosh, 'determine the quantity of each poisonous substance capable of producing death, the circumstances favorable or adverse to its operation, and every other information essential to the purpose of the poisoner, though not intended for his use.' Something like this has been pleaded on behalf of Machiavel by others. But in fact it will not bear a critical scrutiny. For all depends on the mode of presenting the poisonous arts. In a little chemico-medical manual lying before me at this moment, the Parisian author, speaking of the modes employed to color wines, says, 'On peut jaunir ces liquides' (white wines) 'à l'aide du gaz acide sulfureux: cette fraude est dangereuse, si l'acide se trouve en assez grande quantité.' Now here there is something not strictly correct; for the writer teaches a secret which he knows to be profitable on one hand and dangerous on the other, with a slight caution that he might easily have made a full one. The secret is likely to be tried, it is likely to cause danger; whilst the simple means for evading the danger, viz. by stating the proper proportions, he is too indolent to report. Yet still, though blamable, this author is far above being suspected of any wish to teach murderous arts. And what is the proof of this? Why, that he never introduces any substance for the mere purpose of showing its uses as a poison; but, when *other* uses have obliged him to notice it, he takes occasion to caution the reader as to those which are dangerous. If a man were answerable for all the indirect or in-

verse modes of reading his book, then every writer on medical jurisprudence would be liable to indictment; for such works may be always turned to account as reversely systems of poisoning; the artifices for detecting guilt may always be applied by a Locusta [Sueton. *in Claudio*] or a Brinvilliers as so many directions for aiding its operations: just as the Lord's Prayer, read backwards, was, of old times, the shortest means for evoking the fiend. Now, Machiavel's arts of tyranny are not collected from this sort of reading backwards: they compose a good, honest, and straightforward assertion of wholesale wickedness as absolutely essential to prosperity and comfort of mind in this shocking world. Many have fancied that, if challenged as an elaborate jester in Masquerade, Machiavel would have burst into explosions of laughter. Far from it: he would have looked as angry and disconcerted as Gulliver, and would have said, probably, 'Oh, if you come to virtue, and all that sort of thing, really I pretend to no opinions on the subject: I am addressing myself to men of sense, and simply taking it for granted, that, *as* such, in a world of universal kicking and being kicked, they will wish to kick back in every direction.'

But the defect of Sir James Mackintosh's paper, is the neglect of positive extracts from *The Prince*, given in their true connection. Such a treatment would soon have dispersed any doubts about the final drift of the work. For, suppose that, in a work on poisons (to adopt Mackintosh's own illustration,) you met with a little section like this: — 'With respect to the proper mode of dispatching young toothless infants, I always set my face against the use of poison. I do

so on moral principle, and also as a man of refinement. It is evident that poison, in such a case, is quite needless: you may operate more speedily by a little lavender-water: this will be agreeable to both parties — yourself and the child; pour a few spoonfuls into a slop-basin; hold the little human kitten with its face downwards in this, and it will hardly have time to mew before the trick will be done. Now, observe the difference of circumstances with respect to an adult. How pleasing it is to the benign heart, that nature should have provided so vast a gamut in the art of murder! To the philosophic mind it suggests the idea, that perhaps no two people ought to be murdered in the same manner. Suppose, for instance, the subject marked for immediate dispatch to be your uncle; a huge, broad-shouldered monster, evidently quite unfit to live any longer. I should say, now, that a dose of corrosive sublimate would be the correct thing for *him*. Phlebotomy would never do with such a bullock as that. He would turn a mill with his blood, and the place of operating would become a mere shambles. If, again, you attempted to repeat upon *him* the experiment that had succeeded with the infant, surprising and holding him down in the water, when washing his face, the refractory ruffian would assuredly break the basin in his struggles: his face would be lacerated; and, when his howling had brought the police to his assistance, the streaming blood would give an air of plausibility to his odious calumny — that you had been attempting to cut his throat; whereas *he* knows, as well as *you* know, that not a drop of blood would have been spilt, and very little water, had he forborne making so horrid an uproar.'

After such a passage, I suppose few people would be satisfied with Sir James's construction of the book : — ' It is an account of the means by which the art of assassination is to be acquired and preserved: it is a theory of that class of phenomena. It is essential to its purpose, therefore, that it should contain an exposition of murder in all its varieties.' In reality, the state of Italian society in those days, as Sir James himself suggests, is the best key to the possibility of such a work as *The Prince*, but, at the same time, the best guarantee of its absolute sincerity. We need only to read the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, who was a contemporary of Machiavel, to see with what reckless levity a man, naturally generous and brave, thought of avenging his slightest quarrel by a pistol shot from some cowardly ambuscade. Not military princes only, but popes, cardinals, bishops, appear to have employed murderers, and to have sheltered murderers as a necessary part of their domestic garrisons — often to be used defensively, or in menace ; but, under critical circumstances, to be used aggressively for sudden advantages. It was no mistake, therefore, in Frederick of Prussia, to reply calmly and elaborately to *The Prince*, as not meant for a jest, but as a serious philosophic treatise offered to the world (if, on such a subject, one may say so) in perfect *good faith*. It may, perhaps, also be no mistake, at all events it proves the diffusive impression as to the cool wickedness of the book, that, in past times, many people seriously believed the name of Old *Nick*, [one of the vulgar expressions for the devil,] to have been an offset from the name of *Niccolo* Machiavelli.[73]

MACKINTOSH ON THE 'ICON BASILIKÉ.'

People, in general, imagine that the question relating to the *Icon Basiliké* is obsolete and hastening to decay. But, more properly, it should be described as in the condition of those tapestries which fade into dimness when laid aside for a long time into dark repositories; but, upon being brought back to sunlight, revive gradually into something of their early life and coloring.[74] There are four separate reasons why the authorship of this book will always remain an interesting problem for the historical student: —

1*st*. Because it involves something of a mystery. In this respect it resembles the question as to the Gowrie Conspiracy, as to the Iron Masque, &c. &c.; and, unless some new documents should appear, which is not quite impossible, but is continually growing nearer to an impossibility, it will *remain* a mystery; but a mystery which might be made much more engaging by a better mode of presenting the evidence on either side, and of pointing the difficulties that beset either conclusion.

2*dly*. Because it is an instructive example of conflicting evidence, which having long been sifted by various cross-examiners, sharp as razors, from ability and from reciprocal animosity, has now become interesting for itself: the question it was, which interested at the first; but at length the mere testimonies, illustrated by hostile critics, have come to have a separate interest of their own apart from the point at issue.

3*dly*. The book has a close connection with the character of Charles I., which is a character meriting

even a pathetic attention, where its native features are brought under the light of the very difficult circumstances besetting its natural development.

4thly. The book is one of that small number which (like the famous pamphlet of the Abbé Sieyes, on the *Tiers état*) produced an impression worthy to be called *national.* According to my present recollection, I must, myself, have seen the forty-ninth edition; at present [May, 1846,] it wants but thirty-two months of full two hundred years[75] since the publication of the book: such an extent of distribution in an age of readers so limited, such a duration of the interest connected with a question so personal, is the strongest testimony extant of the awe pursuing so bold an act as the judicial execution of a king.

Sir James Mackintosh takes up the case as against Dr. Wordsworth. And, being a lawyer, he fences with the witnesses on the other side, in a style of ease and adroitness that wins the reader's applause. Yet, after all, he is not the more satisfactory for being brilliant. He studied the case neither more nor less than he would have done a brief: he took it up on occasion of a sudden summons *ab extra:* and it is certain that no justice will ever be done to *all* the bearings of the evidence, unless the evidence is examined *con amore.* It must be a labor of love, spontaneous, and even impassioned; and not of mere compliance with the suggestion of a journal, or the excitement of a new book, that will ever support the task of threshing out and winnowing *all* the materials available for this discussion.

Were I proprietor of this journal, and entitled to room *à discretion*, perhaps I might be indiscreet

enough to take forty pages for my own separate use. But, being merely an inside passenger, and booked for only one place, I must confine myself to my own allotment. This puts an end to all idea of reviewing the whole controversy; but it may be well to point out one or two oversights in Sir James Mackintosh.

The reader is aware of the question at issue, viz., whether the *Icon*, which is supposed to have done so much service to the cause of royalty, by keeping alive the memory of Charles I., in the attitude of one forgiving injuries, or expostulating with enemies in a tone of apparent candor, were really written by the king himself, or written *for* him, under the masque of his character, by Dr. Gauden. Sir James, in this case, is counsel for Dr. Gauden. Now, it happened that about six months after the Restoration, this doctor was made Bishop of Exeter. The worthy man was not very long, viz., exactly forty-eight days, in discovering that Exeter was 'a horror'[76] of a bishopric. It *was* so; he was quite correct there: 'horror' is his own word; and a horror it was until a late act for exalting the weak and pulling down the mighty. Sir James seems to have thought this phrase of 'a horror,' *un peu fort* for so young a prelate. But it is to be considered that Dr. Gauden came immediately from the rural deanery of Bocking, where the pastures are good. And Sir James ought to have known by one memorable case in his own time, and charged upon the injustice of his own party, that it is very possible for a rural parson leaving a simple rectory to view even a bishopric as an insupportable affront; and, in fact, as an atrocious hoax or swindle, if the rectory happened to be Stanhope, worth in good mining years six thousand

per annum, and the bishopric to be Exeter, worth until lately, not more than two. But the use which Sir James makes of this fact, coming so soon after the king's return, is — that assuredly the doctor must have had some conspicuous merit, when so immediately promoted, and amongst so select a few. That merit, he means to argue, could have been nothing else, or less, than the seasonable authorship of the *Icon*.

It is certain, however, that the service which obtained Exeter, was *not* this. Worcester, to which Gauden afterwards obtained a translation, and the fond hope of Winchester, which he never lived to reach, may have been sought for on the argument of the *Icon*. But Exeter was given on another consideration. This is certain; and, if known to Sir James, would perhaps have arrested his final judgment.

2. Sir James quotes, without noticing their entire accuracy, the well-known words of Lord Clarendon — that when the secret (as to the *Icon*) should cease to be such, 'nobody would be glad of it but Mr. Milton.' I notice this only as indicating the carelessness with which people read, and the imperfect knowledge of the facts even amongst persons like Lord Clarendon, having easy access to the details, and contemporary with the case. Why should the disclosure have so special an interest for Milton? The *Icon Basiliké*, or royal image, having been set up for national worship, Milton viewing the case as no better than idolatry, applied himself to pull down the idol; and, in allusion to the title of the book, as well as to the ancient Iconoclasts, he called his own exposure of the *Icon* by the name of *Iconoclastes*, or the

Image-breaker. But Milton had no interest in Lord Clarendon's secret. What he had meant by *breaking the image* was — not the showing that the king had not written the book, but that whoever had written it, (king or any body else,) had falsely represented the politics and public events of the last seven years, and had falsely colored the king's opinions, feelings, designs, as expounded by his acts. Not the title to the authorship, was what Milton denied: of *that* he was comparatively careless: but the king's title to so meek and candid a character as was there portrayed. It is true that laughingly, and *in transitu*, Milton notices the unlikelihood of a king's finding leisure for such a task, and he notices also the internal marks of some chaplain's hand in the style. That same practice in composition which suggested to Sir James Mackintosh his objections to the style, as too dressed and precise for a prince writing with a gentleman's negligence, suggested also to Milton his suspicion of a clerical participation in the work. He thought probably, which may, after all, turn out to be true, that the work was a joint product of two or more persons. But all *that* was indifferent to his argument. His purpose was to destroy the authority by exposing the falsehood of the book. And his dilemma is framed to meet either hypothesis — that of the king's authorship, or that of an anonymous courtier's. Written *by* the king, the book falsifies facts in a way which must often have contradicted his own official knowledge, and must therefore impeach his veracity: written *for* the king, the work is still liable to the same charge of *material* falsehood, though probably not of conscious falsehood; so far the writer's position may seem improved; one who

was not in the Cabinet would often utter untruths, without knowing them to be such: yet again this is balanced by the deliberate assumption of a false character for the purpose of public deception.

3. Amongst the passages which most affect the king's character, on the former hypothesis, (viz. that of his own authorship,) is the 12th section of the *Icon*, relating to his private negotiations with the Irish Roman Catholics. The case stands thus: Charles had been charged with having excited (or permitted his Popish queen to excite) the Irish rebellion and massacre of 1641. To this charge, being factious and false, it was easy for him to reply with the bold front of an innocent man. There was next a second charge, of having negotiated with the rebels subsequently to their insurrection. To this also there was a reply; not so triumphant, because, as a fact, it could not be blankly denied; but under the state difficulties of the king, it was capable of defence. Thirdly, however, there was a charge quite separate and much darker, which, if substantiated, would have ruined the royal cause with many of its staunchest adherents. This concerned the secret negotiation with the Popish nuncio through Lord Glamorgan. It may be ninety years since Dr. Birch, amongst his many useful contributions to English history, brought to life this curious correspondence: and since that day there has been no room for doubt as to the truth of the charge. Lord Glamorgan was a personal friend of the king, and a friend so devoted, that he submitted without a murmur to be represented publicly as a poor imbecile creature;[77] this being the sole retreat open to the king's own character. Now the *Icon* does not distinguish

this last charge, as to which there was *no* answer, from the two others where there *was*. In a person situated like Gauden, and superficially acquainted with political facts, this confusion might be perfectly natural. Not so with the king; and it would deeply injure his memory, if we could suppose him to have benefited artfully by a defence upon one charge, which the reader (as he knew) would apply to another. Yet would it not equally injure him to suppose that he had accepted from another such an equivocating defence? No: for it must be recollected that the king, though he had read, could not have had the opportunity (which he anticipated) of revising the proof-sheets: consequently we knew not what he might finally have struck out. But, were it otherwise, Sir James Mackintosh argues that the dishonesty would, under all the circumstances, have been trivial; when confined to the act of tolerating an irrelevant defence, in comparison of that dishonesty which could deliberately compose a false one. So far I fully agree with Sir James: his apology for the *defence* of the act, supposing that defence to be Gauden's, is sufficient. But his apology for the act itself is, I fear, untenable. He contends — that 'it certainly was not more unlawful for him,' [the king] 'to seek the aid of the Irish Catholics, than it was for his opponents to call in the succor of the Scotch Presbyterians.' How so? The cases are most different. The English and the Scottish Parliaments were on terms of the most brotherly agreement as to all capital points of policy, whether civil or religious. In both senates, all were Protestants; and the preponderant body, even in the English senate, up to 1646, were Presbyterians, and, one may say, Scottish Presbyterians; for

they had taken the Covenant. Consequently no injury, present or in reversion, to any great European interest, could be charged upon the consciences of the two Parliaments. Whereas the Kilkenny treaty, on Charles's part, went to the direct formal establishment of Popery as the Irish Church, to the restoration of the lands claimed as church lands, to a large confiscation, and to the utter extermination of the Protestant interest in Ireland. The treaty did all this by its tendency; and if it were to be prevented from doing it, *that* could only be through prolonged war, in which the king would have found himself ranged in battle against the Protestant faith. The king not only testified his carelessness of the Protestant interest, but he also raised new and rancorous cause of civil war.

The truth is, that Mackintosh, from the long habit of defending the Roman Catholic pretensions, as applying to our own times, was tempted to overlook the difference which affected those pretensions in 1645–6. Mark the critical point of time. A great anti-Protestant league of kingdoms had existed for a century, to which Spain, Austria, Bavaria, many Italian states, and, intermittingly, even France, were parties. The great agony of this struggle between Popery and the Reformation, came to its crisis, finally and forever, in the Thirty Years' War, which, beginning in 1618, (just one hundred years after Luther's first movement,) terminated in 1648, by the Peace of Westphalia. That treaty it was, balancing and readjusting all Christendom, until the French Revolution again unsettled it, that first proclaimed to the Popish interest the hopelessness of further efforts for exterminating the Protestant interest. But this consummation of the strife

had not been reached by four or five years at the time when Charles entered upon his jesuitical dealings with the Popish Council in Ireland; dealings equally at war with the welfare of struggling Europe, with the fundamental laws of the three kingdoms which the king ruled, and with the coronation oaths which he had sworn. I, that love and pity the afflicted prince, whose position blinded him, of necessity, to the truth in many things, am the last person to speak harshly of his conduct. But undoubtedly he committed a great error for his reputation, that would have proved even a fatal error for his interests, had it succeeded at the moment, and that might have upset the interests of universal Protestantism, coming at that most critical moment. This case I notice, as having a large application; for it is too generally true of politicians, arguing the Roman Catholic claims in these modern days, when the sting of Popery, as a political power, is extracted, that they forget the very different position of Protestantism, when it had to face a vast hostile confederation, always *in procinctu* for exterminating war, in case a favorable opening should arise.

Taking leave of the *Icon Basiliké*, I would express my opinion — that the question is not yet exhausted: the pleadings must be re-opened. But in the mean time no single arguments have been adduced against the king's claim of equal strength with these two of Sir James's: one drawn from external, the other from internal evidence:

First, that on the Gauden hypothesis, Lord Clarendon's silence as to the *Icon* in his history, though not strictly correct, is the venial error of a partisan; but that on the other, or anti-Gauden hypothesis, his silence

is fatal to his own character, as a man decently honest; and yet without an intelligent motive.

Secondly, that the *impersonal* character of the *Icon* is strongly in favor of its being a forgery. All the rhetorical forgeries of the later Greek literature, such as the Letters of Phalaris, of Themistocles, &c. are detected by that mark. These forgeries, applying themselves to ages distant from the writer, are often, indeed, self-exposed by their ignorant anachronisms. That was a flaw which could not exist, in a forgery, applied to contemporary events. But else, in the want of facts, of circumstantialities, and of personalities, such as were sure to grow out of love or hatred, there is exactly the same air of vagueness, and of timid dramatic personation, in the *Icon*, as in the old Greek knaveries.

MACKINTOSH'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Perhaps it would have been an advantageous change for this republication of Sir James Mackintosh's works, if the entire third volume had been flung overboard, so as to lighten the vessel. This volume consists of political papers, that are at any rate imperfect, from the want of many documents that should accompany them, and are otherwise imperfect, laudably imperfect, from their author's station as a political partisan. It was his duty to be partial. These papers are merely contributions to a vast *thesaurus*, never to be exhausted, of similar papers: dislocated from their general connection, they are useless; whilst, by compelling a higher price of admission, they obstruct the public access to other articles in the collection, which

have an independent value, and sometimes a very high value, upon the very highest subjects. The ethical dissertation is crowded with just views, as regards what is old, and with suggestions brilliant and powerful, as regards all the openings for novelty. Sir James Mackintosh has here done a public service to education and the interests of the age, by setting his face against the selfish schemes of morality, too much favored by the tendencies of England. He has thrown light upon the mystery of conscience. He has offered a subtle method of harmonizing philosophic liberty with philosophic necessity. He has done justice, when all men were determinately unjust, — to the leading schoolmen, to Aquinas, to Ockham, to Biel, to Scotus, and in more modern times to Soto and Suarez. To his own contemporaries, he is not just only, but generous, as in the spirit of one who wishes to make amends for the past injustice of others. He is full of information and suggestion upon every topic which he treats. Few men have so much combined the power of judging wisely from a stationary position, with the power of changing that station, under changing circumstances in the age or in the subject. He moves slowly, or with velocity, as he moves amongst breakers, or amongst open seas. And upon every theme which he treats, in proportion as it rises in importance, the reader is sure of finding displayed the accomplishments of a scholar, the philosophic resources of a very original thinker, the elegance of a rhetorician, and the large sagacity of a statesman controlled by the most sceptical caution of a lawyer.

HERDER.

Was Herder a great man? I protest, I cannot say. He is called the German Plato. I will not be so satirical as Mr. Coleridge, who, being told by the pastor of Ratzeburg, that Klopstock was the German Milton, said to himself, 'Yes, — a very *German* Milton.' The truth is, Plato himself is but an idea to most men; nay, even to most scholars; nay, even to most Platonic scholars.[78] Still, for that very reason, the word 'Plato' has a grandeur to the mind — which better acquaintance, if it did not impair, would tend at least to humanize and to make less seraphic. As it is, with the advantage, on Plato's side, of this *ideal* existence, and the disadvantage on Herder's of a language so anti-Grecian as the German in everything except its extent, the contest is too unequal. Making allowances for this, however, I still find it difficult to form any judgment of an author so 'many-sided' (to borrow a German expression) — so polymorphous as Herder: there is the same sort of difficulty in making an estimate of his merits, as there would be to a political economist in appraising the strength and weakness of an empire like the Chinese, or like the Roman under Trajan: to be just, it must be a repre-

sentative estimate — and therefore abstracted from works, not only many but also various, and far asunder in purpose and tendency. Upon the whole, the best notion I can give of Herder to the English reader, is to say that he is the German Coleridge; having the same all-grasping erudition, the same spirit of universal research, the same occasional superficiality and inaccuracy, the same indeterminateness of object, the same obscure and fanciful mysticism (*schwärmerey*,) the same plethoric fulness of thought, the same fine sense of the beautiful — and (I think) the same incapacity for dealing with simple and austere grandeur. I must add, however, that in fineness and compass of understanding, our English philosopher appears to me to have greatly the advantage. In another point they agree, — both are men of infinite title-pages. I have heard Mr. Coleridge acknowledge that his title-pages alone (titles, that is, of works meditated but unexecuted) would fill a large volume: and, it is clear that, if Herder's power had been commensurate with his will, all other authors must have been put down: many generations would have been unable to read to the end of his works. The weakest point about Herder that I know of was his admiration of Ossian — a weakness from which, I should think, Mr. Coleridge must have been preserved,[79] if by nothing else, by his much more accurate acquaintance with the face and appearances, fixed and changing, of external nature.

I have been lately much interested by a life of Herder, edited by Professor J. G. Müller, but fortunately written (or chiefly so) by a person far more competent to speak of him with love and knowledge: viz. Maria

Caroline, the widow of Herder. Herder had the unspeakable blessing in this world of an angelic wife, whose company was his consolation under a good deal of worldly distress from secret malice and open hostility. She was admirably fitted to be the wife of a philosopher; for, whilst her excellent sense and her innocent heart enabled her to sympathize fully with the general spirit of Herder's labors, she never appears for a moment to have forgotten her feminine character, but declines all attempt to judge of abstruse questions in philosophy — whatever weight of polemic interest may belong to them in a life of Herder. Her work is very unpretending, and, perhaps, may not have been designed for the public: for it was not published until more than ten years after her death. The title of the book is *Erinnerungen aus dem Leben Joh. Gottfrieds von Herder*, (Recollections from the Life of J. G. Herder.) 2 vols. Tübingen, 1820.

It appears that Herder rose from the very humblest rank; and, of necessity, therefore, in his youth, but afterwards from inclination, led a life of most exemplary temperance: this is not denied by those who have attacked him. He was never once intoxicated in his whole life: a fact of very equivocal construction! his nerves would not allow him to drink tea; and, of coffee, though very agreeable to him, he allowed himself but little. All this temperance, however, led to nothing: for he died when he was but four months advanced in his sixtieth year. Surely, if he had been a drunkard or an opium-eater, he might have contrived to weather the point of sixty years. In fact, opium would, perhaps, have been of service to him. For all his sufferings were derived from a most exquisite and

morbid delicacy of nervous treatment: and of this it was that he died. With more judicious medical advice, he might have been alive at this hour. His nervous system had the sensitive delicacy of Cowper's and of Rousseau's, but with some peculiarities that belong (in my judgment) exclusively to German temperaments. I cannot explain myself fully on this occasion: but, in general, I will say, that from much observation of the German literature, I perceive a voluptuousness — an animal glow — almost a sensuality in the very intellectual sensibilities of the German, such as I find in the people of no other nation. The French, it will be said, are sensual. Yes: sensual enough. But theirs is a factitious sensuality: a sensual direction is given to their sensibilities by the tone of a vicious literature — and a tone of public and domestic life certainly not virtuous. The fault however in the French is the want of depth and simplicity, in their feelings. But, in Germany, the life and habits of the people are generally innocent and simple. Sensuality is no where less tolerated: intellectual pleasures no where more valued. Yet, in the most intellectual of their feeling, there is still a taint of luxury and animal fervor. Let me give one illustration: — In the Paradise Lost, *that* man must have an impure mind who finds the least descent into sensuality in any parts which relate to our first parents in Eden: in no part of his divine works does the purity of Milton's mind shine forth more bright and unsullied: but there is one infirm passage, viz. where Raphael is made to blush on Adam's questioning him about the loves of the heavenly host. The question, in fact, was highly improper, as implying an irregular and unhal-

lowed curiosity not incident to a paradisiacal state. But to make the archangel blush, is to load him with sin-born shame from which even Adam was free. Now this passage, this single infirm thought of Milton's, is entirely to the taste of Germany; and Klopstock even, who is supposed to support the Hebraic — sublime — and unsensualizing nature against the more Grecian — voluptuous — and beautiful nature of Wieland, &c. yet indulges in this sensualism to excess.

But, to return to Herder: his letters to his wife and children (of which many are given in this work) are delightful; especially those to the former, as they show the infinite — the immeasurable depth of affection which united them. Seldom, indeed, on this earth can there have been a fireside more hallowed by love and pure domestic affections than that of Herder. He wanted only freedom from the cares which oppressed him, and perhaps a little well-boiled opium, combined with a good deal of lemonade or orangeade, (of which, as of all fruits, Herder's elegance of taste made him exceedingly fond,) to have been the happiest man in Germany. With an angel of a wife, with the love and sympathy of all Germany, and with a medicine for his nerves, — what more could the heart of man desire? Yet not having the last, the others were flung away upon him: and, in his latter years, he panted after the invisible world, merely because the visible (as he often declared) ceased to stimulate him. That worst and most widely-spread of all diseases, weariness of daily life — irritability of the nerves to the common stimulants which life supplies, seized upon him to his very heart's core: he was sick of the endless revolution upon his eyes of the same dull unimpassioned specta-

cle : *tædet me harum quotidianarum formarum*, was the spirit of his ceaseless outcry. He fought with this soul-consuming evil, he wrestled with it as a maniac. Change of scene was suggested; undoubtedly one of the best nervous medicines. Change of scene he tried : he left his home at Weimar, and went to Dresden. There one would think the magnificent library was alone sufficient to stir the nerves even of a paralytic. And so it proved. Herder grew much better : the library, the picture gallery, the cathedral service, all tended to regenerate him : he received the most flattering attentions : the Elector of that day (1803) expressed a wish to see him. Herder went, and was honored with a private interview; in the course of which the Elector, who was a prince of great talents and information, paid him a very high and just compliment. 'The impression which the noble-minded prince made upon Herder,' says Mrs. Herder, 'was deep and memorable. On *his* part, the Elector was highly pleased with Herder, as we have learned from the best authority; and is represented as having afterwards consulted a minister on the possibility of drawing him into his service.' From Dresden, Herder returned home in high spirits, but soon began to droop again. His last illness and death soon followed; which I shall translate from the beautiful narrative of Mrs. Herder.

'Full of gratitude, and with many delightful remembrances, did Herder leave Dresden. The last three weeks of his residence in that city were the last sunbeam that illumined his life. He purposed for the future to spend a few weeks there every now and then, in order to make use of the superb library. On the

18th of September he arrived at home happy and in high spirits. He found our William with us, and gave him such consolation as he could upon the loss of his Amelia. William had come, as if sent from heaven, to our support in the months of affliction which succeeded, and to tend the sick-bed of his father with Godfrey, Emilius, and Louisa. Herder was full of plans of intense labor for the approaching winter, such as the consolidation of the secondary schools; the third part of the spirit of the Hebrew poetry; and the letters from Persepolis; of all which, however, it was the will of God that nothing was ever to be accomplished. Sometimes, even up to the last weeks of his life, he confessed to me a strange misgiving, seated in the very depths of his heart — that he should soon be summoned away from Weimar. On the last day of September he held an examination for orders, and in a tone of extraordinary elevation of mind, as all who were present afterwards declared. The subject was — *Upon the Heavenly Hierarchies.* The tenth number of the Adrastea (a periodical work conducted by Herder) was almost arranged and written, in the former half, when the first attack of indisposition seized him (on the 17th or 18th of October).[80] He soon recovered, and did not keep his bed. At favorable opportunities he continued to labor upon the Adrastea up to that impressive passage with which that number concludes.'

[This passage speaks of the Northern mythology as given in the Edda, and closes with a few verses describing the awe-stricken state of a human spirit on its first entrance into the presence of God. Mrs. Herder, whose tenderness makes her superstitious, sees in this, as in other incidents of this period, ominous signs of Herder's approaching death.]

'Something it was his intention to have added, and so the sheet lay open on his writing-table. Our dear Godfrey saw that prophetic leaf daily, which was constantly drawing nearer to its fulfilment, with an anxious and foreboding heart, as he afterwards told me. Two months long did the conflict last between his powerful nature and his debilitated and shattered nerves. All his old complaints were re-awakened. If the physicians prescribed remedies for them, then it irritated his nerves; and so *vice versa*. At length a total atony of all the vital functions came on, which was susceptible of no relief from medicine. And thus he witnessed all his powers sinking, in the fulness of his consciousness, in perfect possession of his intellectual faculties, and in daily hopes of amendment. Except Godfrey, (for whose attendance he yearned with inexpressible anxiety,) and our own family circle, he would see nobody, — at least, not with pleasure. To read, or to hear another read, was his dearest consolation. Among the books which were at that time read aloud at his request, I still remember these which follow: — Ossian, Lipsius *De Constantia*, Thorild's *Maximum* (but this was soon laid aside, because it affected him too much), G. Müller's *Remains*, and *the Bible*, especially *the Prophets*. These we exchanged by turns for other works of a more amusing class that would less affect his head; but we never advanced far in any, being soon obliged to lay them by: reading, we found, must not be persevered in for any length of time; so we varied it with talking and with silence. Even the harpsichord, for which he longed so often, affected him too powerfully; and we were soon obliged to interrupt the performance. Often, in the first weeks of his ill-

ness, often did he say: "Oh! if some original, some grand, some spiritual idea would but come to me from whatsoever quarter, would but possess and penetrate my soul, I should be well in a moment." Yet this feeling was unsteady and often fluctuated. When his sleepless and agitated nights continued, he said, "My complaint is quite incomprehensible to me; my mind is well, and nothing but my body sick: could I but quit my bed, oh! what labors I would go through!" Certainly he would most gladly have lived, if but for short time longer, for the sake of executing many esigns; at any rate, to give utterance once again lly and finally to the thoughts which lay nearest to his heart.[81] This feeling he confessed to the physician, Dr. Stark, and to Godfrey. Often did he fling his arms about dear Godfrey's neck, and said, "Oh! friend, oh! most beloved friend, deliver me — even yet save me, if it be possible." Ah! heavens! what a spectacle of anguish for us all! Our hopes, though ntinually weaker, did not wholly decline, up to the last day: not until, after a mighty struggle of pain in his breast, he fell into his final slumber on Sunday morning, December 18. The whole day through he slept in profound tranquillity; nor in this world ever woke again; but at half-past eleven at night, gently, and without a groan, slumbered away into the arms of God. Oh! tears and anguish that could never waken him again! him that was the only one for whom we lived — our guardian-angel that lived for us. Oh! counsels of the unfathomable God! — But thou, heavenly Father, wilt take away the veil from my eyes: all will be revealed; and, perhaps, in no long[82] period of time!'

Having expressed my inability to adjust the balance of Herder's claims, even to my own satisfaction, it will gratify the reader to see this deficiency supplied by one of the most original men of any age — John Paul Richter, the Rousseau and the Sterne of Germany; whose opportunities for judging of Herder were great beyond those of any other contemporary, with talents equal to the task. Herder was in the habit of holding weekly *conversaziones* to save his own time from unprofitable interruptions: but John Paul was so select a favorite, that, on his visits to Weimar, he seldom attended the public nights, being a privileged guest in the family circle at all times, and when others were excluded. 'Of this dear friend,' says Mrs. Herder, 'I must make a separate mention. He first came to Weimar in the latter half of the year 1790, as if sent by Providence for the especial consolation of Herder, at a time when he was universally misrepresented, and by some people actually shunned, on account of the political and philosophic principles ascribed to him. Different as were their views in regard to many subjects, yet in principle and in feeling they were thoroughly united. The high moral tone of both writers, and their rank as great intellectual physicians for their own age, furnished a natural ground of sympathy with each other, that led to the closest friendship. Herder soon loved his young friend; and his reverence for the great endowments of his mind increased daily. The happy evenings which Richter spent with us, the serenity and youthful freshness of his mind, his burning eloquence, and the inexhaustible life, humor, and originality of his conversation upon every thing that came before him, reanimated Herder's existence. Oh!

how often has the genial humor of this great favorite of Germany, in the course of an evening's walk or ride to Ettersburg, beguiled Herder of a world of sad thoughts, and cheated him into smiles and cheerfulness! In many respects, it is true, that Herder did not approve of John Paul's style and manner: and their amicable differences on this point often led to very instructive conversations. But, for all that, Herder esteemed his native genius, and the teeming creativeness of his poetic spirit, far above the unfeeling and purely *statuesque* poetry of the day, in which everything was sacrificed to mere beauty of *form;* and in reference to certain poets of the age' (no doubt Mrs. Herder alludes chiefly to Wieland), 'who applied the greatest gift of God to the injury of religion and good morals, thus abusing the divinity of their art to the abasement and brutalizing of man's nature, Herder would often say with a noble scorn — "Above all such poets our dear friend John Paul stands at an immeasurable elevation: I willingly pardon him his want of ordonnance and of metre, in consideration of his high-toned virtue — his living world — his profound heart his creative and plastic intellect. He is a true poet, fresh from the hands of God; and brings new life, truth, virtue, and reality, into our vitiated and emasculated poetry."'

The passages in which John Paul speaks of Herder, are many: two in particular I remember of great beauty, one in the 'Flegel-jahre,' the other in his last work, 'Der Comet' (1821); but, not having those works at hand, I shall translate that which is cited by the editor of Mrs. Herder's Memoirs, omitting only such parts as would be unintelligible without explanations of disproportionate length.

'Alike in all the changing periods of his own life, and by the most hostile parties, it was the fate of this great spirit to be misunderstood; and (to speak candidly) not altogether without his own fault. For he had this defect — that he was no star, whether of the first, second, or any other magnitude — but a whole cluster and fasciculus of stars, out of which it is for every one to compose at pleasure a constellation shaped after his own preconception. Monodynamic men, men of a single talent, are rarely misapprehended; men of multitudinous powers almost always. If he was no poet — as he would himself often protest, measuring his own pretensions by the Homeric and Shakspearian[83] standard — he was, however, something still better, namely, a *Poem*, an Indico-Grecian Epopee, fashioned by some divinest and purest architect: how else, or by what analytic skill, should I express the nature of this harmonious soul — in which, as in a poem, all was reconciled and fused; in which the good, the beautiful, and the true, were blended and indivisible? Greece was to him the supreme object of devotion — the pole to which his final aspirations pointed; and, universally as he was disposed by his cosmopolitan taste to find and to honor merit, yet did he from his inmost soul yearn, in the very midst of the blooming lands through which he strayed, like any far-travelled Ulysses, for his restoration to a Grecian home; more especially in his latter years. Herder was designed as it were from some breathing Grecian model. Thence came his Grecian reverence for life in all its gradations: like a Brahmin, with a divine Spinozism of the heart, he loved the humblest reptile — the meanest insect — and every blossom of the

woods. Thence came the epic style of all his works, which, like a philosophic epos, with the mighty hand and with the impartiality of a God, brought up before the eyes of centuries, and upon a stage of vastest proportions, all times, forms, nations, spirits. Thence also came his Grecian disgust towards all excess, disproportion, or disturbance of equilibrium this way or that. Thence was it that like a Grecian poem he drew by anticipation round about every feeling and emotion a severe line of beauty, which not even the most impassioned was allowed to overstep.

'Few minds have been learned upon the same grand scale as Herder. The major part pursue only what is most rare and least familiar in science: he, on the contrary, could receive only the great and catholic streams of every science into the mighty depths of his own heaven-reflecting ocean, that impressed upon them all its own motion and fluctuation. Others are fastened upon by their own learning as by a withering and strangling ivy; but *his* hung about him as gracefully as the tendrils of a vine, and adorned him with fruit as with clusters of grapes. How magnificently, how irreconcilably, did he blaze into indignation against the creeping and crawling vermin of the times — against German coarseness of taste — against all sceptres in brutal paws — and against the snakes of the age! But would you hear the sweetest of voices, it was *his* voice in the utterance of love — whether for a little child, or for poetry, or for music, or in the tones of mercy and forbearance towards the weak. In general he has been little weighed or appraised, and in parts only — never as a whole. His due valuation he will first find in the diamond scales of posterity; into which

scales will assuredly not be admitted the pebbles with which he was pelted by the coarse critics of his days, and the still coarser disciples of Kant. Two sayings of his survive, which may seem trifling to others; me they never fail to impress profoundly: one was, that on some occasion, whilst listening to choral music that streamed from a neighboring church as from the bosom of some distant country, he wished, with a sorrowful allusion to the cold frosty spirit of these times, that he had been born in the middle ages. The other, and a far different, sentiment was — that he would gladly communicate with an apparition from the spiritual world, and that he neither felt nor foreboded anything of the usual awe connected with such a communication. O! the pure soul that already held commerce with spirits! To such a soul this was possible, poetical as *that* soul was; and though it be true that just such souls it is that shudder with the deepest awe before the noiseless and inaudible mysteries that dwell and walk on the other side of death, — to his soul it was possible; for the soul of Herder was itself an apparition upon this earth, and never forgot its native world. At this moment I think I see him; and, potent as death is otherwise to glorify the images of men with saintly transfiguration — yet, methinks, that from the abyss of distance and of sunless elevation, he appears not more radiant or divine than he did here below; and I think of him, far aloft in the heavens and behind the stars, as in his *natural* place; and as of one but little altered from what he was, except by the blotting out of his earthly sorrows.'

What is said of the disciples of Kant in the above extract, is to be explained thus: Herder, when a young

man, had studied at Königsberg; and, in consideration of his poverty, Kant had allowed him to attend his lectures gratis. Herder was sensible (though from the style of his own mind insufficiently sensible) of Kant's greatness; and in after life often spoke publicly of Kant with great reverence. Kant, on the other hand, admired his pupil. and augured well of his future success; but never dissembled his disapprobation of what he considered crazy and visionary enthusiasm (*Schwärmerey*). This feeling, openly and frankly expressed, seems in youth to have given Herder little offence: but in after life, being repeated to him, perhaps with some ill-natured aggravations, so wounded his own self-esteem, that he attempted to avenge himself by an attack upon Kant's great work, the 'Kritik der R. Vernunft,' in a Metakritik. Of this attack, which was in truth perfectly feeble, Kant took no sort of notice: and it fell into immediate contempt. But the followers of Kant throughout Germany could not forgive the insult offered to their master; and too often allowed themselves, in their indignation at this instance of infirmity in Herder, to forget his real services to literature and philosophy.[85]

LESSING.

For the last twenty years, or perhaps we may say from the beginning of the present century, there has been a growing interest amongst us in the German literature. This interest has followed a direction, which upon the whole cannot be regarded as happy, having settled almost exclusively on the Poets, in whom, as a class, it may be boldly said that the originality and the strength of the German mind are *not* revealed. For these we must look to the Prose Authors, who in general have neither written under the constraint of foreign models, nor sought to manifest their emancipation from that constraint by the monstrous, or the blank affectations of caprice.

From the German Prose writers, therefore, of the classical rank, I purpose to present the English reader with a series of specimens; in selecting which I shall guide myself by this law, that on the one hand they shall be fitted for a general, and not a merely German interest; and, on the other hand, that they shall express the characteristic power of the author. I begin with Lessing, as the restorer and modern father of the German literature.

Lessing was born in January 1729, and died in

February 1781. He may be said, therefore, to have begun his career precisely at the middle of the last century. At this time the German literature was sunk in meanness and barbarism. Leibnitz, who might have exalted the national mind, had been dead little more than forty years: but he had no right to expect any peculiar influence over the German intellect, not having written at all in the German language; and Wolf, who *had*, was too much of a merely scholastic writer, and had besides too little that was properly his own, except his systematic method, to impress any deep sense of excellence, strictly national, upon the popular mind. Wanting all domestic models, and having no excitement from the events of that age, or the encouragement of the native princes, the German literature had fallen into a state of pitiable torpor, and exhibited, in the hand of Gottsched and his followers, a base travesty of Parisian levity, from which all spirit had evaporated, and alloyed, in its transfusion, with the quintessence of German coarseness. Against the French influence some stand had been made by Bodmer, but with little effect that could have reached a second generation. The intention was praiseworthy; but there was in Bodmer and his immediate party a radical want of original power.

Such was the inheritance to which Lessing succeeded. And, though it is difficult in any great intellectual revolution to measure the ratio of each individual contribution, still there can be no hesitation in ascribing to Lessing personally by far the largest share in awakening the frozen activities of the German mind; both because this effect followed so immediately in the wake of his earliest exertions, and because the direction

which he impressed upon those exertions, was *à priori* so well adapted to that effect. What he did, was to apply philosophy — by which I would be understood to mean, in a large sense, the science of grounds and principles — to literature and the fine arts; an idea which expresses accurately what the Grecians meant by criticism. Lessing, who had in all things a Grecian eye, here also realized the Grecian ideal. He became the founder of criticism for Germany; and by the very idea of criticism, under this extension of it, he secured the combined advantages of a popular and a scientific interest. The English reader will make a tolerably just estimate of Lessing's rank in German literature, if he classes him, as to *degree* of influence, with Dr. Johnson. Lessing and Dr. Johnson presided over the literature of their several countries precisely at the same period; and it is a remarkable proof, by the way, of the imperfect literary organization of Europe at that time, that neither ever heard of the other. In the *kind* of their influence, there was, however, little resemblance between the two, as indeed there was little in common between them as to the composition of their minds or their attainments, more than that both were well-built scholars, and both excelled in the application of a vigorous logic — Lessing to art, Dr. Johnson to the opinions or prejudices of life, and both of them to literature. A more accurate parallel as to the *kind* of his pretensions, lies between Lessing and Lord Shaftesbury.[86] Each had the same sensibility to the excellences of art, and applied it especially to the antique; insomuch, that he who reads Lord Shaftesbury's Judgment of Hercules, might suppose himself to be reading the Laocoon of Lessing; and not there only,

but scattered over the works of Lord Shaftesbury, are many just views, or undeveloped glimpses of truth, on the principles of art. Both had a strong bias to scepticism, which to Lessing, who fell upon times when a general ferment of opinions began to unsettle the human mind — and amongst a people who are always indulgent to that sort of license, — had no bad consequence; but which for Lord Shaftesbury, at home at least, has gradually had the effect of degrading him below the rank which he once held, and ought still to hold, in the literature of the country. Both were elegant writers, with a high standard of excellence in the art of composition, and careful that their own style should be wrought up to that ideal. In one point the parallel might be expected to fail. The age of Lord Shaftesbury was not the age of learning in his rank. Latin, as we know from Bishop Burnet and others, was then thought sufficient for the aristocracy of England; but Lord Shaftesbury had been educated in the house of his grandfather, the Chancellor, and had been taught both Greek and Latin by a peculiar method, which gave him an unusual command of both literatures. Either this accomplishment, however, from the pleasurable sense of power which it gave, or else the original constitution of Lord Shaftesbury's mind, had one unfortunate result for the comprehensiveness of his taste, by carrying it too exclusively to the classical models of antiquity. There exist passages in his writings, which show that Milton and even Shakspeare, by mere blank power of passion, or absolute weight of thought, had sometimes commanded him into sympathy; but he revolted from the *form* in which their conceptions were clothed. No one had

ever suggested in that day, that the modern or Christian poetry, and the poetry of the antique, had each its separate law and character. Either, tried by the standard of the other, of necessity appeared to be imperfect; and as Lord Shaftesbury thought it a matter of course to try the modern by the ancient, he became unjust[87] in a puerile degree to the magnificent literature of his own country. He was in fact what in German is called *einseitig*, or one-sided, right in one aspect — but, from the limitation of his view, wrong in every other. Here is a second ground of this noble author's present unpopularity; his own injustice to others, has recoiled in the same shape upon himself. Far different in this respect from Lord Shaftesbury's, wiser and more comprehensive, was the taste of Lessing; and here the parallel between them fails. Yet Lessing might have had some color of reason for despising modern literature; that of his own country, at the time when he commenced his career, presented little but ruins from a forgotten age, and rubbish from his own; and as to the French, in that department of it which is made the national glory, Lessing hated it, 'with an intolerant scorn;' and 'it was his great right to do so;' for, precisely in that department, it raised itself into hostility with all other modern literature, and into presumptuous rivalry with the Grecian; and these were pretensions, of which nobody knew the hollowness[88] so entirely as Lessing. But with all this undeniable food for his satirical humor, a humor, by the way, which he had in common with Lord Shaftesbury, Lessing was too noble himself to refuse his sympathy to the really noble, in whatsoever form embodied. His acquaintance with the European litera-

ture was extensive; and this had taught him, that whilst one literature (as the French) might, under a poor outside mimicry of the antique, conceal the deadliest hostility to its vital purposes, another (as the English) might virtually coincide with it in the supreme principles of nature, to which both appeal, though pursuing its common end under a different law of art. The English and the Grecian theatre differ as species and species in nature — the French and the Grecian as a true and a monstrous birth in the same species.

From this mention of the English theatre, it will be inferred that Lessing had paid some attention to our literature. He had; nor was there anything valuable in European literature to which he had not. In fact, his reading was too extensive; since in some degree, as he himself complains in one of his letters, it had hurt the spring and elasticity of his thoughts. Frederick Schlegel, in the introduction which he has prefixed to a little selection, in three volumes, from the works of Lessing, [*Lessings Geist aus seinen Schriften*,] on this subject, gives us a slight sketch of his studies, which, as it illustrates one or two other particulars insisted on in the comparison between him and Lord Shaftesbury, I shall here extract.

'Through all the periods of Lessing's life, we have occasion to notice in him the spirit of a Polyhistor, and a lively curiosity about everything possessing, in the remotest way, any relation to literature, though it were but in that class of subjects which are interesting to the regular literator, or black-letter bibliomane, simply because they once have been interesting. We notice also with pleasure, the traces which are now and

then apparent of the peculiar and anxious attention which he paid to the German language, and an intimacy with its ancient monuments, which even now is rare, and in those days was much rarer. At an early stage of his career, he had written a large commentary on the *Heldenbuck*, which, it is greatly to be lamented, has been lost; and later in life, and under the pressure of very different engagements, the epic romances of the Saint Graal, and of the Round Table, furnished him with favorite subjects of research. In short, the mind of Lessing was not cribbed and cabined within the narrow sphere of others amongst the learned, who are critics only in Latin and Greek, but in every other literature wholly at a loss. Lessing, on the contrary, handled every subject in a critical spirit — philosophy and theology not less than poetry and antiquities. Classical themes he treated with the popular grace and elegance which are usually restricted to discussions about the modern literature; and that again he examined with a rigor and precision which formerly were deemed unnecessary, except in the investigation of the antique. He studied, as I have said, the old domestic literature, and yet was sufficiently acquainted with the foreign literature of later growth — the English, for instance, up to the period of the French school,[89] and next to that the Italian and Spanish — to point out the path accurately into which a student should strike, and to direct the choice of his studies. Comprehensive, however, as was the range of his research, the criticism which he built upon it is thoroughly popular in its style, and universally applicable. When a philologist of prodigious compass, like Sir William Jones, pursues the web of languages through the chain

of their affinities up to their origin, — when a Wolf (Schlegel means Wolf the commentator on Homer, &c.) through the labyrinth of prejudice, doubt, and misconstruction of facts obscured or overcharged, and the disguises or absolute falsifications of time, clears his road to the source and true genesis of the oldest monument of Grecian art — in the nature of things it it impossible that more than a few can take part in such investigations. Nor is it necessary there should. Enough if every age produce two or three critics of this esoteric class, with here and there a reader to understand them. But the more popular spirit of Lessing's criticisms finds its proper field within the circle of the universally intelligible; a spirit of investigation so free and liberal, everywhere struggling after just ideas of art, everywhere rigorous and uncompromising, yet at the same time so ductile and quick in sympathy, ought to be diffused over the whole surface of literature; for literature presents nothing so great, nor anything so apparently trivial, to which it is not applicable.

'For Germany, above all, this were devoutly to be wished. We are a learned people — that praise is denied us by nobody — and if we neglect to lay a foundation for our literature — a literature as yet but in expectancy and reversion, — by the substratum of a learned spirit of criticism, on the model of Lessing's, it will not be long, I fear, before we shall lose the small stock of what is excellent that we have hitherto accumulated.'

I have fixed upon the Laocoon as the best fitted for my purpose, of any specimen that could have been

chosen from the voluminous works of Lessing. It is perhaps the most characteristic of his mind; and it has this advantage for the general reader, that whilst the subject is one of popular interest, no great demand is made upon him for continuous attention, — every section, though connected with the rest, being tolerably complete in itself, and separately intelligible. By the quality also of its arguments, and of the principles unfolded, the Laocoon is sufficiently fitted for popularity; for whilst they are all strikingly acute, they presume no previous knowledge in the reader of the kind which he is there seeking. In the works of Lessing, as a whole, there is one defect which has often been complained of, viz. that his philosophy is fragmentary — too much restrained to particular applications — and incapable of combination, or perfect synthesis; another feature, by the way, in Lessing which connects him with Lord Shaftesbury; for *his* philosophy also is scattered and disjointed, — delivered by fits and starts, — and with many a vast hiatus. Both of them, in fact, had a leaning to a sceptical (that is, a negative) philosophy, rather than a positive philosophy of construction. Meantime, this particular defect is less felt in the Laocoon than elsewhere; and for this reason; — Schlegel has remarked, (or rather Kant, for it is his remark originally,) that merely to clear up the boundaries of the different species, which might seem a negative service, yields the greatest positive uses for the development of each species in its whole individualities. Now this is done in the Laocoon; and it will be shown in the notes, that some errors which have arisen in England, would at once have been forestalled by the principles of this essay.

LAOCOON. — *An Essay on the Fine Arts, and their Limits. From the German of Lessing. With Notes by the Translator.*

SECTION I.

WHAT is the most prominent characteristic of the Grecian masterpieces in painting and in sculpture?

It will be found, according to Winkelmann, in majestic composure of attitude and expression. 'As the ocean,' says he, 'in its lower strata remains forever at rest, let its surface be as agitated as it may, even so the expression in the figures of the Greeks, under the uttermost tumult of passion, indicates a profound tranquillity of soul. Such a tranquillity is shadowed forth in the face of the Laocoon though in extremities of suffering. And not merely in the face. Every muscle is instinct with anguish; torture is made palpable to the spectator in the dire contractions below the bust; yet this suffering does not express itself by any frenzy in the countenance, or distraction in the attitude. No hideous shriek is uttered, as in the poetic Laocoon of Virgil; the opening of the mouth is not enough to allow of this, nor in fact of any louder voice, as Sadolet notices, than the stifled sigh of anguish. Through the whole structure of the figure bodily pain and grandeur of soul are distributed in equal measure, and are balanced into a noble antagonism with each other. Laocoon suffers, but he suffers like the Philoctetes of Sophocles. His misery pierces our hearts; but the presiding sentiment after all is a wish that we could support the situation of so miserable a being with the fortitude of so noble a one.'

This remark of Winkelmann's as to the fundamental part of it, that the suffering does not impress itself on the face of Laocoon, with that frantic agitation which might have been looked for from its violence, is perfectly just. And it is indisputable, that in this very point, in which a half-judge would pronounce the artist to have fallen below nature, and to have missed the true pathos of bodily pain, lies in fact the triumph of his wisdom. Thus far I assent: and it is simply as to the grounds which Winkelmann assigns for this wisdom of the artist, and as to the universality of the rule which he would derive from these grounds, that I venture to disagree with him. Undoubtedly I was staggered at first by the oblique censure of Virgil, and by the comparison with Philoctetes. From this point I will start, and will deliver my thoughts in the order of their actual development.

SECTION II.

'Laocoon suffers, but he suffers like the Philoctetes of Sophocles.' And how is *that*? Strange that the character of his suffering should have impressed us so differently. The complaints, outcries, and savage execration with which the torments of Philoctetes had filled the camp and disturbed the sanctity of the sacrifices, rang with no less hideous clamor through the desert island; and these, indeed, it was that had banished him to that solitude. Dread accents of rage, of anguish, of despair! which the Athenian theatre re-echoed in the mimic representation of the poet. It has been remarked that the third act of this drama is shorter than the rest. And why? Because, say the

critics, little stress was laid by the ancients upon the equalization of the acts. This I admit: but I should prefer any other instance in support of it to the one before us. For the truth is, that the interrupted expressions of pain in this act of the Philoctetes, the abrupt ejaculation of ἀ, ἀ, ὠ μοι, μοι, ἀταται, &c. with which it is crowded, must have demanded in the stage declamation, a prolonged volume of emphasis and of cadences very different from those which belong to continuous recitation: and hence, when represented, doubtless this act would fill as long a space of time as the rest. Measured by the eye upon paper it has a shortness, which it could not have had to an audience.

Crying is the natural expression of bodily pain. The Homeric warriors, gods or men, fell to the ground when wounded, not seldom with loud outcries. Venus, on finding her skin raised by the point of a spear, utters a loud shriek: and that this is not meant by the poet as any expression of the effeminacy appropriate to her in the character of goddess of pleasure, but as the universal tribute to the claims of suffering nature, appears from this — that the iron-hearted Mars, when pierced by the lance of Diomed, shrieks as hideously as ten thousand men in distraction, so that both armies are thrown into consternation.

Much as Homer may otherwise have exalted the heroic standard, yet invariably in cases of bodily pain, or of insulted honor, when the question is about the expression of these feelings — whether by crying, by tears, or by abusive words, his heroes remained faithful to their merely human nature. In their actions they are beings of a higher order; in their feelings very men. We[90] Europeans, I am well aware, with our modern re-

finement and decorum, are better skilled in the government of our eyes and our tongue. Passive courage has with us displaced the courage of action, which characterized the raw ages of the early world. And this distinction we inherit even from our rude ancestors. Obstinately to dissemble pain and to stifle its expression — to face the stroke of death with steadfast eye — to expire laughing amidst the pangs of adders' poison, and to disdain all lamentations for the loss of the dearest friend, — these are the characteristics of the old Northern heroism.

Not so with the Grecian! *He* gave a loose to the expression of his pain or his grief, and felt ashamed for none of his human infirmities; with this one restriction, however, that they were never allowed to interfere with him in the path of honor, or in the fulfilment of his duties. A triumph over his nature, for which he was indebted entirely to moral principle; whereas in the barbarian, it arose from the mere callousness of uncultivated sensibility. On this subject there is a characteristic trait in a passage of the Iliad, which I am surprised that the critics have overlooked. The hostile armies, having agreed to an armistice, are occupied in burning their dead; a ceremony which, on both sides, is conducted not without tears. Priam, however, forbids his Trojans to weep. Now, why is it that Agamemnon does not issue a similar order to the Greeks? The poet would here intimate to us that it is only the cultivated Greek that can reconcile the martial character with the tenderness of grief; whereas the uncultured Trojan, to attain the distinctions of a warrior, must first of all stifle his human affection.

It is remarkable, that amongst the few tragedies which have come down to us from the Grecian theatre, there are two[91] which found no small part of the distress upon the bodily sufferings of the hero; the Philoctetes already noticed, and the Dying Hercules: him also (in his Trachiniæ) Sophocles represents as weeping, wailing, and shrieking. There is even a Laocoon amongst the lost tragedies of Sophocles; and, though it is impossible from the slight notices of this dream in the *literators*, to come to any conclusion about the way in which it was treated, still I am persuaded that Laocoon cannot have been portrayed as more stoical than Hercules, or Philoctetes. Stoicism in every form is undramatic: and our sympathy with suffering is always commensurate with the expression of it in the object of the interest.

And now comes my inference. If it be true that audible crying and shrieking, as an expression of bodily pain, is not incompatible (on the ancient Greek notion) with grandeur of soul, — in that case, Winkelmann cannot possibly be right in supposing such a grandeur in the sculptor's conception of the Laocoon to have stood in the way of the natural expression of the agony which invests the situation; and we are now to seek for some other reason why, in this instance, he has departed from his rival the poet, who has not scrupled deliberately to express this trait of the situation.

SECTION III.

There is a story which ascribes to the passion of love the first essays in the fine arts: this story, no matter whether a fable or a genuine tradition, is so far true in

a philosophic sense, that undoubtedly this passion was the presiding influence under which the great masters composed, and which, in respect to the art of painting in particular, dictated the Grecian theory of its purpose and limits. For the wise Greek confined it within the narrowest bounds, and refused to paint anything but the Beautiful; and not that even when it belonged to a lower order; beauty, less than absolute, never except by accident furnished an object to the Grecian artist; at most, it might furnish him a casual study, or an amusement. It was the ambition of the Grecian painter that his works should enchant by the mere perfection of the object which they presented apart from his own workmanship; and his pride was too elevated to stoop to gratify the humble taste for a likeness skilfully caught, or to draw attention to himself by the sense of difficulty overcome.

'Who would choose to paint thee,' says an old epigrammatist, addressing a very deformed man; — 'who would choose to paint thee, whom no man would choose to look at?' But many a modern artist would say — 'No matter how deformed you may be, I will paint you. Grant that no man would willingly look at you, — what of that? Every man will gladly look at my picture, not indeed as exhibiting your person, but as exhibiting my art in reflecting so faithful an image of an object so disgusting.'

Meantime it cannot be denied, that this propensity to an ostentatious display of address and sleight of hand, unennobled by any value in the object, has too deep a foundation in our nature to remain wholly inert under any condition of the public taste; and accordingly, even Greece produced her Pauson, who exercised

his art exclusively upon the defects of the human form, through all its varieties of disproportion or distortion; and her Pyreicus, who painted such subjects as the ass, the whole tribe of culinary vegetables, dirty workshops, &c., with all the zeal of a Flemish artist. But these painters suffered the penalty due to this degradation of their art — the first in squalid poverty, and both in the public disrespect.

Even the civil power itself was thought in Greece to be not unworthily employed in confining the artist within his proper sphere; and a Theban law, as is well known, punished the representation of deformity. We laugh when we hear of this; but we laugh unwisely. Undoubtedly, the laws have no pretensions to any control over the motions of science; for the object of science is truth; and *that* is indispensable.[92] But the object of the fine arts is pleasure, which is *not* indispensable. And therefore it must depend altogether upon the pleasure of the lawgiver, to determine what kind of pleasure shall be allowed — and of each several kind what proportion. That class of the arts, in particular, which deals with forms, besides its inevitable influences upon the national character, is capable of leading to one result, which demands the special regard of the laws. The female imagination, impressed by the daily spectacle of grace and power displayed in the ideal beauty of pictures and statues, would gradually exalt the standard of the national form. Whereas with us moderns, the maternal imagination seems never to receive any effectual impressions but in the direction of the monstrous.

And hence I derive a notion which enables me to detect a latent truth in some old stories which have

hitherto passed for fables. Six ladies of antiquity, viz., the mothers of Aristomenes, of Aristodamas, of Alexander the Great, of Scipio, of Augustus, and the Emperor Galerius, all had the same dream during pregnancy, the main circumstance of which was that they had an adulterous commerce with a serpent. Now, undoubtedly, there must have been some reason why the fancy in these cases had uniformly settled upon a serpent; and I explain it thus: The serpent was a symbol of divinity; and the beautiful statues or pictures of a Bacchus, an Apollo, a Mercury, a Hercules, were rarely without this symbol. And thus it naturally happened, that the fancy of these ladies having banqueted in the daytime on the marvellous perfections of the youthful god, reproduced in the confusion of dreams this symbolic image as an asssociated circumstance.

But this by the way. What I wished to insist on is — that amongst the ancients beauty was the presiding law of those arts which are occupied with form. And this once established, it follows, that to the supreme object of beauty, every collateral object in these arts must be sacrificed at once where it cannot be brought into reconciliation, and must, in any case, be subordinated.

Let me pause a moment to explain myself. There are certain modes of passion, and degrees of passion, which cannot express themselves on the countenance but by hideously disfiguring it, and which throw the whole person into such constrained attitudes, that all the beautiful lines which define its outline in a state of repose, utterly vanish. Now, from these passions the ancient artists either abstained altogether, or de-

pressed them to a lower key, in which they might be so modulated as not to disturb the general beauty. Frenzy and despair, for instance, were not allowed to disfigure their pure creations. Anger they lowered into severity. By the poet, indeed, Jupiter might be exhibited in wrath and launching the thunderbolt; but the artist tranquillized this stormy passion into a majestic austerity. Anguish, in like manner, was tempered into sorrow.

But suppose such temperaments to be impracticable from the circumstances, how did the artist deliver himself from his embarrassment so as to express a due submission to the general law of his art, (that is to say, the beautiful,) and yet at the same time to meet the necessities of the particular case? We have a lesson upon this point from Timanthes. He, in his celebrated picture of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, had depicted the several bystanders, each with his appropriate expression of sympathy through the whole scale of grief; but, coming at last to the father, whose features should naturally have exhibited the passion in its extremity, what did he do? He threw a veil over his face. The story is well known; and many fine things have been said upon it. One critic thinks that the painter had exhausted his whole physiognomy of woe, and despaired of throwing a crowning expression into the countenance of the father. This solution is founded therefore on the *number* of the bystanders, and the consequent extent of the scale. But another is of opinion, that, apart from that consideration, and supposing no comparison at all, paternal grief is absolutely and *per se* inexpressible; and that this is what the painter designed to intimate. For my part, I see no such thing:

I do not admit the inexpressibility of paternal grief, neither in its degree, (according to the first opinion) nor in its kind (according to the second.) I deny the supposed impossibility of adequately representing it, whether it respects the aptitudes of the art to allow of this, or the resources of the artist for effecting it. So far from *that*, exactly as any passion grows intense, the traits of the countenance which correspond to it, will deepen in emphasis and characteristic meaning; and just in that degree will the artist find the deepest passion easiest to express. The true solution is, that Timanthes is here paying homage to the limits which the Graces had prescribed to his art. *That* grief, which belonged to Agamemnon as a father, could not (he was aware) express itself but by distortions of countenance that must be in the highest degree repulsive. Up to a certain point the expression could coexist with dignity and beauty; and so far he carried it. Beyond this the expression became more shocking in proportion as it was true to nature. Wholly to have omitted the paternal grief, or to have depressed its tone, would have been the painter's choice, had either been left free to him by the plan of his composition: not being so, what remained for him but to throw a veil over that which could not be expressed by the art of painting in consistency with its own end? In short, the veiling of Agamemnon is a sacrifice on the part of the painter to the principle of beauty; and is not to be interpreted as a dexterous evasion of the difficulties of his art for the sake of achieving indirectly an expression beyond the powers of the art itself to have reached; but, on the contrary, as an example of submission to the primary law of the art, which law is beauty.

Now then let all this be applied to the Laocoon, and the reason which I am investigating will be apparent. The artist was straining after the highest possible beauty, which, however, could not be reconciled with the circumstances of bodily pain exhibited in any form of degrading violence. This therefore it became necessary to moderate; shrieking was to be tamed into sighing; not, however, as though shrieking betrayed an ignoble soul, but because it convulsed and distorted the features. For conceive the mouth of the Laocoon to be opened so as to utter a shriek, and in a moment what a transfiguration! A countenance which had commanded our sympathy by the union of beauty and suffering which it embodied, is suddenly become hateful to us from the disgust associated with the blank aspect of pain unexalted by some mode of bodily perfection in the sufferer. Indeed, setting aside the hideous distortion which it impresses on the other parts of the face, a wide opening of the mouth is in itself a blot upon the harmonies of a painting, and in sculpture is such a descent into bathos as must always be in the last degree revolting. Accordingly, no artist, even in the decay of the arts, has ever figured the most uncultured of barbarians, though in the moment of mortal panic, with the victor's sword at his throat, as shrieking open-mouthed.

Let me add, that this depression of extreme bodily anguish to a lower tone of feeling, is unquestionably countenanced by several ancient works of art. The Hercules in the poisoned shirt, from the hand of an anonymous old master, was not modelled upon the Hercules of the Trachiniæ[93]; he was exhibited rather in gloom than in distraction; whereas, in the drama of

Sophocles, he utters shrieks so piercing, that they are reverberated from the Locrian rocks and the promontories of Eubœa. The Philoctetes also of Pythagoras Leontinus is described as communicating a sympathetic pain to the spectator; an effect which would assuredly have been defeated by the slightest trace of the horrific.

SECTION IV.

But Art, it will be said, in modern ages, has released itself from the narrow limits of the antique. Its imitations now are co-extensive with the sphere of visible nature, of which the Beautiful forms but a small part. Truth and Expression, it is alleged, now constitute its supreme law; and as Nature is herself forever sacrificing beauty to higher purposes, the artist also must now pursue it in submission to what is become the general and determining principle of his art. Enough, that by Truth and Expression the hideous of Nature is transformed into the beautiful of Art.

Suppose now, that, leaving these notions for the present uncontested, we were to look out for some principle quite independent of *their* truth and falsehood (which principle, therefore, it is free for us to use without thereby begging the question), and suppose that, starting from this principle, we could derive from it the two following canons of judgment; viz. that in the teeth of those objections (no matter whether otherwise true or false) the artist is bound,

First, to prescribe certain limits to himself in expressing passion; and thus to acknowledge some law paramount even to the expression.

Secondly, never to select the expression from what may be called the *acme* or transcendent point of the action.

I think then that such a principle, as we are in search of, will be found in one circumstance, to which the imitations of Art are necessarily tied by its more physical conditions — and *that* is its punctual restriction to a single instant of time; which restriction alone seems to me quite sufficient to yield us the two canons abovementioned.

Every process of Nature unfolds itself through a succession of phenomena. Now, if it be granted of the artist generally, that of all this moving series he can arrest as it were but so much as fills one instant of time, and with regard to the painter in particular, that even this insulated moment he can exhibit only under one single aspect or phasis, — it then becomes evident that, in the selection of this single instant and of this single aspect, too much care cannot be taken that each shall be in the highest possible degree pregnant in its meaning; that is, shall yield the utmost range to the activities of the imagination. But in the whole evolution of a passion, there is no one stage which has less of this advantage than its highest. Beyond it there is nothing: and to present the last extremity to the eye, is in effect to put fetters on the fancy, and by denying it all possibility of rising above the sensible impression of the picture or statue, to throw its activities forcibly upon the weaker images which lie below that impression. Let Laocoon sigh, and the imagination may hear him shriek; but, if he shrieks, the imagination will not be able to advance one step higher or lower without placing him in a more endurable, and therefore

less interesting, situation. It must then represent him either in his earliest sigh, or resting from his agony in death.

So much for the second canon. Next, as respects the other, since art confers upon the moment which it selects the steadfastness of eternity, it must never undertake to express anything which is essentially evanescent.[94] All appearances in nature, which bear the character to our understanding, of sudden birth and sudden extinction, and which, by their very essence, are fluxionary, become unnatural when fixed and petrified, as it were, into the unchanging forms of art; and, no matter whether otherwise agreeable or terrific, inevitably become weaker and weaker in the impression the oftener they are contemplated. Pain, violent enough to extort shrieks, either soon remits, or else destroys the suffering subject. Here then is a reason why the sculptor could not have represented Laocoon as shrieking, even though it had been possible for him to do so, without disturbing the beauty, or though in *his* art it had been allowable to neglect it.

This canon was understood and acted on by Timomachus, who, amongst the ancient painters, seems most to have delighted in subjects of intense passion. Two of his most celebrated pictures were the Ajax in Distraction, and the Medea. But, from the description which has come down to us of these pictures, it is evident that he has admirably combined an attention to both the canons laid down; having selected that point of the action in each case which rather suggested than represented its crisis or extremity, and that particular form of expression for the situation with which the sense of evanescence was not too powerfully con-

nected, to make us revolt from the prolongation of it by art. The Medea was exhibited, not in the very act of murdering her children, but a few moments before, whilst the struggle was yet fervent between maternal love and jealousy. The issue is foreseen; already, by anticipation, we shudder at the image of the mother mastered by her murderous fury; and our imagination transports us far beyond any effect that could have been derived from the actual exhibition of this awful moment. And so little do we feel any offence at the eternity conferred by Art on the indecision of Medea, that on the contrary the mind submits to it gladly, and with a wish that the conflict had in reality been eternal, or so long, however, that time might have been allowed for reflection, and for the victorious reflux of maternal tenderness. This treatment of the subject has obtained for Timomachus the warmest applause, and a great pre-eminence over a brother painter, who had in these points departed from his discretion. This artist had been injudicious enough to exhibit Medea in the very transports of her murderous frenzy; and thus upon a thing as fugitive as a delirious dream, had conferred a monumental duration, which is shocking and revolting to nature. A Greek poet, accordingly, when censuring his conduct in these particulars, with just feeling apostrophizes the principal figure in this way — 'Ha! Medea, is then thy thirst after thy children's blood unquenchable? Doth there rise up forever another Jason and another Creusa, to sting thee into madness? If so,' he adds, in indignation, 'cursed be thou even in the painter's mimicry.'

The management of the Ajax we may collect from the account of Philostratus. He was not represented

in the height of his paroxysm, slaughtering the rams and the he-goats which he mistakes for his enemies; but in the state of exhaustion which succeeded to these feats — revisited by reason, and meditating self-destruction. And this in strict meaning *is* the distracted Ajax; not that he is so now, but because we see his distraction expounded by its effects, and the enormity of it measured by the acuteness of his shame. The fury of the storm appears best after it is over, expressing itself by the wrecks and the ruins it had caused.

SECTION V.

I have argued that the sculptor, in setting limits to the expression of pain in the Laocoon, proceeded upon principle: On looking over the reasons by which this has been maintained, I find that they all resolve themselves into the peculiar constitution of his art, and its original and natural necessities. This being the case, it is scarcely possible that any one of these arguments should be applicable to the art of Poetry.

Without stopping to examine how far the poet can succeed in representing personal beauty, thus much is indisputable — that, since the whole immeasurable field of perfection in every mode is open to his art, that particular manifestation, or (to speak learnedly) that incarnation of the perfect which is called Beauty, can never be more than one amongst many resources (and those the slightest) by which he has it in his power to engage our interest for his characters. Least of all, is it necessary in any single trait of description, not expressly designed for the sight, that the poet should address himself to that sense. When Virgil's

Laocoon shrieks, who thinks of the wide opening of the mouth that takes place in that act, and of its ugliness? Enough that the expression, '*Clamores horrendos ad sidera tollit*,' is a grand trait for the ear, be it what it may for the sight. And he that looks for a beautiful image in this place, has wholly missed the true effect designed by the poet.

In the next place, nothing obliges the poet to concentrate his picture into one punctual instant of time. Any action whatsoever he is at liberty to take up from its origin, and to conduct it through every stage to the conclusion. Each one of these stages, which would cost the painter a separate picture, is dispatched by him in a single trait of description; and supposing this trait, separately considered, to be offensive — yet, by skilful position in respect to what precedes and follows, it may be so *medicated* (as it were) by the preparation of the one, and the reaction of the other, as to merge its peculiar and separate effect in the general impression.

Virgil, therefore, may be justified for departing from the sculptor in his treatment of the Laocoon. But Virgil is a narrative poet; how far, then, will the benefit of *his* justification extend to the dramatic poet? It is one thing to tell us of a shriek, and another thing actually to reproduce this shriek in a mimic representation: and possibly it may be the duty of the Drama, as a sort of living art of Painting by means of actors, to bind itself more severely than other kinds of poetry to the laws of that art. In the representation of the theatre it will be urged that we no longer *fancy* that we are seeing and hearing a shrieking Philoctetes; we do actually see and hear him: and the nearer to the truth of nature that the mimetic art of the actor is

in this instance carried, so much the more sensibly should our eyes and ears be offended; for it is undeniable that they are so in the realities of nature, by all violent expressions of pain. Bodily pain above all is, in general, ill adapted to call forth the sympathy, which is given to other modes of suffering. It presents to our imagination too little of distinct features, for the mere sight of it to impress us with a proportionate feeling. *Primâ facie*, therefore, it is not absolutely impossible that Sophocles, in representing his suffering heroes as weeping and wailing, may have violated a law of decorum, not arbitrary or fantastic, but grounded in the very nature of human emotions. The bystanders, it is clear, cannot possibly take as much interest in their sufferings as this clamorous uproar of ejaculation seems to call for. They will, therefore, appear to us, the spectators, comparatively cold: and yet, we cannot possibly regard their sympathy as other than the fit measure for our own. Add to this, that the actor can, with great difficulty, if at all, carry the expression of pain to the necessary point of illusion.

How plausible, how irrefragable, would many an objection drawn from theory appear, had not genius succeeded in demonstrating its falsehood by mere blank argument of fact. None of the considerations alleged seems to be without some foundation; yet, for all that, the Philoctetes remains a *chef-d'œuvre* of the stage. The truth is, that one part of the objections glances wide of Sophocles; and with respect to the other, simply by managing the subject so as to throw it out of the level of their range, the poet has achieved beauties which the timid connoisseur, in the absence of such a model, could never have imagined to be possible.

Marvellously, indeed, has the poet succeeded in strengthening and exalting the idea of bodily pain. First of all, he selected for the ground of his interest a wound rather than an internal malady, however painful, as judging the former to be susceptible of a more impressive representation.[95] On this principle, the internal fire which consumes Meleager, in fatal sympathy with the brand which his mother throws into the fire as a sacrifice to her sisterly wrath, would be less adapted to the illusions of the scene than a wound. Secondly, the wound of Philoctetes was a judgment from Heaven. A poison, in which was more than a natural malignity, gnawed within the wound forever; intervals there were none, except as regarded the extreme paroxysms; these had their stated periods, after which the miserable man regularly sank into a comatose sleep, in which nature rested from her agonies to restore him strength for treading the same round of torment again.

Dreadful, however, as were the bodily sufferings of his hero, Sophocles was sensible that these alone were not sufficient to sustain any remarkable degree of pity. With pain, therefore, he connected other evils; and these also taken separately might not have been particularly moving; but, connected as they were, they lent to the bodily torments a sad and touching interest, which again was reflected back upon themselves. These evils consist in hunger — in the inclemency of a raw ungenial climate — in utter solitude and the want of any *συντροφον δμμα*, together with the naked and calamitous condition of life to which a human being is exposed under circumstances of such perfect destitution. When the Chorus is reflecting on the miserable condition of Philoctetes, the helpless solitude of it is the

circumstance to which they direct their chief regard. In every word of this we recognize the social Grecian For represent a man as oppressed by the most painful and incurable complaint, but at the same time as surrounded by affectionate friends who suffer him to want for no alleviation of his sufferings, and fail in no offices of consolation, — undoubtedly, we grant him our sympathy, but not of a deep or an enduring character. Figure him, on the other hand, under the double calamity of sickness and of solitude; figure him mastered as by a demoniacal possession, incapable of giving help to himself through disease, incapable of receiving it through his situation; imagine him throwing out his complaints upon the desert air, expostulating with the very rocks and the sea, and pouring forth his wild litanies of anguish to the heavens, — we then behold our human nature under the uttermost burthen of wretchedness that it can support; we clasp our hands over the poor suffering creature; and, if ever an image crosses our fancy, of ourselves as standing in the same situation, we dismiss it with a shuddering horror.

Oh, that Frenchman! who had no sense to perceive all this, nor heart to comprehend it: or, if he had, was little enough to sacrifice to the beggarly taste of his nation everything that constitutes the passion of the situation! — Chataubrun, at one stroke, disperses the whole interest, by placing Philoctetes (*risum teneatis ?*) in human society. He introduces upon the desolate island a certain princess, the daughter of Philoctetes; and not alone neither, for she has her duenna along with her — a sort of thing of which I am at a loss to know whether it were designed for the service of the

princess or of the poet. Sophocles was aware that no compassion is stronger than that which is blended with images of despair: this it is which we feel for the situation of Philoctetes; and precisely this it is which the Greek poet carries to the uttermost limit, when he represents him as robbed of his bow — the sole stay and staff of his miserable existence. But the Frenchman knows a surer way to our heart: he alarms us with the prospect that Neoptolemus will be obliged to depart without his princess. This is what the Parisian critics call triumphing over the Ancients; and one of them proposed as a title for this very play of Chataubrun's, in relation to the supposed meagreness, of interest in the treatment of Sophocles, *La Difficulté Vaincue.*

Next after this general *coup d'œil*, carry your eye to the particular scenes in which Philoctetes is no longer the afflicted Solitary, but has hopes soon to quit his savage wilderness, and to repossess his kingdom; in which scenes, therefore, his whole misery is reduced to the agony of his wound. At this point of the action he moans, shrieks, and suffers the most appalling convulsions. And precisely against these scenes it is that the objection of violated decorum is levelled. All passions and affections, it is said, become offensive when expressed with too much violence. Nothing is so fallacious as prescribing general laws to our feelings, which lie in so subtle and intricate a web that even the most vigilant analysis can rarely succeed in taking up a single thread clear of the rest, or pursuing it through all the cross-threads which arise to perplex it. And, suppose it could, to what purpose? In nature there exists no such insulation of feeling; with every

single feeling there arise simultaneously thousands of others, the very slightest of which is sufficient to disturb the unity of the fundamental one — to modify — or utterly to change its character; so that exceptions accumulate upon exceptions; and the pretended universal law shrinks at last into a mere experimental deduction from a few individual cases. We despise, say the objectors, any man from whom bodily pain extorts a shriek. Ay, but not always: not for the first time; not if we see that the sufferer strains every nerve to stifle the expression of his pain; not if we know him otherwise to be a man of firmness; still less if we witness evidences of his firmness in the very midst of his sufferings, and observe that, although pain may have extorted a shriek, it has extorted nothing else from him, — but that on the contrary he submits to the prolongation of his pain, rather than renounce one iota of his resolutions, even where such a concession would promise him the termination of his misery. Now all that is found in Philoctetes. Amongst the ancient Greeks, moral grandeur consisted no less in persevering love of friends, than in imperishable hatred of enemies. This grandeur Philoctetes maintains under all his torments. Pain has not so withered his human sympathies, but that he has still some tears for the calamities of his ancient friends. Neither has pain so unnerved him as that, to escape from it, he will forgive his enemies, or lend himself to their self-interested purposes. And this was the man, this rock of granite, that the Athenians, forsooth, were to despise; because the billows, that could not shatter him, yet drew from him some sounds that testified his 'huge affliction and dismay;' — I must confess that I find

little to my taste in the philosophy of Cicero, scarcely anywhere indeed, but least of all in that part of it which he parades in the second book of his Tusculan disputations on the endurance of pain. One would suppose that his purpose had been to form a gladiator, so zealously does he play the rhetorician against the external manifestations of pain. 'The poets,' says he, 'make us effeminate; for they introduce the bravest men weeping.' Weeping? and why not? a theatre, I hope, is no arena. To the professed gladiator, sold or condemned to the Circus, it might be no more than becoming to act and to suffer with decorous apathy. He was trained, as to his first duty, to suppress all sound of lamentation, and every spasm of pain. For his wounds and his death were to furnish a spectacle of pleasure to the spectators; and thus it became the business of art to conceal all sensibility to pain and danger. The slightest expression of feeling might have awakened compassion; and that frequently repeated, would soon have put an end to these cold-blooded exhibitions. But the pity, which was banished from the exhibitions of the arena, on the tragic stage was the sole end proposed: and this difference of purpose prescribed a corresponding difference of demeanor in the performers. The heroes of the stage were bound to show feeling; it was their duty to express pain, and to display the naked workings of nature. Any constraint or discipline of disguise would at once repel sympathy; and a cold expression of wonderment is the most that could be given to a prize-fighter in the Cothurnus. Such a title, in fact, and no higher, belongs to all the persons in the drama of Seneca; and it is my firm conviction, that the

gladiatorial shows were the main cause of the indifferent success which the Romans had in tragedy.[90] The spectators in the bloody amphitheatre acquired a distorted taste in nature; a Ctesias, perhaps, but not a Sophocles, might have cultivated his art in that school. Once familiar with these artificial death-scenes of the arena, the genius of tragedy must have descended into fustian and rhodomontade. Now, just as little as such bombast could inspire genuine heroism, is effeminacy to be charged upon the lamentations of Philoctetes. These lamentations express him as a man; his actions express him as a hero. Both together compose the human hero, not effeminate on the one hand, not callous or brutal on the other; but this or that in appearance accordingly as he is determined by duty and principle, or by the impulses of his human nature. Philoctetes, in short, in reference to heroism, is the very ideal of what wisdom can suggest, or the powers of imitative art can realize.

Not content, however, with this general philosophic sanction to his hero's sensibility, Sophocles has taken pains to forestall every objection to which by possibility it could have been liable. For, notwithstanding we do not of necessity despise him who expresses his pain by shrieks, still it is undeniable that we do not feel compassion for him in that degree which shrieks may seem to claim. How then ought those to bear themselves who are brought into connection with Philoctetes? Ought they to wear the semblance of deep emotion? That would be contrary to nature. Ought they to manifest the coldness and the alien eye which are common in such cases? That would be shocking to the spectators, from the harsh line of

separation between two unharmonized states of feeling and the consequent loss of unity in the impression. Here then is a dilemma; but this, as was said before, Sophocles has contrived to meet. And how? Simply through the separate interest collateral to the main one which occupies the subordinate characters: not being neutral parties, but pre-occupied by their own objects, it implies no want of feeling that they cannot give an undivided attention to the lamentations of Philoctetes: and thus the spectator's attention is drawn off, from the disproportion between their sympathy and the shrieking of Philoctetes, to the counterbalancing interest to themselves of their own plan, and the changes it undergoes; changes that are entirely due to the force of sympathy, whether weak or strong. Neoptolemus and the Chorus have practised a deceit upon the unhappy Philoctetes: they are witnesses to the despair into which this deceit is likely to plunge him; and just at this moment he falls into one of his dreadful convulsions. If this spectacle calls forth no remarkable external expression of their sympathy, it compels them, however, to reflection — to respect them for the rights of human calamity, and to forbearance from all aggravation of it by treachery. This is what the spectator looks for: and the noble-minded Neoptolemus does not disappoint him. A Philoctetes, according to the Ciceronian conception, in full self-possession and master over his own pains, would have upheld Neoptolemus in his dissimulation; but a Philoctetes, whose sufferings transcend disguise, indispensable as that might seem to the purpose of intercepting any sentiment of repentance in the mind of Neoptolemus with regard to the promise he had of taking him off the

island, — a Philoctetes, in short, who is all nature, recalls Neoptolemus also to *his* nature. This revolution of mind in the young prince is of admirable effect; and the more touching, as it is brought about by no change in the situation of the parties, but by pure human sensibility. In the French Philoctetes, however, the 'fine eyes' of beauty have their share in this revolution: — '*De mes déguisemens que penseroit Sophie?*' says the son of Achilles. *What would Sophia think?* Faugh!

The very same artist-like contrivance of combining with the compassion due to the audible expression of pain, another and counterbalancing interest of a more selfish nature in the bystanders, has been employed by Sophocles in his Trachinia. The suffering of Hercules is not one which tends to exhaustion; on the contrary, it acts by irritation, and drives him into a frenzy-fit, in which he pants after revenge. Lichas he has already sacrificed to his fury, by dashing him to pieces against the rocks. The Chorus, therefore, composed of women, are naturally possessed by fear and consternation. This, and the agitation of suspense about the fate of Hercules, — will some god come to his assistance, or will he sink under his agonies? — constitute the proper and presiding interest which is but partially relieved by the other interest of compassion. No sooner is the suspense at an end, and the issue determined by the oracle, than Hercules recovers his composure; at which point, admiration of his final intrepidity swallows up all other feelings.

In comparing the suffering Hercules, however, with the suffering Philoctetes, we are not to forget that the first is a demigod, and the other no more than a man-

A being, entirely human, has no reason to be ashamed of his lamentations; but a demigod must naturally feel humiliated that the mortal in his composition could so far triumph over the immortal, as to extort tears from him and feminine complaints. We moderns profess to believe in no demigods; nevertheless, we demand of the pettiest hero that he should act and feel like a being of that order.

As to the objection, that no actor could carry the shrieks and spasms of pain to the necessary point of illusion, it is one which I will not presume to determine one way or the other. If it should appear that this is really impossible to our own actors, I should then be obliged to plead the perfection of the declamatory art amongst the ancients, and of the subsidiary aids in its mechanic apparatus; a perfection of which at this day we retain no sort of idea.

Note. — In this section amongst other instances of skill in the Philoctetes, Lessing insists upon the means used for exalting the wound; but *there* the merit is confined to a judicious selection from the existing traditions. A far better illustration of Lessing's meaning was once suggested to me from the Othello. The wretched La Harpe, it is well known, complains of the *handkerchief* as irretrievably mean. In the hands of a La Harpe we cannot doubt that it would have proved so. But Shakspeare has so ennobled it by the wild grandeur of its history,

——— 'That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give,' &c.

that we can no more regard it as M. La Harpe's

mouchoir, than the shattered banner of a veteran regiment as an old rag.

SECTION VI.

There have been critics who made no scruple of referring the Laocoon to the period of the Emperors, *i. e.* to a Post-Virgilian age; not meaning to deny, however, that it was a work of Grecian art. This opinion they founded, no doubt, upon the resemblance between the group of the sculptor, and the description of the poet, which was too close and circumstantial to be thought pure matter of accident: and, in a question of original conception, they took it for granted that all the presumptions were on the side of the poet. Apparently, they forgot that, without supposing either to have borrowed from the other, a third case is conceivable, viz. that both were indebted to a common model of some older period.

Waiving this question, however, I will suppose the artist to have imitated the poet, as a convenient assumption for exhibiting, in the deviations of the imitator from his model, the characteristic differences of their several arts.

The father and his two sons are represented, by both sculptor and poet, as linked into one intricate nodus by the voluminous folds of the snakes; an idea which is indisputably very happy and picturesque. In the distribution of these folds, it will be observed, that Virgil has been careful to leave the arms at liberty, in order to allow full activity to the hands. In this, the artist could not but follow him, for nothing gives more life and expression than the motion of the hands; and

in a state of passion, above all, the most speaking countenance, without their aid, would become unimpressive. Arms, glued to the side by the limbs of the snakes, would have petrified the whole life and animation of the group. But beyond this single circumstance of disengaging the arms, there is no other in the poet's management of the folds, which the artist could have adopted with advantage. In the Virgilian Laocoon, the snakes are wound twice about his neck, twice about his throat, and surmount his head with their crests. This picture fills the imagination, the noblest parts are stifled by pressure, and the venom is carried straight to the face. Nevertheless, it was no picture for the artist; the object for him was to exhibit the effects of the poison and the pain on the body: to do which it was necessary that he should expose the person freely to view, and without allowing of any external pressure that could affect the free play of the agitated nerves or the laboring muscles. Folds as complete as those in the Virgilian picture, would have concealed the whole body; and that peculiar contraction of the abdomen, so expressive of bodily anguish, must have been invisible. Any parts that might have still remained exposed above and below the folds, or between them, necessarily bearing marks of protrusion and tumor, would have indicated, not so much the pains within, as the external pressure. The folds about the throat, by increasing greatly the volume of that part, would have had the further disadvantage of disturbing that pyramidal tendency to a point, so agreeable to the eye, under the present arrangement of the group; whilst the pointed snaky crests, towering abruptly into the air from a basis so disproportion-

ately broad, would have harshly broken up the present symmetrical contraction of the proportions. The ancient sculptors saw at a glance, that a change of plan was in this instance prescribed by their art, and they transferred the folds from the body and throat, to the legs and the feet. So arranged, they caused no constriction or concealment that could interfere with the expression; on the contrary, they suggested the ideas of flight impeded, and of immobility; ideas which reconcile the mind to that perpetuation of a momentary state, which it belongs to this art to present.

I know not how it has happened, that the critics have failed to notice this difference between the statue and the poem. A second difference, which all of them *have* noticed, (though not so much to praise as to excuse it,) respects the costume. Virgil's Laocoon is in his priestly attire; but in the sculptor's group, he and both of his sons appear naked. Some people have discovered a gross absurdity in this representation of a royal priest presiding naked at a sacrifice. And the answer, made very gravely by the connoisseurs, has been — that unquestionably it is a great offence against costume: but that it was unavoidable, the artist not having it in his power to give his figures a becoming attire. Heavy folds, say they, have a bad effect in sculpture: of two evils, the artist has chosen the least; and has preferred to trespass upon the very truth of the reality, rather than to violate the primal law of his art in the drapery. The objection would have been regarded by the ancient artists, as ludicrous in a degree, which would have acquitted them of any obligation to answer it. For, suppose that the texture

of drapery were as much within the imitative powers of sculpture as of painting, would *that* prove that the sculptor had unnecessarily departed in this particular from his poetic model? Drapery in the poet's hands is no drapery; for it conceals nothing. Let Virgil robe his Laocoon, or unrobe him, the effect is all one; for our imagination looks through all disguises. Invest the forehead with the pontifical diadem; in the poet's hands this takes nothing from the effect; nay, it strengthens the impression of the calamity, by exhibiting the very symbol of his priestly office, which everywhere else commanded homage and veneration, steeped in the unhallowed venom of the reptile. But this subordinate effect would, in the sculptor's hands, have interfered with the main one. A diadem, or fillet, would have partially concealed the forehead; and in the forehead is seated the main expression.[97] As, therefore, in the circumstance of the shriek, he had sacrificed the expression to the beauty, so here the artist sacrificed the costume to the expression. Universally, indeed, costume was slighted by the ancients; for, with their art under its highest law, which is Beauty, they felt that costume of any form was irreconcilable. Necessity it was that invented clothes; and what has art to do with necessity?[98] But drapery also has its appropriate beauty; — Granted; but of what rank as compared with the beauty of the human form? And who, that could reach the highest effects of art, would content himself with the inferior? I suspect that the most perfect master of drapery, by that very accomplishment, points to his own deficiencies.

SECTION VII.

My assumption, that the poetic Laocoon was the original creation, tends in no respect to the disparagement of the sculptor; say rather that it places in the strongest light the wisdom which presided over his imitation. He followed another indeed, but not blindly, or so as ever to be led astray by him in the minutest trifle. True, he had a model; yet, as this model was to be translated out of one art into another, room enough was left him for originality of thought to be manifested in his deviations from his archetype; and this originality is, in fact, such as to place him in the same rank, as to *degree* of merit, with the poet whom he imitated.

It appears then, that, admirable as the picture is in the management of Virgil, there are traits in it, notwithstanding, incapable of being transferred to the purposes of the sculptor. The notion, therefore, that a good poetic description must also furnish a good picture in the painter's sense, and that a poet has only so far succeeded in his delineation as an artist can follow him, admits of great limitation; a limitation, by the way, which might have been presumed, even in default of any positive examples, simply from a consideration of the wider compass of poetry, and the peculiar nature of its images; for these, being less essentially sensuous than in the other arts, can co-exist without loss of their separate effects, in greater number and variety, than the objects themselves, or their natural signs, can do within the narrow limits of space and time.

That poetry is the art of greatest comprehension;

that effects are within its power unattainable to painting; and that a poet may often have good reasons to prefer the non-picturesque to the picturesque; these are truths which seem to have been but little contemplated: and, accordingly, upon the slightest differences detected between the ancient poets and artists, criticism has been confounded. The elder poets for example, generally invest Bacchus with horns. Strange, then, says Spence, that horns are so rarely found on his statues. The horns of Bacchus, however, were no natural horns, like those of fawns and satyrs; they were simply a frontal ornament, assumed or laid aside at pleasure. He could appear, therefore, unhorned; and did so, when he chose to reveal himself in his virgin beauty. Now it was precisely under that aspect that the artist wished to present him; and hence his obligation to dismiss all adjuncts that might disturb that impression. Such an adjunct were the horns attached to the diadem. Such an adjunct was the diadem itself, which concealed the beautiful forehead, and on that account is found upon the statues as rarely as the horns, although not less frequently attributed by the poets to Bacchus as its inventor. To the poet both horns and diadem were simply a source of beautiful allusions to the acts and character of the god: the artist, on the contrary, found them hindrances in his way — that interposed between the display of beauties greater than themselves. And if my notion be true — that Bacchus was surnamed Διμορφος, in reference to a power of manifesting himself in a beautiful or a dreadful form, nothing can be more natural than that, of two modes of figuring him, the artist should adopt *that* which best corresponded with the purposes of his own heart.

Statius and Valerius Flaccus have both described Venus under the passion of anger, with features so shockingly disfigured by that passion, that we should be apt to take her for one of the Furies, rather than for the Goddess of Love. Now, without any view to the defence of these particular passages, I shall here make one general observation on the principle which they involve. The gods, and other supernatural creations of the artist and of the poet, are not entirely under the same law of art. To the artist they are no more than impersonated abstractions; and, that they may be understood and recognized for what they are, must always retain the same symbolic characteristics. Treated by the poet, on the contrary, they are substantial concrete persons,[99] who, besides their universal attributes, may bring forward, as occasion presents, other qualities and affections, that, for the moment, supersede and throw into the shade their abstract character. Venus, for example, to the sculptor, is the mere principle of the sexual love; she must, therefore, be clothed with the retiring beauty and the gracious charms that fascinate us in beloved objects. These characteristics belong to the abstract conception; and the least deviation from this ideal would dissolve the representative image. Suppose, for instance, that her beauty were figured, not coy and retreating but majes-ic — here we should have at once a Juno, no matter what were the artist's design. Give to the charms a less gracious and more commanding air, and *ipso facto* we shall have a Minerva. A wrathful Venus, therefore, to the sculptor, is a nugatory conception; for love, *as* love, can neither be wrathful nor vindictive. With the poet the case is otherwise: to him, also,

Venus is the impersonated principle of love, — but then something beside: she is not merely the impersonated principle, but also the incarnate principle, for she is the *goddess* of love, that is, a living creature, with her own separate individuality superadded to her abstract character, and consequently no less capable of abhorrence than of desire.

True it is, that in complex groups, the artist enjoys the same privilege with the poet of introducing Venus or any other divinity as a real existence, and clothed with functions extra-essential to the idea which she represents. But, if extra-essential, they must at least never be contradictory to that idea — not to tie them down to the severe rule, which some would impose, of deviating from the strictly essential attributes no farther than to their immediate consequences. Let us take the case of Venus delivering the Vulcanian armor to her son Æneas. Here the act is of that kind, which, though extra-essential to the abstract character of a Venus, may yet bend to the sculptor's purposes; for there is nothing here to prevent him from giving to his Venus all the grace and beauty which belongs to her as the Goddess of Love. But take the case of the same Venus avenging her insulted authority upon the men of Lemnos, where she is exhibited descending upon a gloomy cloud in dilated proportions, with cheeks inflamed, hair dishevelled, a black robe thrown loosely about her, and a torch grasped in her hand; — this clearly is no phasis under which she could be contemplated by the artist; there being no room here for any traits by which he could suggest her universal character. But to the poet such an attitude and action are not ill adapted; since he has it in his power to

place in direct juxtaposition to this attitude of fury another more appropriate to the goddess, and carrying into the very heart of the transitory passion a sense of the calm and immortal beauty which it has for a moment been permitted to disturb.

In short, the poet has an exclusive privilege of painting by negative traits, and of so blending these with the positive, as to melt two opposite forms of revelation into unity. On this side stands a Venus, in the radiance and glory of her charms, her tresses confined by golden clasps, and her azure robe floating around her; on that stands a goddess; — another, and yet the same; stripped of her cestus; armed — but with far other flames, and with more terrific shafts, and accompanied by kindred furies. These are two opposite exhibitions of one and the same power; the artist can exhibit but one of these; the poet can exhibit both in direct succession. Shall the weakness of the one become a law for the strength of the other? If Painting be the sister of Poetry, let her not be an envious sister: nor let the younger deny the elder any ornaments whatsoever, simply because they are unsuitable to herself.

SECTION VIII.

In these comparisons of the artist and the poet, a principal regard must be directed to this question — Whether each were in equal circumstances of liberty, so as to be able to aim at the highest effects in this art, without external constraint.

Such a constraint existed to the artist not unfrequently in the national religion. A work, destined

to religious uses in the public worship, could not always aim at that pure form of excellence which might have been realized under a single and undivided attention to the pleasure of the spectator. Superstition had loaded the gods with images addressed to the sense; and thus it happened that the most beautiful amongst the gods were not always worshipped under their most beautiful forms.

Another mode of constraint existed in the internal difficulties and limitations of art. The personified abstractions of the poet were sufficiently characterized by the names and the sort of actions attributed to them. But to the artist these means of explaining himself were denied. By way of interpretation to *his* personifications, he was reduced to the necessity of connecting with them certain sensuous images or emblems. These images, being understood in a sense different from their direct literal import, gave to the personifications which they accompanied the rank and title of *Allegoric* figures. A woman, for instance, with a bridle in her hand, or a woman leaning against a pillar, are in the arts allegoric personages; that is, impersonated abstractions expounded by emblems. But the corresponding creations of Poetry, viz. Temperance and Constancy, are simply impersonated abstractions, and not allegorizations. This mode of expressing moral functions by sensuous images, was a product of the necessity which beset the artist. But why should the poet, who knows nothing of this necessity, adopt the artist's expedient for meeting it? The resources of Art, however meritorious for following the steps of poetry, are in themselves no absolute perfections. When the artist symbolizes a figure by some sensuous image, he

exalts this figure to the rank of a living being: but the poet, by adopting such auxiliary exponents, degrades what was already a living being to the rank of a puppet.

There is, however, amongst the attributes by which the artist characterizes his abstractions, one class which is both more capable and more deserving of being transferred to a poetic use; I mean those exponents, which, strictly considered, are not allegoric, but simply express the instruments appropriate to the functions of the impersonated ideas considered as living agents. The bridle in the hand of Temperance, or the pillar against which Constancy is leaning, are purely allegoric, and therefore of no poetic application. On the other hand, the balance which is carried by Justice, is but imperfectly allegoric; because the right use of the balance is *literally* one function of Justice. And the lyre or flute in the hand of a Muse, the spear in the hand of Mars, or the hammer and tongs in the hand of Vulcan, are not allegoric at all, but mere instruments for producing the effects which we ascribe to those beings. Of this last class are those attributes which the ancient poets sometimes interweave with their descriptions, and which, by way of distinguishing them from such as are properly allegoric, I would propose to call the poetic attributes. The poetic attributes are to be interpreted literally; but the allegoric on principles of analogy.

SECTION IX.

What strikes us in the artist, as the distinguishing point of excellence, is the execution; the invention,

in *his* case, holding but the second place in our regard. But in the poet this is reversed; and we make light of his faculty for executing, compared with his power of original conception. Take the Laocoon for instance; — here the tortuous involution of the father and his sons into one group is an original thought; and, had Virgil derived this from the sculptor, the weightier part of his merit would have vanished. On the other hand, suppose the artist to have been indebted in this point to the poet, and, therefore, confessedly to have foregone all claim to invention, he would still have had room enough for the display of merit the most splendid, and of a kind the most appropriate to his art; to express a passion in marble being far more difficult than by the instrument of words.

With this readiness, however, to dispense with the faculty of invention in the artist, it is natural that there should have arisen on his part a corresponding indifference to that sort of pretension. Sensible that it was hopeless for him to found any part of his distinction upon originality in the conception, he was willing to adopt ideas from any quarter, no matter whether old or new — and to throw the stress of his efforts upon the execution. Accordingly, he confined himself within the compass of a few popular subjects, and applied whatever inventive power he had to the modification of the familiar, and the recombination of old materials. And this, in fact, is the meaning of the word *invention*, when attributed to painting in the professed treatises on that art; invention applied not to the entire subject, but to the individual parts, or to their connection with each other; that sort of invention, in short, which Horace recommended to the

tragic poet. Certainly the poet has a great advantage who treats a known story. Thousands of petty details, which would else be requisite to put the reader in possession of the incidents and characters, are thus dispensed with; and the more rapidly his audience are made to comprehend the situation, the more readily will the appropriate interest arise. Now, if this be advantageous to the poet, *à fortiori*, it will be so to the painter. A subject, comprehensible at a glance in the purpose and meaning of its whole composition, is indispensable to the full effects of his art. For the final result depends much upon the first impression; and, if *that* be broken and retarded by a tedious process of question and investigation, the whole strength and liveliness of our emotions is intercepted and frost-bound.

Now, laying together both considerations, — first, that novelty of subject is the very last merit which we look for in a painting; and, secondly, that the very absence of this quality facilitates the impression which it aims at, — I think that we are under no necessity of ascribing the deficiency of invention in this art to a motive of indolent self-accommodation in the painter — to his ignorance — or to the mechanical difficulties of his art, as absorbing his whole zeal and attention; but, on the contrary, that it will appear to have a deep foundation in the principles of the art; and that what at first sight might have been thought to limit the compass and energy of its effects, is, in fact, to be applauded as a wise abstinence on the part of the artist. Undoubtedly, in one respect, he might have found a better field for his art than has, in fact, been chosen since the time of Raphael; for Homer, and not Ovid,

should have been the painter's manual. But this I say on a consideration of the superior grandeur which belongs to the Homeric subjects, and with no prejudice to the principle here maintained — that absolute novelty of story and situation is so far a defect in painting, and hostile to its highest purpose.

This principle is one which did not escape Aristotle. It is recorded that he advised Protogenes to paint subjects from the life of Alexander; an advice which, unfortunately for himself, that painter did not adopt. However, the rationale of it is evident: the acts of Alexander were at that time the subject of general conversation; and it did not require the sagacity of an Aristotle to foresee that they could never become obscure, or lose their interest and meaning with posterity.

SECTION X.

In poetry, (for example in the Homeric poetry,) we find exhibited two classes of acts and agents — the visible and the invisible. This is a distinction which painting is incapable of expressing. Everything expressible in this art must be essentially within the field of the visible. Let me take an instance. The gods are divided against each other upon the fate of Troy: and this division of interest at length comes to issue in personal combat. Now this combat, in the poet's representation of it, goes on out of sight; which circumstance of invisibility allows free latitude to the imagination, for figuring the acts and persons of the gods upon any possible scale of superhuman proportions. But painting is tied to the conditions of a visible scene, in which there will always be some parts

so necessarily determined by the fixed standards of nature, as to furnish a scale for measuring the supernatural agents. This scale, when brought into immediate juxtaposition with an order of proportions adjusted to so very different a standard, translates what was grand and idealized in the indefinite exhibition of poetry, into the monstrous and extravagant under the material delineations of art.

Minerva, for instance, being assaulted by Mars, steps back, and snatches up a huge stone from the ground. Now, I ask what ought to be the stature of a goddess who raises and hurls with ease a stone, simply to roll which into the station it occupies had required the force not of one man, but of several men united in some primæval age; considering also, that these early patriarchs are described by Nestor as far superior in power to the heroes of the Iliad, and those again described by Homer as having double the strength of his own generation? For the painter there arises here this manifest dilemma: either the stature of the goddess must, or it must not, be proportioned to the size of the stone. Suppose the first case, and the whole marvellous of the act vanishes. A man, three times greater than myself, must naturally be able to throw a stone three times heavier. Suppose the other case, and we revolt from the manifest incongruity between the weight and the power, — which, being made palpable to the sense in a picture, cannot be surmounted by a cold act of reflection upon the superhuman nature of the agent, as involving superhuman strength. Whenever we see effects of unusual magnitude, on principles of proportion, we look for adequate organs in the agent. Mars, again, when prostrated by this enormous stone,

covers seven acres of ground. Now, it is impossible that the painter should represent him under these prodigious dimensions. But, if not, he ceases to be the Homeric Mars, — and is, in fact, noways distinguished from any ordinary warrior.

It was the opinion of Longinus, that, if the Homeric men are idealized into gods, the gods, on the other hand, are sometimes degraded into men. This tendency to degradation in the poet, which in him is no more than a tendency, — painting carries into perfect development. Size, strength, speed, which Homer always attributes in higher measure to his gods than to the most eminent of his heroes, painting must of necessity lower to the common standard of human nature: Jupiter and Agamemnon, Apollo and Achilles, Ajax and Mars, are to the painter beings of one and the same order, whom he has no means of distinguishing except by mere conventional characteristics. However, though irrepresentable by painting, these superhuman dimensions lie within the field of sculpture; and I am satisfied that the general mode of delineating the gods, which prevails in the ancient statues no less than the colossal scale of their proportions, was originally derived from Homer.

SECTION XI.

Agreeably to this view of the case, if it is very possible that a poem should be rich in materials for the painter, and yet not in itself picturesque, as, on the other hand, highly picturesque, and yet unproductive for the painter, — there is an end at once to the conceit, which would measure the merits of the poet by

the degree in which he adapts himself to the purposes of the artist.[100] The source of this error lies in a verbal ambiguity. A picture in the poet's sense is not necessarily that which can be translated into the material picture of the artist. Every trait, no matter whether visual or not, by which the poet makes his object sensuously apprehensible, and so brightens it to the consciousness that we have a livelier sense of that object than of the poet's words, may be denominated a picture; inasmuch as it carries us nearer to that degree of illusion which it is the obvious and characteristic end of painting to effect. Pictures in this poetic sense, as here explained, the ancients call the *φαντασιαι*; and it were to be wished that this name had been adopted in modern criticism. So denominated, they would not readily have been bent to the restraints of material painting: whereas, with the name of *pictures*, there was at once connected an ambiguity which became a ready source of misapprehension.

Now, first of all, it is evident that the poet can carry to the necessary degree of illusion the representation of other objects than of visual ones. And here arises a distinction which at once cuts off from the painter's use a whole world of descriptive imagery, which is open to the poet. However, I will confine myself to visual imagery, which is common to them both. Whence is it, then, I ask, that even within this field there is not a little which the painter must forego as unfitted for his purposes? The reason is this: — the very signs or language by which painting accomplishes its imitations, can be connected only in space. Hence it arises that this art is obliged to abstain from all images, of which the different parts are in the succes-

sional connection of time: on which account progressive actions, *as* such, are irrepresentable by painting; and it is thus restricted in its imitations either to co-existing actions, of which the parts are collateral to each other, or to material objects, which can be so treated by means of attitude and position as to suggest an action which they cannot directly express. But I will endeavor to unfold all this in connection with its ultimate grounds.

The language of painting consists in lines and colors, which exist in space; the language of poetry in articulate sounds, which exist in time. Now, if it is undeniable that between the sign and the thing signified there must be reciprocal relations, and a subjection to a common law, it follows that co-existing signs can express none but co-existing objects, or those of which the parts are in co-existence: and that successional signs can express none but successional objects, or those of which the parts are in succession. Co-existing objects are called bodies: — consequently bodies, with their visible properties, compose the proper objects of painting. Successional objects, or of which the parts are in succession, we call actions: — consequently actions compose the proper object of poetry.

But all bodies exist in time as well as in space. They endure; and in every moment of this successional existence they may present different phenomena, and stand variously related to the surrounding objects. Each of these shifting phases and momentary states of relation is derived from that which preceded, and furnishes the ground for another which succeeds; on which account even that single aspect of an object to

which painting is restricted, may be regarded as the centre of this successive series; and thus far it is in the power even of painting to express actions, but only indirectly through the phenomenal state of bodies, and by way of suggestion from the known succession of those states. Actions, on the other hand, have no separable or independent existence, but are the adjuncts of living beings; and, in so far as these beings are material beings, poetry may be said also to describe bodily forms, not directly, however, but only by ways of suggestion, by describing the motions or successive changes and actions which imply them.

Painting, being in all its combinations subject to the law of co-existence, can apply to its use only one single instant of the action; on which account it is bound to select that one from the whole succession which is the most pregnant, and which points least ambiguously to what precedes and follows.

Poetry, again, tied to the law of succession, can avail itself of but one property in any material object; and must therefore select *that* one which presents the most sensuous impression of the object — regard being had to the particular relation under which the poet's purpose requires that it should be contemplated. From this principle is derived the critical injunction of simplicity in the choice of picturesque epithets, and of abstinence in the delineation of material objects.

SECTION XII.

In all this dry deduction of my principles, I should place but little confidence, if I had not found them confirmed by the practice of Homer; or rather I

should say, if it were not from this very practice of Homer that I had originally derived them. It is upon these principles only that the grand style of Grecian poetry, in its severest models, can be determinately explained; and upon these principles only that it would be possible to place in its right light the very opposite style of many modern poets, who maintain a foolish contest with the painter in a point where all competition with him, by the very nature of the case, is hopeless.

I observe that Homer paints nothing but progressive actions, that is to say, actions in their motions and succession of stages; fixed bodies, therefore, or individual things, he paints only phenomenally, or through their participation in these fluent actions expressed in corresponding changes. What wonder, then, that the painter finds little or no materials for his own art in the direct descriptions of Homer, these being always tied to the successions of time; and that, on the other hand, he finds his chief harvest not here, where the poet has expressly designed a description, but where the mere course of the narration has conveyed into one group a number of beautiful figures, in fine attitudes, and in an interesting situation, although, agreeably to my principles, they are the precise cases on which the poet will have put forth the least descriptive power, as being a composition of fixed forms brought together under the law of co-existence in space?

If in any case Homer so far deviates from his general practice as to describe a stationary individual form, he dispatches it with a single trait. A ship he will describe sometimes as the black ship, sometimes as the hollow ship, sometimes as the swift ship, or at the

most as the well-rowed black ship. Further than this he will not descend into the detail of description But, on the other hand, the ship, as a thing participating in action, under the accidents of leaving harbor — pursuing its voyage — making the land, he pursues into a circumstantiality of description which the painter could not transfer to his canvas in less than five or six separate pictures.

Even where circumstances compel Homer to detain the eye longer upon some individual form, still, however, he produces no picture which the painter could follow with his pencil; by various artifices he contrives to lead the object through a succession of stages, in every one of which it puts on a different aspect; whilst the painter must wait for its final stage, in order there to exhibit, as finished and mature, what, under the hands of the poet, we saw running through its various stages of birth and growth. For instance, if Homer wishes to exhibit the car of Juno, the whole is placed before us in its parts — the wheels, the axletree, the seat, the pole, the reins, and traces, not so much formed and previously co-existing, but growing up in succession under the hands of Hebe. Upon the wheels only the poet has detained us beyond his custom to exhibit the eight iron spokes, the golden fellies, the studs of iron, and the silver nave: on all the rest he has bestowed but a single trait.

Again, when the dress of Agamemnon is to be described, the whole is brought before us article by article — but how? Another poet, with the same purpose before him, would have described each part separately, down to the minutest fringe: but Homer introduces us to the King in the act of dressing him-

self: and thus without making the narrative pause for the description, in the very growth and succession of this action of dressing, we see displayed before us the dress itself in all its parts — the soft vest, the ample robe, the beautiful buskins, the sword, and finally the regal sceptre.

This very sceptre also, which is characterized simply by the epithets of paternal and imperishable, in what way does Homer convey to us an impression of its ideal grandeur? Instead of a formal description, he gives us its history, first as in the act of growing up under the divine workmanship of Vulcan: next, as it glittered in the hands of Jupiter; then as the ensign of dignity to Mercury; the truncheon of the martial Pelops; and the pastoral staff of the pacific Atrius. Such is the artifice by which Homer contrives to keep an individual object before the eye, when his purpose requires it: and in this way, without descending to a frigid description of its several parts, he succeeds in connecting a deeper impression with it than a painter could have done by the most elaborate picture. The same skill is exhibited with regard to the sceptre of Achilles and the bow of Pandarus: in both of which cases the description moves through the stages of a narrative, and the material images under the inanimate law of co-existence, are thrown into the shifting circumstances of a succession which advances concurrently with the advancing verses of the poet.

SECTION XIII.

It will be objected, however, to the doctrine of the last Section, that the signs which poetry employs,

(that is, words,) are not merely a successional, but also a conventional or arbitrary order of signs; and, in this latter character at least, well fitted to express the order of co-existences in space no less than the order of successions in time; and, as a most illustrious and decisive example of this from Homer himself, the shield of Achilles will be alleged; that famous shield, which Homer has described with so much punctual circumstantiality in reference to its substance, form, and embellishments, in upwards of a hundred magnificent verses, that a modern artist would find no difficulty in executing a very full and accurate drawing from it.

To this objection my answer is — that I have already answered it. Homer describes the shield not as a thing finished and complete, but in the progress of its formation. Here again he has adopted the artifice of throwing an order of co-existence into an order of succession, and thus converted the inert description of a fixed material object into the living picture of an action. It is not the shield that we see, but the divine artist in the act and process of making it. He advances with hammer and tongs to the anvil; forges the plates out of the rude unwrought metal; and immediately the figures, which are to decorate it, start forward in relief, each after each under the touches of his creative hand. At last the work is finished, and we survey it with astonishment; but with the enlightened and acquiescing astonishment of an eye witness to its formation.

Far different is the case with Virgil's shield. Either the Roman poet was in this instance insensible to the refined art of his model; or else the peculiar nature of

his own embellishments might strike him as incompatible with the same evolution through the actua. process of construction. The emblazonments of *his* shield are prophetic; now prophecy, *as* prophecy,[101] and in the very act of delivery, demands an obscurity of language with which the definite names of persons would not harmonize. Yet, on these very names it was that to Virgil, a courtier and a patriot, the main merit of the purpose rested; and thus it became necessary that this course of sculptural prophecy should be exhibited, not as growing up beneath the hands of Vulcan, but as interpreted and looked back upon by the poet — and therefore as a work already existing and complete. Such is our excuse for Virgil's management, which however does not remedy its bad effect. The preparations are the same in both poets for the labors of Vulcan. But in Virgil, no sooner are we introduced to the god and his Cyclopian agents, than the curtain is dropped, and we are transported to quite another scene, in which Venus appears with the armor already complete. She rests them against an oak; and after the hero has sufficiently admired, handled, and tried them, the description commences in due form; yet as it is not Æneas who delivers this description, (for he is unacquainted with the interpretation of the shield,) nor Venus, but the poet speaking in his own person; it follows that the action of the poem is here obliged to stand still. In short, as no one person of the poem takes any part in this description, and as it is a matter of indifference with regard to anything which follows, whether the ornaments of the shield had been the actual ones or any other, the shield of Æneas must be pronounced to be a pure mechanic

interpolation, contrived with no other view than tha of flattering the Roman pride. The shield of Achilles, on the contrary, is a spontaneous growth of the poem. A shield was at any rate to be made; and from the hands of a god even implements of use should not be turned off destitute of beauty. The shield, therefore, must have ornaments. But the point of difficulty was to exhibit these ornaments indirectly, and as if incidentally to the main purpose; and this could only be effected by the very course which Homer has adopted, of making them arise as parts of the very substance of the shield in the act of its construction. Virgil, on the contrary, must be supposed to have created the shield for the sake of its ornaments, since he thinks proper to bestow an express description upon these ornaments — not as accessary parts, necessarily involved in the forging of the shield itself — but separately and on their own account.

So much for the illustration of the argument; as to the argument itself, that the signs employed by poetry, being conventional, are as well fitted to express the order of co-existence as that of succession — undoubtedly this is true, but it is a property which belongs to language generally, and not as it is especially restricted to the purposes of poetry. The prosaist is satisfied if he impresses clear and distinct ideas; but the poet is required to impress them with the strength and vivacity of realities. He must describe with the force of painting; and now let us see how far the co-existing parts of material objects are adapted to that sort of description.

How is it that we attain to a clear representation of an object in space? First of all, we regard the

separate parts of it individually; next, the connection of these parts; and finally, the whole. These three operations our senses execute with such wonderful rapidity, that they melt into an apparent unity. Now this unity it is not within the power of a poet to attain; the mind is so much retarded by the separate parts of a consecutive description, that it cannot reproduce them with speed enough to connect them into a single representative impression of the whole. Hence the poetical illusion vanishes. Where the purpose does not demand this illusion, as in the case of a prose writer, who is describing merely to the understanding, pictures of objects under a law of co-existence, are perfectly admissible. The didactic poet, even *as* such, is not excluded from this use; for, wherever he is strictly didactic, he is in fact no poet. Thus, for example, Virgil, in his Georgics, describes a cow fitted for the purpose of breeding. In doing this, he runs through the series of characteristics which distinguish such a cow, manifestly with the plain prosaic purpose of rectifying our practical judgments in this matter; as to the power of the mind to combine this series of separate notices into the unity of picture, — *that* was a question which with *his* purpose he was perfectly justified in neglecting.

POSTSCRIPT ON DIDACTIC POETRY.

In the three last sentences there is a false thought unworthy of Lessing's acuteness. The vulgar conception of didactic poetry is — that the adiunct, didac-

tic, expresses the primary function (or, in logical phrase, the *difference*) of that class of poetry; as though the business were, first of all, to teach something, and secondly, to convert this into poetry by some process of embellishment. But such a conception contains a *contradictio in adjecto*, and is in effect equivalent to demanding of a species that it shall forego, or falsify, the distinctions which belong to it, in virtue of the genus under which it ranks. As a term of convenience, *didactic* may serve to discriminate one class of poetry; but didactic it cannot be in philosophic rigor without ceasing to be poetry. Indirectly, it is true, that a poet, in the highest departments of his art, may, and often does, communicate mere knowledge, but never as a direct purpose — unless by forgetting his proper duty. Even as an epic poet, for instance, Virgil may convey a sketch of the Mediterranean Chorography, and Milton of the Syrian Pantheism; but every reader perceives, that the first arise purely in obedience to the necessities of the narrative, and that the other is introduced as an occasion of magnificent display, and no more addressed to a didactic purpose, than the Homeric Catalogue of Ships, which gave the hint for it, was designed as a statistical document, or than the ceremonial pomps and emblazonments of a coronation, &c. are designed to teach the knowledge of heraldry. This is self-evident; but the case is exactly the same in didactic poetry — with this single difference, that the occasions for poetic display are there derived, uniformly and upon principle, from cases admitting of a didactic treatment, which, in the two instances just noticed, furnished the occasion only by accident. The object is to wrestle with the

difficulties of the case, by treating a subject naturally didactic in a manner, and for a purpose, *not* didactic; this is accomplished by such a selection from circumstances otherwise merely technical, and addressed to the unexcited understanding, as may bend to the purposes of a Fine Art; a branch of knowledge is thrown through that particular evolution which serves to draw forth the circumstances of beautiful form, feeling, incident, or any other interest, which in some shape, and in some degree, attach themselves to the dullest of exercises of mere lucrative industry. In the course of this evolution, it is true, that some of the knowledge proper to the subject is also communicated; but this is collateral to the main purpose, which is to win the beauty of art from a subject in itself unpromising or repulsive; and, therefore, the final object of the didactic poet is accomplished not *by* the didactic aspects of his poem, but directly *in spite of* them; the knowledge which emerges in such a poem, exists not for itself, but as an indirect occasion for the beauty, and also as a foil or a counter-agent for strengthening its expression; as a shadow by which the lights are brightened and realized.

Suppose a game at cards — whist, l'hombre, or quadrille — to be carried through its principal circumstances and stages, as in the Rape of the Lock and elsewhere, — nobody is so absurd as to imagine that in this case the poet had designed to teach the game; on the contrary, he has manifestly presupposed that knowledge in his reader, as essential to the judicious apprehension of his description. With what purpose, then, has he introduced this incident, where no necessity obliged him, and for what is it that we admire its

execution? Purely as a trial of skill in playing the game with grace and beauty. A game at cards is a mimicry of a battle, with the same interests, in a lower key, which belongs to that scene of conflict. The peculiar beauty, therefore, of such a description, lies in the judicious selection of the principal crises and situations incident to the particular game in its most general movement. To be played with skill and grace, it must evolve itself through the great circumstances of danger, suspense, and sudden surprise, — of fortune shifting to this side and that, — and finally of irrevocable *peripeteia*, which contain the philosophic abstract of such scenes as to the interest which they excite. Meantime the mere instruments by which the contest is conducted, the cards themselves, by their gay coloring, and the antique *prescriptiveness* of the figures, (which in the midst of real arbitrariness has created an artificial semblance of law and necessity, such as reconciles us to the drawing upon China cups, Egyptian and Etruscan ornaments, &c.) throw an air of brilliancy upon the game, which assists the final impression.

Now, here in miniature, we have the law and *exemplar* of didactic poetry. And in any case, where the poet has understood his art, it is in this spirit that he has proceeded. Suppose, for instance, that he selects as the basis of this interest, the life, duties, and occupations of a shepherd; and that instead of merely and professedly describing them, he chooses to exhibit them under the fiction of teaching them. Here, undoubtedly, he has a little changed the form of his poem; but that he has made no change in the substance of his duties, nor has at all assumed the real functions of a teacher, is evident from this: Pastoral life varies greatly in its

aspect, according to the climate in which it is pursued; but whether in its Sicilian mode, which tends to the beautiful, or in our sterner northern mode, which tends to the sublime, it is like all other varieties of human employment, of a mixed texture, and disfigured by many degrading circumstances. These it is the business of the poet to clear away, or to purify at least, by not pressing the attention on their details. But, if his purpose and his duties had been really didactic, all reserve or artist-like management of this kind would have been a great defect, by mutilating the full communication of the knowledge sought. The spirit in which he proceeds, is that of selection and abstraction: he has taken his subject as a means of suggesting, of justifying, and of binding into unity, by their reference to a common ground, a great variety of interesting scenes, — situations, — incidents, — or emotions. Wheresoever the circumstances of the reality lead naturally into exhibitions on which it is pleasant to the mind to be detained, he pursues them. But, where the facts and details are of such a nature as to put forth no manifestations of beauty or of power, and, consequently, are adapted to no mode of pleasurable sympathy, it is his duty to evade by some delicate address, or resolutely to suppress them, which it would not be, if the presiding purpose were a didactic one.

What may have misled Lessing on this point, is the fact that subjects are sometimes chosen, and lawfully chosen, for didactic poems, which are not adapted to pleasurable sympathies in any mode — but in their great outline to a sympathy[102] of disgust. Beauty, however, exists everywhere to the eye which is capable of detecting it; and it is our right, and duty indeed,

to adapt ourselves to this ordinance of Nature, by pursuing and unveiling it even under a cloud of deformity. The *Syphilis* of Fracastorius, or Armstrong's *Art of Health*, I do not particularly allude to; because in neither case is the subject treated with sufficient grace, or sufficient mastery over its difficulties. But suppose the case of some common household occupation, as the washing of clothes for example; no class of human labors are at a lower point of degradation, or surveyed with more disdain by the aspiring dignity of the human mind, than these domestic ones, and for two reasons; first, because they exercise none but the meanest powers; and secondly, from their origin and purpose, as ministering to our lowest necessities. Yet I am persuaded that the external aspect of this employment, with no more variety than it presents in the different parts of this island, might be so treated as to unfold a series of very interesting scenes, without digressing at all from the direct circumstances of the art, (if art it can be called,) whilst the comic interest, which would invest the whole as proceeding from a poet, would at once disarm the sense of meanness in the subject, of any power to affect us unpleasurably.

Now, Virgil, in his ideal of a cow, and the description of her meritorious points, is nearly upon as low ground as any that is here suggested. And this it is which has misled Lessing. Treating a mean subject, Virgil must (he concludes) have adapted his description to some purpose of utility: for, if his purpose had been beauty, why lavish his power upon so poor an occasion, since the course of his subject did not in this instance oblige him to any detail? But, if this construction of the case were a just one, and that Virgil

really *had* framed his descriptions merely as a guide to the practical judgment, this passage would certainly deserve to be transferred from its present station in the Georgics, to the Grazier's Pocket-book, as being (what Lessing in effect represents it to be) a plain *bonâ fide* account of a Smithfield prize cow.[103] But, though the object here described is one which is seldom required in any other light than that of utility, and, on that account, is of necessity a mean one,[104] yet the question still remains, in what spirit, and for what purpose, Virgil has described this mean object? For meanness and deformity even, as was said before, have their modes of beauty. Now, there are four reasons which might justify Virgil in his description, and not one of them having any reference to the plain prosaic purpose which Lessing ascribes to him. He may have described the cow —

I. As a *difficult* and intractable subject, by way of a *bravura*, or passage of execution. To describe well is not easy; and, in one class of didactic poems of which there are several, both in Latin, English, and French, viz. those which treat of the mechanic parts of the critical art, the chief stress of the merit is thrown upon the skill with which thoughts, not naturally susceptible of elegance, or of a metrical expression, are modulated into the proper key for the style and ornaments of verse. This is not a very elevated form of the poetic art, and too much like rope-dancing. But, to aim humbly, is better than to aim awry, as Virgil would have done if interpreted under Lessing's idea of didactic poetry.

II. As a *familiar* subject. Such subjects, even though positively disgusting, have a fascinating interest

when reproduced by the painter or the poet: upon what principle, has possibly not been sufficiently explained. Even transient notices of objects and actions, which are too indifferent to the mind to be more than half consciously perceived, become highly interesting when detained and re-animated, and the full light of the consciousness thrown powerfully upon them, by a picturesque description. A street in London, with its usual furniture of causeway, gutter, lamp-posts, &c. is viewed with little interest: but, exhibited in a scene at Drury Lane, according to the style of its execution, becomes very impressive. As to Lessing's objection about the difficulty of collecting the successive parts of a description into the unity of a co-existence, that difficulty does not exist to those who are familiar with the subject of the description, and at any rate is not peculiar to this case.

III. As an *ideal:* the cow is an ideal cow in her class. Now, every ideal, or *maximum perfectionis* (as the old metaphysicians called it) in natural objects, necessarily expresses the dark power of nature which is at the root of all things under one of its infinite manifestations in the most impressive way: that, which elsewhere exists by parts and fractions dispersed amongst the species and in tendency, here exists as a whole and in consummation. A Pandora, who should be furnished for all the functions of her nature in a luxury of perfection, even though it were possible that the ideal beauty should be disjoined from this ideal organization, would be regarded with the deepest interest. Such a Pandora in *her* species, or an approximation to one, is the cow of Virgil, and he is warranted by this

consideration in describing her without the meanness of a didactic purpose.

IV. As a *beautiful* object. In those objects which are referred wholly to a purpose of utility, as a kitchen garden for instance, utility becomes the law of their beauty. With regard to a cow in particular, which is referred to no variety of purposes, as the horse or the dog, the external structure will express more absolutely and unequivocally the degree in which the purposes of her species are accomplished; and her beauty will be a more determinate subject for the judgment than where the animal structure is referred to a multitude of separate ends incapable of co-existing. Describing in this view, however, it will be said that Virgil presupposes in his reader some knowledge of the subject; for the description will be a dead-letter to him, unless it awakens and brightens some previous notice of his own. I answer, that, with regard to all the common and familiar appearances of nature, a poet is entitled to assume some knowledge in his readers: and the fact is, that he has not assumed so much as Shakspeare in his fine description of the hounds of Theseus, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, or of the horse of Arcite:[105] and Shakspeare, it will not be pretended, had any didactic purpose in those passages.

This is my correction of the common idea of didactic poetry; and I have thought it right to connect it with the error of so distinguished a critic as Lessing. If he is right in his construction of Virgil's purpose, that would only prove that in this instance Virgil was wrong.

KANT IN HIS MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

SIR CHRISTOPHER,*

I have talked with you so often upon the grand philosophic question of this age — the value and interpretation of the doctrines advanced by the great Thinker of Königsberg, that to you I shall not need any apology for drawing the public attention to anything connected with that subject. Perhaps the direct philosophy of Kant, meaning by that term the Critical or Transcendental System, is not altogether fitted for a popular miscellany. Though, candidly speaking, I am not quite sure of *that ;* for one excellence of your thrice-famous journal lies in its vast compass. There is no note within the gamut of human inquiries, and the largest scale of human interests, which has not been sounded by you on one occasion or other ; and the true caution seems to be — not to reject such themes altogether, but (as in reality you have done) to keep them down within their just proportions. After a certain period of discussion, when books have familiarized us with their names, even the most abstruse inquirers after truth become objects of a mere popular interest in a limited degree. Fontenelle finds it con-

* This article originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine.

venient to expound one mode of philosophy to a female audience, Voltaire and Algarotti another. And such facts, possible for our ancestors of three generations back, are much more possible for ourselves, or *ought* to be, consistently with our pretensions. Yet, it will be said, mere abstruseness or subtlety, simply considered, is no *primâ facie* objection to the policy of entertaining a great question even before a popular and mixed audience. It is not for its abstruseness that we shrink from the Transcendental Philosophy, but for *that* taken in connection with its visionariness, and its disjunction from all the practical uses of life. In an age which, if ever any *did*, idolatrizes the tangible and the material — the shadowy (but not therefore unreal or baseless) texture of metaphysics is certainly called into a very disadvantageous comparison. Its objects are not those of any parts of knowledge to which modern curiosity is directed; neither are its weapons such as modern education has qualified us to wield. We are powerless for the means, and without reverence for the ends. The subsidiary pursuits of Logic, Psychology, &c., languish under the same neglect in this country. And thus every avenue being barred to this great and central philosophy, our ignorance, gross in this point as that of the Esquimaux, becomes reciprocally cause and effect in relation to our want of interest. Yet, after all is said and done, and when vassalage to the eye is most matured, and the empire of sense absolutely systematized by education, — still under every obstacle — oppression, thwarting, stifling, such is the imperishable dignity of the human mind, that all the great problems concerning its own nature and destination, which,

without one exception, happen to be metaphysical, must and will victoriously return upon us.

> 'Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
> Fixed Fate, Free Will, Foreknowledge Absolute,'

the ruined angels of Milton (Par. Lost, b. ii.) converse, as of the highest themes which could occupy *their* thoughts; and these are also the highest for man. Immortality — is *that* a natural prerogative of the human soul, or a privilege superinduced upon its original nature? God — does He exist by laws capable of a regular demonstration, as Des Cartes (borrowing from the Schoolmen), and, upon different grounds, Samuel Clarke, imagine? Or is He far transcendent to every mode of apodeictic evidence? Is man free, *i. e.* has that stupendous phenomenon of human nature — the will, or the practical reason — absolute autonomy? Or is *that* also under laws of mechanism? In fact, all parts of knowledge have their origin in Metaphysics, and, finally, perhaps revolve into it. Mathematics has not a foot to stand upon which is not purely metaphysical. It begins in Metaphysics; and their several orbits are continually intersecting — as in the questions arising on the Higher Curves — the Differential Calculus — and generally on the Infinite. Natural Philosophy even, which might have been presumed to have the least of a supersensuous origin, plants its first steps — those, namely, which concern Motion, Rest, Gravity, Force, Action, Reaction, Plenum, Vacuum, &c. — on ground which is so abundantly metaphysical, that the shallowest philosopher has been forced to see that the solution of the difficulties, in any case where they *are* solved, and the

anarchy of opinions in some of those cases where they are not, alike rest — not upon experiments enough or too few — but simply upon a better or worse theory, or metaphysical construction by the understanding of the known facts of the case. These facts are to be exhibited in a system, *i. e.* in their relation to each other; and that can be done only under the guidance of metaphysical principles. And this necessity is absolute; no speculations on these elementary parts of Physics, not those which are the most obstinate in nominally abjuring Metaphysics, can really and *bonâ fide* forego this necessity. As well might a man abjure Geometry when investigating the affections of the Parabola. '*Hypotheses non fingo*,' says Sir Isaac Newton; yet, as Kant has shown, in the business of a Vacuum — he not only *did* introduce a hypothesis, but that hypothesis a metaphysical one, and (worse still!) a needless one. Many are the men, indeed, who have railed at Metaphysics by metaphysical arguments; and have sought to establish the baselessness or the uselessness of Logic, Ontology, &c. by arguments drawn wholly from the armories of those sciences. The late *Walking Stewart*, for example, spent his life and scores of volumes in metaphycizing against metaphysics. And so in Physics, no matter how much opposed in other respects, all investigators of nature in her earliest *incunabula*, and expounders of the 'dark foundations' upon which her elementary forces repose, are compelled, in substance and reality, to enter the province of Metaphysics — however much they may disown the name; and can excel their predecessors or antagonists only in so far as good Metaphysics will furnish better results than bad.

Meantime, my dear Sir Kit, for myself — with my present purposes — the question is of no moment. Put what value you will on Metaphysics, your appreciation is a matter in which neither Kant nor myself can be much interested. Not Kant; for a disparagement, applied to the science *in abstract*, cannot personally or separately affect the individual. That Sparta, which has fallen to his lot, sterile as it may be, it is yet possible that he may have ornamented and developed to the extent of its capacity. On the other hand, not myself; for I am not at this time meditating any incursion into that unpopular region. On some future day, it is very possible, that I may trouble you with a short exposition of the Transcendental Philosophy, so framed that, without foregoing one iota of technical rigor, it shall convey, for the first time, to merely English ears, a real account of what that philosophy is. For take notice of this, that everything yet published on the subject of Kant, in the English language, errs by one of two defects. Either it is mere nonsense, in a degree possible only to utter and determined ignorance of the German language; or it is so close a translation of the *ipsissima verba* of Kant, as to offer no sort of assistance to an uninitiated student, to say nothing of the barbarous effect produced by a German structure of sentence, and a terminology altogether new. To the former class belongs the long paper in an early number of the Edinburgh Review, written, as I judged upon internal evidence, and have since had confirmed to me, by Dr. Thomas Brown. To the latter, the various essays of Mr. Wirgman, published in the Encyclopædia Londinensis. These, like some thousands of similar works published in Germany and

Denmark, are sure to be in the right by benefit of an artifice which, at the same time, makes them utterly useless, viz. by evading every attempt at commenting upon difficulties, or illustrating them, or giving their own sense of ambiguous passages, under one uniform caution of simply rehearsing and echoing the identical words (unaltered, uncleared, unexpanded by so much as a little parenthesis or note) of the master himself. Hence, whilst we have thousands (yes, thousands!) of German or Latin 'Commentaries,' 'Dictionaries,' &c. on the Philosophy of Kant, they are pretty generally, as I have often said, to be regarded as no more than mere *concordances*, more or less carefully compiled. If you would know the meaning of the word '*Transcendental*,'[106] for instance, the Dictionary of Schmidt, or any other contemptible work of that kind, will be sure to give you Kant's own definition of it; and it will also collect laboriously from all Kant's writings, a pompous enumeration of the various cases to which he applies this term; but not a syllable will you find of any attempt to harmonize their several applications, and to evolve the common principle which gives unity to so many apparent differences; no, nor a single attempt at anticipating and smoothing the difficulties likely to arise in the effort to grasp so subtle an idea, nor an atom of illustration wrought out *proprio marte*. In short, what assistance you might expect from an index of parallel passages, which should bring all the acceptations of a word under your view at one instant, *that*, and no more, you may promise yourself from the commentators of Kant. And this is the more disgusting, because Kant not only had no talent for communicating ideas luminously, but had even the good sense

to be aware of his own deficiencies in that respect, and *publicly* to avow them. After that avowal, it became criminal in a *soi-disant* commentator on Kant to rest contentedly in the words as he found them. Neither, indeed, had it been otherwise, and that Kant, instead of the obscurest had been the most luminous of expounders, could it have happened that another expounder, who had really mastered his meaning, would have uniformly acquiesced in his particular way of explaining it. We see, for instance, in Algebra, that the clear and most determined truths of that science, are presented in a different way and order by each successive teacher: *quot homines, tot rationes docendi.* And hence we are forced upon a very unpleasant conviction, in regard to modern Germany, viz. that, beyond any other nation, she breeds a race of sciolists, who derive a strange pleasure from wielding a pompous machinery of distinctions and technicalities, which they do not even fancy themselves to understand. For it is evident that, upon the faith even of a *fancied* knowledge, they would have courage to venture some fragment at least of an occasional illustration from their own stores. It must happen too, in some instances, that they would differ a little from their master. The main doctrines of a great systematic work may have too logical a cohesion to allow of this: grant one, you grant all; but still, in a very diffusive philosophy, there is room in some minor point for the most confiding disciple to hang a doubt perhaps, or an insinuation of a conditional demur. If nothing must be absolutely suspected, still (as in the French reign of terror) it may be suspected of being suspicious. The very blindest allegiance will allow of this. But natur-

ally, where all is chaos and darkness, there can be as little of sincere doubt or hesitation, as of self-originated illustration.

However, all this is by the way; for, though my statement of Kant's system will be very different, in these particulars, from those which load the German catalogues for the last thirty-five years, yet at present I shall cautiously abstain from every part of his works which belongs to him in his quality of founder of a new philosophy. The best way to a presumptive, or analogical appreciation of a man's pretensions in matters which we do not well understand, is to try him in those which we *do*. Metaphysics are pretty generally out of the reach of a nation made up of practical men of business. To judge a metaphysician directly, is therefore out of our province; but indirectly we may fairly enough compute his amount of power, by observing how he acquits himself on that neutral ground which is common to all intellectual nations. Civil Polity, for example — Natural Theology, Political Economy — these are parts of knowledge which furnish an arena, not less to the subtleties of the speculative, than to the good sense of the practical. Now it happens, that on these, and other subjects of a more miscellaneous nature, there exists a large body of essays, written *occasionally* (*i. e.* in the philosophic sense of that term, as occasions arose to draw them forth) by Kant, at many different periods of his long life. These have been collected since his death, and published in four octavo volumes under the title of *Kant's Vermischte Schriften*, (Kant's Miscellaneous Writings.) The editor, Tieftrunk, was personally acquainted with Kant; a man of talent, and one of the

few, perhaps, who really understood him. His notes, therefore, in the rare cases where he gives any, are valuable; and much to be lamented it is, that he did not give us more. It is also matter of regret, as with reference to my present popular aim, that the essays themselves have too little of a literary cast: too generally they have a scientific leaning, and always a scientific diction and mode of treating the subject. In reality Kant was a bad writer, and in some respects a pedant, and also, in a qualified sense, (and without meaning the least disrespect to him,) something of a brute. That is to say, though — from an early horror which he conceived for the character of a mere scholastic dreamer, unfitted to take his place in the business of real life — he affected, in his own person, the manners and knowledge of a man of the world, sought the society of ladies, and did not shrink from that of kings, soldiers, nobles, foreigners, &c.; and though, in the same spirit, and as part of that policy, he acted on the memorable counsel given to a Grecian philosopher,[107] and 'sacrificed to the Graces;' though he went so far even as to write an illustrative essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful, which he did his best to make popular, by making it determinately shallow and trivial; though, in the same spirit, he seasoned all his works with elegant citations from classical poets — always apposite, however trite; yet, under all these disguises, it is very evident that Kant's original determination was to a coarse, masculine pursuit of science; and that literature, in its finer departments, whose essence is power and not knowledge, was to him, at all parts of his life, an object of secret contempt. Out of regard to what he considered the prejudices of society, it is

true he concealed his contempt; and perhaps, in its whole extent, he did not even avow it to himself; but it is clear that it lurked in his inner nature. What, then? do I pretend to know Kant better than he knew himself? In some things, perhaps, I do. How, for instance, I ask, could that man have had any sense for the graces of style, in the largest meaning of that word, that is, for the mode of presenting a subject, of effecting the transitions and connections, for the artifices by which parts are brought forward into prominent relief, or withdrawn from too conspicuous a station; for the arts of preparation, of recapitulation, of peroration, together with the whole world of refinements which belong to a beautiful and impressive diction? — how, I demand, could *he* have had any organ for the perception of all this, who in his own case, and in those works which he most of all designed as the classical monuments of his own power, shows uniformly that, in a question of *manner*, he knows of no higher purpose that a man can, or ought to have, than in any way whatsoever, no matter how clumsily, disordinately, ungracefully — no matter with what perplexity or confusion, tautology or circumlocution, to deliver himself of a meaning? In some degree this is certainly surprising; for Kant was really a good scholar, at least as respected Latin. He had, indeed, been a schoolfellow of Ruhnken, that admirable master of classical learning; he had corresponded with him, and he wrote Latin excellently, indeed a sort of Latin very much superior to what passes for good amongst ourselves. But, for all that, he wrote his own language most uncouthly; some would say *barbarously*, but that would be going too far. Joseph Scaliger, in the Introduction

to his Annotations on Manilius, insists, very properly, on the distinction between *barbare loqui* and *incondite loqui*. This was precisely the difference between Wolff (the systematizer of Leibnitz) and Kant; Wolff, in our Queen Anne's time, who wrote in a piebald hybrid diction, made up of German, French, and Latin, might be said to write *barbare*, Kant, *incondite*, *i. e.* without composition or digestion. Frederick Schlegel, who was eternally weaving false refinements, represents Kant's style as the product of a deliberate system, and the result of infinite pains. Nothing can be more untrue; mere carelessness, combined with fulness of thought, self-confounded in the tumult of discharging itself, accounts for all that distinguishes his style. It is said that Kant was jealous of the reputation of Leibnitz. Perhaps, though in a way that never disturbed his candor, he was; and in some great endowments undoubtedly he had the advantage of Leibnitz; but in others he was vastly his inferior, and in none more than in this very quality of style. The philosophic style of Leibnitz is excellent: to subjects already difficult in themselves, he brings no superadded difficulties of language. In fact, Leibnitz had lived too much in Paris for that. German prolixity and involution are inevitably pruned away by intercourse with French models.

One or two of these smaller essays of Kant, therefore, with all their defects, that is, with the defect *quoad hoc*, (or relatively to a popular treatment,) of too great a bias to severe science, and with the *absolute* defect of a bad style, and bad in that way which least allows of a remedy being applied in any faithful translation, I purpose to lay before your readers, not

in a full version, but in a critical abstract. Allow me, however, to introduce them by a few general remarks on Kant's habits of thought, and on those peculiarities in his literary character and opinions which are likely to be most offensive to English readers, unless previously warned and taught to allow for them.

One fact, which struck me by accident, and not until after a long familiarity with Kant's writings, is this, that in all probability Kant never read a book in his life. This is paradoxical, and undoubtedly is in the very teeth of general fame, which represents him to have been a prodigious student in all parts of knowledge, and therefore, of necessity, it may be thought, a vast reader. A pretty general student he certainly was, but not, therefore, a great reader And, fully conceding his great attainments, I still adhere to my thesis, that Kant never read a book. What! none? No, none at all; no book whatsoever. The books of which he read most were, perhaps, books of voyages, and travels; for he himself gave lectures on what he called *Physical Geography*, *i. e.* descriptive sketches of our planet, both with reference to those obvious features of its terraqueous distribution and arrangement, (which constitute the sum of what is usually understood by geography,) and also with reference to its geologic structure, and the classification and condition of its human occupants. Books of that kind which are made up of independent notices, and a vast variety of details, could not be read by any process of short-hand; and these he borrowed from his own publisher (Hartknotch) and most unwillingly, I venture to say, glanced his eye probably over the whole, pausing, perhaps, to dwell a little upon any passage where

a prominent word or two might give a promise of some interesting discussion or statement. But wherever the business of the writer was not chiefly with facts, but with speculations built on facts, Kant's power of thought gave him a ready means of evading the labor of reading the book. Taking the elementary principles of the writer, as stated by himself or another, and supposing that he thought it worth his pains, he would then *integrate* these principles for himself; that is to say, he would supply all that was wanting as a complement to an entire systematic hypothesis. In this way he judged of Plato, Berkeley, and many others. Locke he had evidently read only in an outline; and authors of obscurer name, such as Plotinus, Boethius, Cudworth, and thousands of others, he had never so much as looked into. Yet these were writers in his own department; and if he would not read *them*, it may be presumed that (unless for relaxation) he would read nobody. For this abstinence, so long as he was forming his own system, I give him credit. Having his own principles fully conceived more than thirty years before he brought them forward in a full development, he was perfectly in the right to retreat from everything that could disturb their evolution; but once having matured his own scheme of philosophy, undoubtedly it was his duty to have examined the writings of others who had trod the same ground; as in this way only he could ascertain the amount of his coincidences with former philosophers. These are, in fact, very numerous in Kant; whilst the air of intrepid originality, with which he uniformly presents both his principles and their consequences, forbids us to suppose that he was aware of them as

such. I readily grant that, if an elder philosopher advances a truth as an insulated fact, and afterwards another deduces that same truth in a regular way, from principles peculiar to himself, the second propounder has a right to esteem himself under no obligation to the first. But he will do well in policy to notice the coincidence, and to point out the systematic tenure which it has obtained from himself, in opposition to the loose footing on which it stood previously. It is undeniable, however, that in many instances Kant has not the excuse which I have here suggested for him; he brings forward truths not at all better demonstrated, or illustrated, or applied, than they had been by others, as pure novelties, and all for want of reading. The same want of reading is conspicuous in another class of cases, viz. those where he has missed the most tempting opportunities for applying his own undoubted principles to the exposure of errors countenanced by popular writers — errors of which he was not aware; for we may be sure that no man willingly foregoes such challenges, as it were, to the victorious application of his own principles.

Secondly. It must not be concealed that Kant is an enemy to Christianity. Not content with the privilege of speaking in an infidel tone, and with philosophic liberty, he manifestly thinks of Christianity with enmity, nay, with spite. I will never believe that Kant was capable (as some have represented him) of ridiculing in conversation the hopes of immortality; for *that* is both incredible for itself, and in contradiction to many passages in his writings. But that he was mean and little-minded in his hatred to Christianity is certain. Nor is it at all unintelligible, that philosopher

as he was, and compelled to do homage, therefore, unwilling homage, to the purity and holiness which so transcendently belong to the Christian morals, (a subject which he could not decline or evade, having himself treated that part of philosophy with such emphatic truth and grandeur,) after confessing, as, in fact, he did, its superiority to the Stoic morality, which certainly approaches nearest to the Christian in uncompromising rigor of principle, it is still not unintelligible that he should harbor enmity to Christianity as an entire scheme of religious philosophy. Though at first sight startling, I repeat that this co-existence of two opposite states of feeling with regard to Christianity is no inexplicable phenomenon. Infidel philosophers have in general displayed a bigotry of hostility to Christianity, which, whilst openly testifying their hatred, covertly testified their respect. In this there is really no marvel, though it is true that many writers have treated it as such. Humphrey Ditton, for instance, in his once celebrated book on the Resurrection, addressing the infidels of his day, says, (p. 42,) 'Why is there so loud a cry of juggle and imposture set up against Christianity, against which the charge has scarce ever been attempted to be made out, rather than the religion of Mohammed, where they grant the forgery to be past dispute? If there be a little fling sometimes by chance at the Koran, the critics are *always* exercising their wits upon the Gospel. Now, I say, why all this noise and stir about Christianity? Why Jesus Christ more than Mohammed?' The answer to this is not difficult upon philosophic grounds. In any case whatever, let a man persuade himself that he has reasons for despising in one view

what forces his homage in another, and a struggle will inevitably take place between the two opposite impulses, such as will always terminate in a lively state of anger and irritation. Absolute and unmitigated contempt will generally preclude hostility. That feeling will arise more naturally when the contempt is disturbed (and, therefore, from a quiescent raised to an active force) by a counter agent, a sentiment of imperfect respect. On this principle is solved the cruelty practised on slaves by some men humane enough to brute animals. The inevitable respect for their own common nature in the person of the slave, meeting with their contempt for the individual, raised a conflict in their minds; but in the case of the brute, where the state of the feeling with which it is contemplated is not $+X$ (or *plus X*) in opposition to $-X$ (or *minus X*), but simply, $= 0$, no such conflict could arise.

The explanation, therefore, of Kant's hostility to Christianity was not at all the more difficult, because, in many capital points, he venerated Christianity. On the contrary, it was on that account so much the easier. But, however that may be, the fact is undeniable. In one passage, though I cannot at this moment cite page and volume, he peremptorily denies that the moral or political condition of the earth, and the general face of society, have been at all improved by eighteen centuries of Christianity, (more properly fifteen, regard had to the era of its civil establishment.) But Kant's works yield many instances of unfair dealing with Christianity; one of which, as it will amuse you, I will here translate. — In the conclusion of his '*Streit der Facultaten*,' Kant had remarked in the text tha

the Biblical History 'presents us with a very remarkable *Numeral Cabala*, in regard to the most important epochs of its chronology, such as cannot but in some degree weaken the impression of its authenticity.' This remark he illustrates at length in the following foot-note: 'Seventy Apocalyptic months, (of which there are four in this Cyclus,) each month of $29\frac{1}{2}$ years, make 2065 years. Now from this product subtract every 49th year as the great year of rest, or Sabbatical year, that is, subtract in all 42, and there remain exactly 2023 for the year when Abraham went up to Egypt out of the land of Canaan, which God had given him. Thence to the recovery of that country by the children of Israel are precisely 70 Apocalyptic weeks = 490 years. Four periods of that length (= 1960 years) added to the former period of 2023, make 3983 years (the era of Christ's birth, dated from the Mosaical creation); and *that* so exactly, that it is true even to a year. Seventy years after comes the final destruction of Jerusalem, and that also is a mystical epoch. But it may be objected, that Bengel (in his *Ordo Temporum*, p. 9, and p. 218, *seqq.*) deduces a different number as the era of Christ's nativity. True: but that makes no manner of difference in the mystical sanctity of the number 7; for Bengel's number is 3939. Now the number of years from Abraham's call to the Birth of Christ is 1960, which number expresses the amount of four Apocalyptic periods, each of 490 years, or (if you choose) of 40 Apocalyptic periods, each of 7 times 7 years (49.) Subtract, then, from every period of 49 years, *one* as the representative of the Sabbatical year, that will give you 40 for a subtrahend; and next subtract, on account of every great Sabbatical year,

(namely, every 490th year) *one* also, and that will give you an additional subtrahend of 4, as there are four such periods of 490 years. Your total subtrahend, therefore, will be 44. This taken from 3983, will leave Bengel's number of 3939 for the era of Christ's nativity. And thus it turns out that the two numbers 3983 and 3939, assigned on separate systems for the Birth of Christ, differ only thus far — that the latter of the two arises when, in computing the amount of time for the former, all that time which belongs to the four great epochs is reduced by the number of the Sabbatical years. According to Bengel's reckoning, the chronological table of the Sacred History would stand thus : —

'2023 — Promise to Abraham of the land of Canaan.
2502 — Accomplishment of this promise.
2981 — Dedication of the First Temple.
3460 — Order for building of the Second Temple.
3939 — Birth of Christ.

Subtract from every one of these numbers the one immediately preceding, and it leaves 490. Even the year of the Flood may be learned on this system by *à priori* calculation. Four periods of 490 (that is, of 70 times 7) make 1960. Subtract every 7th year (= 280), and there will remain 1680. From this 1680 again subtract every 70th year (= 24), and there will remain 1656 ; and that was the year of the Flood.'

Upon all this long calculation Kant concludes thus : 'What shall we say then ? Is it to be inferred that the sacred numbers have actually predetermined the course of history ? Frank's system, entitled *Cyclus Jobilæus*, turns upon this very centre of mystical chron-

ology.' — By way of answer to it all, I think I cannot do better than transcribe the words of Mr. Coleridge, as I once found them in a blank leaf of that volume which contains the Essay in question: — 'In this attack on the New and Old Testament from Cabala of Numbers, how came it that Kant did not perceive that Jews could not join with Christians? And one of the events, at least, is downright history, the destruction of Jerusalem. A single perusal of Eichhorn (no believer himself in the supernatural) dashes to earth all these objections. Besides, how unfair to subtract every 49th year in the first 2065 (= 2023), and not to subtract them in the 70 times 4 Apocalyptic weeks that follow: to make the Apocalyptic month 295 years, and then 4 Apocalyptic weeks = 28! What coincidences may not be produced by these means? I doubt not you might fix on some one number in the Greek or Roman history, and play the same marvels off with it. Petavius may omit, and Bengel introduce, the subtraction of the 49th year, and all is fair; but Petavius must not now omit and now introduce *ad libitum*. In short, the whole range is included in 10; and what wonder if, with such license allowed, half a dozen remarkable events, in the course of 6000 years, should be brought all to some one number? Every man's own experience would furnish equal coincidences in every year, if he examined minutely.' True. Take an instance from the immortal Niebuhr. From Æneas to the building of Rome — how many years? 360. Thence to the capture by the Gauls? 360. Thence to the foundation of the empire? 360. Thence to the foundation of Constantinople? 360. Was this Cabala? With respect to the Flood, Call of Abraham, Building

of the First Temple, &c., these are all events that lie beyond the earliest limit of Grecian chronology, and therefore, of necessity, want all collateral evidence. Resting, therefore, upon purely Jewish testimony, it is open to an infidel to insinuate that events, synchronizing so perfectly with a fanciful Rabbinical Cabala, were themselves likely to be equally fanciful. But when he goes on to apply the same principle of criticism to events authenticated by collateral records — Pagan as well as Christian, and Jewish, Greek, and Roman, no less than Hebrew — his scepticism recoils sadly on his own character for good sense. If a monkish chronicler were to assure us that great famine or pestilence had occurred, according to intervals indicated by the powers of the number 2, (viz. 4, 8, 16, 32, &c.) we should be disposed to laugh at his theory; and if we found him alleging confirmations of it from the dark ages, we should certainly suspect him of forging attestations so as to quadrate with his cabala. But if this same monk were to show us that certain recurrences in our own actual experience had been governed by this law, in such a case, supposing that we still persisted in rejecting his theory, we must do so *in spite of* his illustrations, and not surely in consequence of them. Now, Kant's illustrations from the relations of time between the Crucifixion and the Destruction of Jerusalem, are brought forward as additional grounds of suspicion against Biblical testimony; whereas evidently, so far as it goes, the tendency of this particular illustration is entirely in favor of the Cabala. Did Kant mean to question the Christian chronology of these events? If he did not, he meant something which tended against himself.

In the very same Essay, and in the very next page, is another instance of Kant's hatred to *pure* Christianity: if he would tolerate it in any shape, it seems it must be in that which is farthest removed from its primitive purity; which, by the way, is an argument in favor of my way for accounting for Kant's feelings on this matter. Talking of the Roman Catholics, he says — 'That church, in avowing that there is no salvation except within its own pale, speaks much more consistently than the Protestant, which admits the possibility of salvation even to the Roman Catholic. For, if that be so, then (as Bossuet[108] observes) a man will make the safest choice by attaching himself to the Papists. Since, after all, to be happier than happy is what no man need desire.' It is scarcely possible, in the same number of words, to crowd more or heavier errors. Even the last words have no truth; since a Protestant may, very consistently with Scripture, believe in *degrees* of future happiness. But the great blunder, and one which possibly never was surpassed by any man priding himself (and justly, for the most part) upon accuracy of logic, is in the application of Bossuet's remark. For it is obvious, that, if a man already believes in the Popish creed, then he has no choice to make. To suppose him in a state of freedom for making a choice, we must necessarily suppose him an unbeliever in that form of religion. If then, being an unbeliever, he yet adopts it on politic considerations of safety, (as having the votes in his favor both of Papist and Protestant,) *that* is no religion at all, either in the eyes of Papist or Protestant; for both must include sincerity in their idea of religion. Obviously, the maxim is of no prudential application at all; that

is, it does not beforehand serve to guide a man in his choice of religion: its use is merely reflex or retrospective; that is, supposing a man, in sincerity of heart, to have, *bonâ fide*, adopted the Popish faith as his own, such a maxim is consolatory afterwards, and on reflection, by suggesting the double guarantee which he has for having made a wise choice, first, in the assurance of his own church, and secondly, in the admission of the hostile church. That a logician so keen as Kant should have committed so monstrous an oversight, and allowed his spite to betray him into such an Irish Bull as that of making a man to be prudentially religious in professing a religion which he does not believe, has certainly no parallel. Here again I found a note of Mr. Coleridge's in these words: 'It may well surprise one to find in Kant a confirmation of so ridiculous a sophism as that of Bossuet and the Romanists. The Protestant does not say that a man can be saved who chooses the Catholic religion, not as true, but as the safest; for this is no religion at all, but only a pretence to it. A faith sincere, from honest intentions, will save Catholic or Protestant. So St. Paul on meats and holy days.' But the best, most triumphant, and most comprehensive answer which this monstrous abortion of sound logic ever met with, was from the pen of Jeremy Taylor. Never, perhaps, on any subject, were there two such annihilating arguments on this point, as these which follow. First, on the supposition (a very possible one) that we Protestants are *wrong* in our concession, — 'Whatever we talk, things are *as they are*, not as we dispute, or grant, or hope;' and hence he reminds a convert to Popery, whom he is here address-

ing, that it would be no great consolation to her, in the unfortunate case of finding herself damned, that we Protestants had, in our charity, believed the contrary. But, secondly, on the supposition that we are *right* in our concession, what is the true meaning and value of that concession? It may safely be affirmed, that, had Bossuet or any other Papist ever read the clencher which follows, we should never again have heard this Protestant concession insisted on: — 'I wish,' says Jeremy Taylor, 'I wish that you would consider that, if any of our men say salvation may be had in your church, it is not for the goodness of your new proposition,' (*i. e.* for the additions or changes interwoven with Protestantism, or Primitive Christianity,) 'but only because you do keep so much of that which is our religion, that upon the confidence of THAT we hope well concerning you. And we do not hope anything at all that is good of you or your religion, as it *distinguishes* from us and ours: we hope that the good which you have *common* with us may obtain pardon, directly or indirectly, or may be an antidote of the venom, and an amulet against the danger, of your very great errors. So that, if you can derive any confidence from our concession, you must remember where it takes root; not upon anything of yours, but wholly upon the excellence of ours. You are not at all safe or warranted for being Papists; but we hope well of some of you for having so much of the Protestant.' Other arguments follow and precede this, in which Jeremy Taylor has pursued the sophism with such overwhelming ridicule, and so merciless an exposure of its hollowness, to the very end of his letter, (a letter to an English lady, who had been re-

cently seduced to Popery), that, laying all together, one is perfectly astounded to find that any one single proposition can be comprehensive enough to cover such a variety and enormity of error. And had Kant been induced to read this flagrant exposure of the true Protestant sense of the famous Protestant concession, which he had backed with his *imprimatur*, under the Popish acceptation of it, he was too good a dialectician not to have blushed purple for his own levity and thoughtless precipitance.[109]

Writing with such habitual contempt for revealed religion, and with more bitter contempt in proportion as that religion came nearer to the ideal of absolute purity, Kant (as it may well be supposed) could not fail of drawing upon himself the notice of government. With all our modern outcry for toleration, it may be hoped that a time will never come, in any Christian land, when a public Professor in a great national university, authorized and protected by the government, — a Professor, too, whose extraordinary talents and knowledge diffused his opinions far and wide, and whose otherwise irreproachable life gave them additional weight and influence, — can have reason to count upon toleration, in sapping the very foundations of those doctrines upon which all the sublimer hopes of poor frail humanity repose. Such a time, we trust, will never come, even in the heart of infidel Germany. At all events, it *had* not come in the eighteenth century. And accordingly, on the 12th of October, 1794, Kant was surprised by an unwelcome letter of stern rebuke from his sovereign, the reigning King of Prussia, Frederick William the Second. The immediate occasion of this letter was his book on *Religion with-*

in the limits of pure Reason : but it is probable that this particular book did not mature and furnish the immediate *occasion* to the explosion of that displeasure which must have been long accumulating. The thunder fell with the more effect upon the old Transcendentalist, for a very particular and facetious reason viz. because he considered himself (*risum teneatis ?*) a remarkably religious character. In one thing the old man's feelings were spared, — the letter was a private one, and first made public by Kant himself after the king's death. As it is short and to the purpose, perhaps I may as well translate it.

'Frederick William, by the grace of God King of Prussia, &c. &c. To our well-beloved Immanuel Kant. Worthy and very learned Professor, our dear liegeman! So it is, that for some time past it has come to our high knowledge, with great displeasure, that you misapply your philosophy to the purpose of disfiguring and disparaging many capital and fundamental doctrines of Holy Writ and Christianity; as particularly in your book entitled *Religion within the limits of pure Reason*, and in other similar Essays. We had looked for better things from you; since you cannot but yourself be aware how deeply you offend, by such conduct, against your own duty as a teacher of youth, and against the spirit of our paternal wishes — to which you were no stranger — for the welfare of the country. We look for your conscientious answer as soon as possible; and expect, on pain of our highest displeasure, that you will give no ground for blame of that sort in future, but will rather apply your influence and your great talents to the task of furthering more and more our gracious designs for the public good.

Otherwise, in case of persevering opposition to our pleasure hereby notified, be well assured that you will have unpleasant consequences to expect. Meantime, we assure you of our gracious regard. Berlin, the 1st of October, 1794.'

Such was the rebuke, such were the menaces, which, in hoary old age, (then upwards of seventy,) Kant drew upon himself from his king, — a prince otherwise so well disposed to him, that nothing less than the highest provocation could have extorted from him a harsh word to a man, in other respects of merit so distinguished. But surely gray hairs and irreligion make a monstrous union: and the spirit of proselytism carried into the service of infidelity, — youthful zeal put forth by a tottering decrepid old man to withdraw from poor desponding and suffering human nature its most essential props, whether for action or for suffering, for conscience or for hope, is a spectacle too disgusting to leave room for much sympathy with merit of another kind. What was Kant's reply? — It has often been observed that, when once a man gets deeply involved in debt, he is rarely able to preserve his integrity or his honor quite unsullied; or at least loses the edge of his aversion to petty meanness. Something of the same effect is visible in the conduct of those who allow themselves openly to propagate infidelity. Let a man be as sincerely an infidel as any ever *has* been, it is most difficult to suppose that he can have framed to himself any notions of moral obligation, which could make it a duty to extend his opinions. So that it is a thousand to one that, in publishing his opinions, he has yielded almost consciously to a vanity or to a spite which he is ashamed

to avow. Hence arises a necessity for lying. And melancholy it is to record, that Kant, — the upright, stern, stoical Kant, — in his answer to the king, shuffled, juggled, equivocated, in fact (it must be avowed) *lied*. To what an extravagant height Kant carried his general reverence for truth, is well known. So sacred, in his estimate, was the obligation to unconditional veracity, that he declared it to be a duty, in case a murderer should apply to you for information as to the route taken by a man who had just escaped from his murderous fangs, to tell him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Not to save a poor innocent fellow-creature from instant and bloody death, not even to save the assassin from the guilt and misery of so hideous a crime, would it be lawful, in Kant's judgment, to practise any the slightest evasion or disguise. The right to truth, even of the most abhorred matricide, and in the very act and agony of accomplishing his hellish purposes, is, according to Kant, absolute, and incapable of restraint or qualification. This explanation it was necessary to make, that we may be able to appreciate properly the miserable dilemma in which Kant must have involved himself, before he would seek shelter from a king's displeasure in a palpable untruth. But such it was, a lie gross and palpable, on which this proud philosopher mainly rested his apology. His letter to the King of Prussia is a perfect model of all that a letter to a king ought — *not* to be; long, wordy, perplexed, miserably pedantic, and, by tortuous involution in some passages, (if *that* were not the ordinary character of Kant's style,) one might think expressly designed to mystify the king, and throw dust in his eyes. The

substance is this: — after rehearsing the words of the king's charges, he says, that, as 'a teacher of youth,' *i. e.* in his character of public lecturer, he could not by possibility have committed the offence imputed to him; since he had always taken, as the text-book for his lectures, a well-known work in which no mention of the Scriptures or of Christianity had occurred, or could occur, viz. Baumgarten's Metaphysics. But might he not have wandered from his text? No: *that* was a fault which no man could tax him with. Having set his face through life against the popular error of confounding the limits of different sciences, could it be supposed that he would himself trespass in that way? Thus far, certainly, Kant said no more than the truth. But now hear what followed. As to his work on religion, *that* was to be considered as a sealed book, never meant for the public at large, or what we may call the *lay* public, but addressed *ad clerum*, *i. e.* to the learned and professional public. Shameless falsehood! to say this of a book which is no otherwise an unpopular book than as it became such by the heavy, rude, and cumbrous style in which it is written, bristling with scholastic distinctions, and disfigured by hyper-composite terms of art. Such a style might have a good deal to repel; but was there nothing *ex adverso* in the wide-spread fame of the author, and the curiosity connected with his philosophy, that might avail as a counter-weight to that objection? And will Kant pretend to tell us, that it was in any man's power, writing rationally and with simplicity on a subject of such diffusive interest as religion, so to conceal his meaning as that it should not be penetrated by all people of education with a tolerably

good understanding? He had not so much as interposed the thin veil of Latin betwixt himself and the public. Such a veil, it is true, lasts only for a moment, as translators in abundance are always at hand for a book of any interest; but at least there is an homage to decorum in assuming that disguise. Perhaps, however, you may think that an acquaintance with the Transcendental Philosophy was a *conditio sine quâ non* for understanding the book. By no means. It was absolutely independent of that and of every philosophical system. And, had Kant spoken the naked truth, he would have said — 'It is most true that I have done the worst of what your Majesty imputes to me, and even worse: but, however, my book is written in such a disgusting style, very much resembling that of my present letter, that I am inclined to think very few people will read twenty pages without finding it act upon them as an emetic; on which account it may be considered as a book not written, or self-cancelled.' The practical result of the matter was, that Kant promised to offend in this way no more. But even here he practised a jesuitical reserve; for, in the last sentence of his letter, which made this promise in the most solemn (and to an unsuspecting reader in the most unreserved) terms, he prepared an excuse for a future evasion of his promise, by introducing the words, 'as your Majesty's most faithful subject;' which words, he tells us in a note, were secretly meant by himself as limiting his engagement to the term of the King's life; though the words neither pointedly express that limitation, nor were at all designed by Kant to be interpreted by the King in any such sense. This is not quite the good faith and plain dealing of a man of honor.

But enough of this. Another essay of Kant's, which I shall notice, is one which bears the following title — '*On the common saying, that such or such a thing may be true in theory, but does not hold good in practice.*'[110] In this Essay the primary purpose of Kant (or that which is ostensibly primary) is the correction of a vulgar error, which is all but universal, viz. the notion of a possible want of harmony (or even a possible irreconcilability) between the laws of theory and the facts of experience; as if it were possible, or even common, that the first should teach us to expect what the other might refuse to ratify. No notion can be more erroneous, or, indeed, upon a proper definition of the word *theory*, more self-contradictory. For theory is, in fact, no more than a system of laws, abstracted from experience: consequently, if any apparent contradiction should exist between them, this could only argue that the theory had been falsely or imperfectly abstracted; in which case, the sensible inference would be, not a summons to forego theories but a call for better and more enlarged theories. There is, however, a sense of this popular saying under which, though the expression is inaccurate, it is very true and very extensively applicable. In one passage, Kant seems to allude to such a sense, though he has not sufficiently illustrated his meaning. But waiving this, it is very certain that the ordinary application of the saying labors with the whole error charged upon it; and this is stated by Kant as follows. Having first shown the futility of pretending to practical skill, in disconnection from a knowledge of theory, he says: —

'Meantime it is far more tolerable that an unlearned

person should represent theory as superfluous for the purposes of his imaginary practice, (though not questioning their harmony,) than that a shallow refiner, whilst conceding the value of theory for speculation and scholastic uses, should couple with this concession the doctrine, that in practice, the case is otherwise; and that, upon coming out of the schools into the world, a man will be made sensible of having pursued mere philosophic dreams. In short, that what sounds well in theory, is not merely superfluous, but absolutely false for practice. Now the practical engineer, who should express himself in these terms upon the science of mechanics, or the artillery officer who should say of the doctrine of projectiles, that the theory of it was conceived indeed with great subtlety, but was of little practical value, because in the actual exercise of the art, it was found that the experimental results did not conform to the theory, would expose themselves to derision. For supposing that in the first case should be superadded to the theory of mechanics, that of friction, and that in the second, to the theory of projectiles were superadded that of the resistance of the air, — which in effect amounts to this, that if, instead of rejecting theory, still more theory were added, in that case the results of the abstract doctrine and of the experimental practice would coincide in every respect.

'However, it cannot be denied, that a theory such as this I have just mentioned, which has reference to objects of sense, is very differently circumstanced from a theory which has reference to mere ideas: a theory, for instance, which is employed upon mathematical objects (*i. e.* upon the determinations of space,

which admit of a sensuous construction) differs much from one which is employed upon philosophic objects, (*i. e.* upon notions which admit of no such construction.) Hence it should seem, *primâ facie*, not impossible that these last objects may be very accurately conceived and pursued into a theory, whilst yet, at the same time, they should be incapable of being *given*, (to use the technical term,) *i. e.* not capable of being realized in actual experience: in other words, the conceptions, and the theory built upon them, might be alike *ideas* in the true Platonic sense, that is, transcendent to all experimental exhibition, and susceptible of no practical application, or even of a very injurious one.

'*Primâ facie*, I say, in these cases, it seems not impossible that such a want of correspondence might be found between practice and theory. Whether it really *would* be found, is another question. But, waiving this question as a general one, let me confine myself, throughout the present essay, to one particular case of this question, viz. that in which the theory should happen to bê built upon the idea of *duty*. Now, in this case, I affirm, and shall undertake to prove, that all fear lest the theory should prove inapplicable in practice, on account of the idea on which it reposes, is utterly groundless. This is demonstrable; no theoretic demand of duty can by possibility be impracticable. Why? Because it never could be a duty to propose any such result as an object of legitimate desire, if it were not capable of being realized in experience — whether now and perfectly, or by approximation. This is the sort of theory which I shall treat in the present essay. For of this it is, to the scandal

of all philosophy, that we hear it not seldom alleged, that what is abstractly right in it yet cannot be made available for practice: and *that*, too, in a conceited tone, full of presumptuous pretensions for correcting the reason (and correcting it, observe, in that very point which constitutes its most glorious distinction) by experience; under the vain-glorious fancy of seeing farther and more surely by means of mole eyes fastened upon the earth, than with eyes fitted to a being that was framed to stand upright, and fix his gaze upon the heavens.

'In our days, so rich in words but poor in deeds, this very popular maxim, (of the discord between theory and practice,) as often as it happens to be applied to any question of duty, whether it be a duty in that mode of obligation which is called ethical, or in that which is called juridical, is sure to be the parent of the very greatest evil. On this account I shall state the relation of theory and practice in three articles or sections: *First*, as it respects moral obligation in general, with a view to the welfare of every man indifferently, taken individually; *secondly*, as it respects juristic or political obligation, with a view to the welfare of states; *thirdly*, as it respects cosmopolitical obligation, with a view to the welfare of the human species as a whole.'

Such is an outline of the introduction. From the body of the essay, as the parts of it are separately intelligible, and, indeed, quite independent, I shall select the *second* section: because this treats a question of politics in a high degree interesting to ourselves, not only as having often been discussed through the two last centuries, and by very celebrated writers of

our own, but also as being now of real historical importance in determining the merits of our ancestors at the great epoch of our Revolution. The question I mean respects the right of subjects to resist, in case of fundamental violation of the contract (implicit contract) between themselves and the supreme power. The origin and the limits of this right might still give room to much metaphysical casuistry. But it must excite the burning indignation of Englishmen to find Kant roundly and broadly denying the existence of any such right in the uttermost extremity; and that, too, with a special regard to the particular case of England; yet with all that ignorance of the facts which we might look for in a man who (as I have said before) never read anything at all.

I know not how others think upon this matter, under a point of view which I am now going to suggest. I know not how you think, most excellent Sir Kit; but for my part, I am stung with scorn, when I consider in what manner, and by what authorities, the capital questions which arise upon the rights of great nations have been adjudicated. A *litterateur* of no very masculine intellect, Hugh Groot, (or Grotius,) or suppose Puffendorf, (who certainly had as poor an understanding as any creature that ever lived,) simply upon the strength of a little Latin and Greek, which also neither of them (not Groot even) had in any perfection, — inconsiderable knaves like these, whom no man would allow to interfere in the most trivial domestic dispute, take upon them to lay down the law in the most peremptory manner for the weightiest concerns of mighty nations, on which are suspended, perhaps, the happiness and dignity of countless generations.

Their arbitration would not be valid for a contested claim to the tail of a herring; and yet, from the imbecility of men, who will catch at any opinion which countenances *their* side in a quarrel, nations themselves will accredit and give weight to judgments, which else are lighter than vanity. But perhaps Grotius, &c. rest their doctrines upon their intrinsic force, upon their coherence with each other, and their logical dependency from a sufficient original ground. By no means. All is blank dogmatism; mere autocratic bulls, ukases, or rescripts; a continual *stet pro ratione voluntas*. Forth steps Barclay, a toad-eating slave, one who practised adulation to kings, in the original sense of that word as a *slavish* homage (δουλεια), that is, with Phrygian cringes and genuflexions: — well, what says Barclaius? I allow, says he, of resistance in cases of hopeless extremity. Be it so; but now, tell us, hound! which be they? Why, these: For instance, first, if a king should commit enormous cruelties. Here note the abject understanding of the animal. Cruelties could never, in a populous nation, be an anti-national crime; they could bear no proportion co-extensive with the nation; they would constitute an offence against individuals. And the inviolability of the kingly character, in its relations to individuals, is a doctrine not merely of the free British constitution, but one which is found more or less developed in all refined countries; and, as civilization is matured, it will become universal. So that this sycophant destroys the sanctity of the regal character in the very point in which the warmest friends of popular rights must allow it. Then, again, what baseness to erect a privileged case for the sufferer in mere animal interests, which is denied to every pos-

sible mode or degree of damage or peril as to interests which the same being can have as a moral and intellectual creature! So that the inference is — if the social compact is liable to dissolution on this single ground — that the paramount purpose of society is to protect a man's carcass. What says Groot to all this? Why Groot nods approvingly. So much, then, is settled: hear it, ye nations, and obey! But is this all? No; yet another boon will Barclaius confer upon the nations of this planet. I allow one other case, saith he; and *that* is, when a king is taking measures to sell his people to a foreign prince; in such a case, be it understood that I, Barclaius, by these presents, allow of that people's resisting the conveyance. Now for Groot: doth Groot nod as before? No. Groot reclaims. This, saith he, is what I shall never allow of in that unlimited shape. No; I require proof, absolute proof, of signing, sealing, and delivery of the article. So Groot's concession amounts to this — that, supposing King John had so far accomplished his celebrated treaty with a Moorish prince, as that all England had found itself chained at Tanjier or Mequinez, in that case all England had Groot's gracious permission to commence resistance. I, Sir Christopher, as well you know, am no admirer of brutal punishments; in particular, the very word *knouting* is abominable to mine as it is to all refined ears. Yet, as even Barclay and Grotius allow of resistance in cases which they conceive to be desperate, so even I would unwillingly concede the use of the *knout* in cases unsusceptible of other remedies, and upon subjects insensible to other arguments. To some people, the only appropriate style of reasoning is by kicking them. *A posteriori* arguments

are alone intelligible to their perverse senses. And I must confess that it strikes me as far below the majesty of the subject, that any apologist for great historical passages, and for nations who were the actors in them, should permit himself or the clients whom he has adopted to be cited to the bar of a low Dutch rascal, self-constituted a judge, and raised into an authority merely by force of his own coxcombry and self-sufficiency.[111] The time for knouting Barclay or Puffendorf is past. That *was* the proper answer. Being now impossible, let us have none at all.

The same feeling — the same unwilling side-glance at the knout as the appropriate instrument of reply — must come over everybody, friend or foe, who reads Kant's attack on the English nation for their political Revolution of 1688–9. A great people solemnly effect a change in the government: [no matter whether, by introducing the doctrine of an abdication on the part of James, they were merely passive in the first step of the affair, since, upon any theory, they were undoubtedly active in the latter steps:] this people consecrate that event in their annals, and deduce their prosperity from that date. Forth stalks a transcendental pedant, and addresses them thus: — 'You think yourselves very clever fellows in all this affair, and strut about Europe like so many peacocks on the score of your imaginary merits; and you value yourselves much on the public prosperity you ascribe to this event. But, as to the results of it, take notice that if, in fact, you *have* prospered, yet, in good logic, you ought *not* to have prospered. And as to the event itself, apart from its results, just step into my closet, and I shall show you, in one volume octavo, that such conduct as yours merited capital punishment.'

'The Consul quoted Wickefort,
And Puffendorf, and Grotius,
And proved from Vattel
Exceedingly well,
Such a deed must be quite atrocious.'

So says the excellent ballad; but what came of the Consul? Why, the barbarous Dey — he 'strangled him in his prating.' And what some would think even a worse fate, has, in this instance, befallen poor Mr. Kant. For that which he designed as the most alarming insult to a great nation, and which was forever to throw a taint upon a capital point in their historical pretensions; in fact, what was put forth as a withering annihilation of British pride, as connected with the Revolution of 1688 – 9, has not yet, fifty years after it was published, been so much as heard of by those at whom it was aimed. I, for the first time, apprehending no mortification to our national pretensions in this great event, shall give the whole of what he says, without bestowing one syllable of reply upon it. So infinitely has England the start of all other nations in political knowledge, that even at this moment in France (where, however, they are far ahead of the Germans) a great authority, M. Cottu, is constrained to admit of his countrymen that they are not yet 'ripe' for discussions on civil liberty; and as to German philosophers, whosoever will look back to the full report of Dr. Sacheverell's trial in Queen Anne's time, (which said Dr. Sacheverell, by the way, was called over the coals for pretty much the same opinions as are here advanced, with much less caution and good sense, by Kant,) may there find an ample refutation of every notion here brought forward in almost every page of

the speeches delivered by the managers of the case on the part of the House of Commons. So general was the diffusion of light even at that time in England; so total the darkness almost a century later upon the same topic among the illuminati in the 'haughty schools' of philosophic Germany! But now let Mr. Kant be heard:

'Hence it follows, that all resistance to the supreme legislative power, all rebellion, for the purpose of giving effect to the discontents of the subject, is the highest and most punishable crime in any form of civil polity; inasmuch as it destroys the fundamental props of that polity. And this prohibition of resistance is unconditional; so that, for instance, the legislative power, or its agent, the supreme governor, may even have violated the original contract, and thereby, in the opinion of the subject, have forfeited the legislative function, — still, even in that case, all right of resistance continues equally forbidden to the subject. The reason is, because, during the subsistence of a civil constitution, the people can rightfully be entitled to no co-permanent voice in determining — how, or by what rules, that legislative power shall be administered. For, suppose the case, that the people had such a voice, and that the judgment delivered by this popular voice were in opposition to the judgment of the existing supreme governor, who, I ask, is to decide with which side lies the truth? Manifestly neither side can do this, as judge in his own case. Consequently there would arise a necessity for a supreme head of the state, paramount to the supreme head, who might thus be authorized to decide between the actual supreme head and the people; which, however, is

clearly a contradiction. Furthermore, I affirm that no right of desperate extremity, [*jus in casu necessitatis*] — which, besides, as a supposed right to violate acknowledged rights, in a case of extreme[112] physical necessity, is otherwise a nonenity in philosophical distinctions — can have any admission here, or can ever unlock that barrier which puts restraint upon the people. For the head of the state may just as well justify his severe measures against the subjects, by their contumacious resistance, as they their seditious movements by his tyranny. Who then is to decide? Doubtless, he that finds himself in possession of the supreme administration of the law; and that is precisely the head of the state: he only has the right of decision; and no member of the body politic can have a title to dispute this possession with him.

'Notwithstanding all this, I find respectable authorities, who take upon themselves to stand up for the right of the subject to a counter-power, of resisting under particular circumstances. Amongst these authorities, I shall here cite only one, viz. the very cautious, precise, and discreet Achenwall. This writer, in his *Jus Naturæ*, (5th Edit. Pars Poster. sec. 203–206,) delivers himself thus: — "If the danger which menaces the state from a longer toleration of the injustice exercised by the supreme magistrate, be greater than that which there is reason to apprehend from taking up arms against him, in that case the people are at liberty to resist him, in maintenance of this liberty are entitled to disengage themselves from their contract of allegiance, and are free to depose him as a tyrant;" and he concludes, "that in this way the people must be held with reference to their former governor, to have reverted to the state of nature."

'I readily persuade myself that neither Achenwall, nor any other of those worthy [113] men, who have been led into agreement with him upon this point by metaphysical refinements, would in any case of actual occurrence have counselled or even have sanctioned such perilous experiments;[114] and further, it is hardly to be doubted, that, had those popular movements, by means of which Switzerland, the United Netherlands, or even Great Britain, succeeded in extorting their present constitutions, upon which they set so high a value, come to a less fortunate issue, the readers of those histories would have seen, in the capital punishment of the several leaders in those revolutions, all honored as they now are, nothing more or less than the well-merited punishments of great state criminals. For, generally, the final issue mingles in our judgment upon the rightfulness of actions; notwithstanding that the first can never be certain, nor the last ever doubtful. It is, however, evident, in what regards the latter, that even if no wrong were done to the sovereign, (as possibly having himself previously violated his compact with the people), yet the people would, by this mode of seeking its rights, commit the very rankest injustice, as thus making all rightful constitution of a state impossible, and introducing a state of entire lawlessness (*status naturalis*), in which all right ceases, or at least ceases for effectual existence.

'This theory, in fact, we see sufficiently confirmed in practice. In the constitution of Great Britain, which that nation parades with such prodigious ostentation, as though it were a constitution for the whole world, we find that it is wholly silent about the rights which belong to the people, in case the monarch should

violate the contract of 1688; consequently,[115] it is clear that the English constitution secretly reserves the privilege of rebellion against the king, in the case of his designing to violate it, inasmuch as no law exists upon the subject. For, to suppose that the constitution should contain a law for this case, justifying the overthrow of that subsisting form of government from which all special laws emanate, even assuming that the contract *were* violated by the king, — this is a self-evident contradiction; because in that case it would involve a direct counterforce, publicly constituted; consequently, there must be a second head of the state, for the protection of the popular rights, and after that a third, to arbitrate between the two first. Accordingly, we see that the leaders of the people at that crisis, (or, if you will, the guardians of the people) apprehensive of some such accusation in the event of their enterprise failing, choose rather to palm upon the king (whom, in fact, they had panic-stricken into flight) an act of voluntary abdication, than to claim the right of deposing him; a claim by which they would have placed the constitution in open and undisguised contradiction with itself.'[116]

After this you will smile, Sir Christopher, to hear that Kant passes, first stopping, with infinite complacency, to compliment himself as a man whom, assuredly, nobody would ever think of charging with adulation to kings, or too indulgent a spirit to their rights, — he passes, I say, to undertake the defence of popular rights against Hobbes. Hobbes's notions on this subject we all know; and Kant protests that they are shocking (*erschrecklich*). But I dare say you

will dispense with this part of his Essay, which is simply bent upon demonstrating that, although the people have no shadow of a right to enforce their rights,[117] yet still (contrary to that shocking man Hobbe's doctrine) they *have* some rights; and if the monarch — be his name what it may, king or senate — will not grant these rights, then they are to tell him, *by means of a free press*, that really he acts in a very disagreeable kind of way.

But what if he refuse to allow them a free press, (this being the one sole resource conceded to the people)?

Why, in that case, they are to wait until he takes a more transcendental view of the case.

Next I shall give you, my dear Sir Christopher, the substance of Kant's famous Essay upon the famous problem of a Perpetual Peace; which Essay, it has been alleged, was pillaged, during the French Revolution, by the celebrated Abbé Sieyes.

ESSAY TOWARDS REALIZING THE IDEA OF A PERPETUAL PEACE.

This Essay, of one hundred and twelve pages, is not included in the four volumes of Kant's Miscellaneous Works, published by Tieftrunk. *Why*, I cannot conjecture. It is true that it was not buried in the *rudera* of any voluminous periodical Miscellany, as others were among Kant's fugitive and occasional papers. It had been published separately; and, perhaps, more than once; for my edition (Königsberg, 1796) professes, on the title-page, to be a '*new and*

improved edition.' But yet, as a volume of so little substance, so easily lost therefore, and upon a theme of so much interest and curiosity, — perhaps beyond any other short Essay of Kant's, this merited preservation.

The problem of a Perpetual Peace, were it only for its impracticability, taken in connection with the reasons for that impracticability, will forever retain its interest; that is to say, so long as it is not absolutely *demonstrated* to be a desperate problem; and such a demonstration, considering that the objections are purely moral, is at least as impossible as the problem itself. With the prevailing tone of thought in this country, and under the despotism of the *practical*, over every application of the mind, the mere entertainment of such a problem, though but for half an hour's speculation, is apt to throw the same sort of suspicion upon the sanity of a man's good sense as among geometricians *justly* attaches to the problem for *squaring the circle*, or among mechanicians to the problem of a *perpetual motion*. But, in reality, this is very unjust; for the two mathematical problems are *demonstrably* impossible; that is, *necessarily* unattainable, and for that reason *eternally*[118] so. But the formal problem of a Perpetual Peace is only accidentally unattainable: with every step taken in the moral development of human nature, as, for instance, in the abolition of slavery, (or, more philosophically speaking, in the possibility of such an abolition,) one step in advance would be gained towards the possible realization of a Perpetual Peace. For what makes such a problem impracticable at present? Simply the moral nature of man in its present imperfect

development. The impracticability is therefore commensurate with that obstacle. As that wanes, this will wane; as that grows, if it ever *can* grow, this will grow. Properly speaking, therefore, a Perpetual Peace should be classed, as to feasibility, with the great geographical problems of the advance to the Pole, attainments of North-east or North-west passages, determination of the course of the Niger, much rather than with the mechanical problem of a perpetual motion. Take, for instance, the advance upon the Pole. This, in the first place, has been influenced greatly by a subjective obstacle — (*i. e.* an obstacle entirely on the side of man, the agent, not on the side of nature, the subject of his attempt) — viz. the imperfect development of nautical science and nautical skill. These are progressive: in that proportion has the approximation been making for the two last centuries. But there are other elements to be contended with besides the sea. These are, as yet, even less tractable than *that* to our scientific resources. But a revolution, not greater than that effected by the steam-engine, may suddenly reduce them to obedience. And hence this problem can never become *demonstrably* desperate. A Perpetual Peace, without being liable to any such subsultory advances, yet so far agrees with these great physical problems, that it is progressive, though more continuously, and therefore less perceptibly progressive; at least, it is so in the faith of all those who believe in the continual moral advancement of the human species. But now let us hear Kant: —

SIX ARTICLES UPON WHICH A PERPETUAL PEACE CAN BE FOUNDED.

I. — *No Treaty of Peace shall stand for such, which is made with a secret reservation of matter for a future war.*

COMMENTARY.

Why? Because in that case it would be a mere armistice, in other words a mere postponement of hostilities, not a peace: for *that* means the end of all hostilities; and in reality the very idea of a peace is such, that to qualify it with the epithet of *perpetual*, is already something of a needless pleonasm. All grounds for future war, existing at this moment, though possibly as yet unknown to the contracting powers, are understood to be annihilated by the treaty of peace; let them be afterwards fished out with ever so much dexterity and sharpness of vision from old archives. Any reserve (*reservatio mentalis*) of pretensions or grievances to be first of all devised in future, which neither side mentions at present, because both are too much exhausted to pursue the war, yet with an evil design to revive them on the first favorable occasion for this purpose, are neither more nor less than jesuitical casuistry, and, in that view, below the dignity of sovereigns. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that, if the true honor of the state be placed, as agreeably to the maxims of state cunning it will be placed, in continual aggrandizement of its power, no matter by what means, in that case this principle of mine will be viewed as that of a mere scholastic and dreaming pedant.

II. — *No self-subsisting State (little or great is in this case all one) shall be capable of becoming the property of another State by inheritance, exchange, purchase or gift.*

COMMENTARY.

A state, in fact, is not, like the soil on which it is seated, a possession, (*patrimonium.*[119]) It is a society of men, over which no person but itself can have peremptory rights of disposal. Now, to inoculate such a body, a stem with its own separate root, as a graft upon another state, is virtually to take away its existence as a moral *person*, and to treat it as a *thing*; this is in contradiction to the idea of the original contract, without which no right whatsoever over a people can be so much as conceived. Everybody knows into what grievous dangers the imaginary right of this mode of acquisition, has in our times plunged Europe, (for the other quarters of the globe seem never to have recognized it,) to the extent even of believing that states could marry each other. Partly it has been pursued as a new mode of industry, viz. as the art of creating an overbalance of power, without expense of exertion, by means of family compacts.

Even the loan of troops from one state to another, for hostile purposes against one who is not a common enemy, must be referred to the same head; for in this act the subjects of the state are used and abused at pleasure, as *things* or tools of mere manua. application.

III. — *Standing armies* (miles perpetuus) *shall gradually be altogether abolished.*

COMMENTARY.

My reason is this : — Standing armies threaten other states incessantly with war, chiefly by means of the front of defiance and eternal face of equipment which they present. Hence they irritate other states to perpetual and unlimited competition with each other in the number of their armed troops ; and whilst by the cost of these measures it happens that peace itself is at length more oppressive than a short war ; eventually they become themselves the causes of offensive wars, adopted as the best chances for getting rid of such heavy pecuniary burdens. Add to this, that for men to be taken into pay, as blank agents for killing or being killed, implies a use of them as pure machines or *things*, which cannot well be reconciled with the rights of humanity involved in personality.

IV. — *There shall be no National Debts contracted with a view to external intercourse of the State.*

COMMENTARY.

For purposes of internal economy, this resource is not liable to suspicion : — but as a means of carrying on wars, it is most dangerous : inasmuch as this single expedient, summoning all posterity, by way of anticipation, to the aid of the existing generation, transcends all resources combined of simple taxation.

V. — *No State shall intermeddle by intrigues with the Constitution or Government of another State.*

VI. — *No State, during a period of war with another State, shall allow itself in hostilities of such a quality as preclude all future return to reciprocal confidence, for example, the employment of assassins, or poisoners; the infraction of capitulations; or the organization in the hostile country of domestic treason, &c.*

COMMENTARY.

These are all base, dishonorable stratagems. Some confidence in the honorable sentiments of the enemy must remain even during war; else all peace, or treaty of any kind, becomes impracticable, and the war degenerates into a war of extermination (*bellum internecinum*); whereas war is at any rate, and at worst, but the sad resource of necessity to enforce rights by force, in default of any court with adequate powers to enforce them by a process of law. In this view, it is plain that neither side can be pronounced an unjust enemy; for *that* would presuppose the function and authority of a judge; but the issue, as before a tribunal of God, is to decide which party is in the right. And between states no such thing as a penal war (*bellum punitivum*) is conceivable; because between states there is no such relation as that of superior and vassal. Hence it follows, that a war of extermination, leaving no room or hope for a peace, except such as would be indeed perpetual by assembling all the combatants upon one general Aceldama, must be held to be under the ban of international law; and all the means and agents be held prohibited, which lead to such a war.

Such are the six *preliminary* articles on which Kant's project is built. Three *definitive* articles follow, which are these: 1st, *That the internal constitution of all*

states shall be republican; 2d, *That their internal relations shall rest upon Federalism;* 3d, *That a cosmopolitical right shall be recognized in mankind to passive hospitality*, (meaning by *that* the right of free intercourse to the extent of *access*, though not of *ingress*.) The first of the three, coming from Kant, may startle you; but take it in connection with his important explanation: — 'That you may not,' says he, 'confound (as usually men *do* confound) the idea of *republican* with the idea of *democratical*, attend to the following distinction: Forms of state polity may be divided on two principles: first, on a personal distinction in the supreme minister of the state, as whether prince, nobles, or people. Here the distinction is in the Form of Administration (*Forma Imperii*); and of this no more than three modes are possible — *Autocracy*, *Aristocracy*, *Democracy*. Or, secondly, the principle of distinction lies in the Mode of Administration (*Forma Regiminis*); and, in relation to this, the state is of necessity either *republican* or *despotic*. Republicanism is the separation of the executive power from the legislative; and of Democracy it may be affirmed, that this, only, of the three *Formæ Imperii*, is essentially a Despotism.' The third article sufficiently explains itself. As to the second, Kant supposes (p. 37) that the very same impulses which have carried men, at a considerable price of personal sacrifice, to renounce the state of nature and lawless violence for one of social security, might weigh with states to an analogous renunciation of their right of war. True: but in the case of the individual man, his surrender of power, once made, is *enforced* upon him by the government to which, by the supposition, he has

resigned it. What corresponding force can be devised for states amongst each other still retaining their independence? Certainly no absolute one; but, as the best *surrogate*, Kant proposes a Federal Union of States. To those who would treat such a resource as a reverie, I would suggest the just remark of Kant, that all international law whatsoever (Fecial Law, Rights of Ambassadors, Laws of War, &c.) do of necessity appeal to and presuppose such a Federal state, no matter how immature. Indeed, recent *experience* is on the side of Kant. According to the remark of Mr. Southey (in his Sir T. More, vol. II. p. 425), 'The Holy Alliance, imperfect and unstable as it is, is in itself a recognition of the principle' (of a Perpetual Peace). Certainly this was the first step taken by leading nations to realize the *fact* of a Federal Areopagus for Europe, let the immediate *purpose* have been what it may. Meantime, the growth of a Federalism, purified for Kant's purpose, will be slow. Perhaps he did not himself think otherwise. Nay, it is very possible that the satirical sign-board of a Dutch innkeeper, which he pleasantly alludes to in his preface —viz. a churchyard, filled with graves, and bearing the sarcastic superscription of *Perpetual Peace* — may, in fact, express the amount of his own *serious* anticipations in this region of human hopes.

I am really shocked, my dear friend, to find the length of my paper. Yet, supposing that I were treating the same subject in a separate book, rather than in a journal, I should be disposed to lengthen it by five entire essays: one, entitled the *Natural History of the Heavens*, in which Kant anticipated much of Herschell's views on the System of the Universe; another

upon the idea of a *Race* in natural history, which deduces the physical varieties of man from a single aboriginal pair; a third, upon supposed marks of *senility* in our own planet. These would furnish popular illustrations of Kant's science; whilst his subtlety in paths more peculiarly his own would be best sustained by a little essay *On the Introduction into Philosophy of the idea of Negative Quantities*, and by his *Scheme of a Universal History on a Cosmopolitical plan*. This last I myself translated and published some years ago; and I shall not think my time lost, were it only for the following opinion which this essay was the occasion of drawing recently from Mr. Southey: — 'That Kant is as profound a philosopher as his disciples have proclaimed him to be, this little treatise would fully convince me, if I had not already believed it in reliance upon one,' &c. — *Southey's Sir T. More*, vol. II. p. 408.

I had much to say of Kant in the way of blame; but I am not sorry that my last words about him happened to be those of praise — and praise from a writer who had great prejudices to overcome, being, in an ultra-British sense, hostile to metaphysicians as a class.

By way of a literary curiosity for the History of Popular Sophisms, let me tell you at parting, that the original root of the famous argument grounded upon the Protestant concession of safety to Romanism — (about which I have said so much in the earlier part of this letter) lies in the following words of Arnobius: *Nonne purior ratio, ex duobus incertis et in ambiguâ expectatione pendentibus, id potius credere quod aliquas spes ferat — quàm quod omnino nullas?*

THE LAST DAYS OF IMMANUEL KANT.

I TAKE it for granted that every person of education will acknowledge some interest in the personal history of Immanuel Kant. A great man, though in an unpopular path, must always be an object of liberal curiosity. To suppose a reader thoroughly indifferent to Kant, is to suppose him thoroughly unintellectual; and therefore, though in reality he should happen *not* to regard him with interest, it is one of the fictions of courtesy to presume that he does. On this principle I make no apology to the reader for detaining him upon a short sketch of Kant's life and domestic habits, drawn from the authentic records of his friends and pupiis. It is true that, without any illiberality on the part of the public in this country, the *works* of Kant are not regarded with the same interest which has gathered about his *name;* and this may be attributed to three causes: first, to the language in which they are written[120]; secondly, to the supposed obscurity of the philosophy which they teach, whether intrinsic or due to Kant's particular mode of expounding it; thirdly, to the unpopularity of all speculative philosophy, no matter how treated, in a country where the structure and tendency of society impress upon the whole activities of the nation a direction exclusively practical.[121] But,

whatever may be the immediate fortunes of his writings, no man of enlightened curiosity will regard the author himself without something of a profounder interest. Measured by one test of power, — viz., by the number of books written directly for or against himself, — to say nothing of those which he has indirectly modified, there is no philosophic writer whatsoever, if we except Aristotle, who can pretend to approach Kant in the extent of the influence which he has exercised over the minds of men. Such being his claims upon our notice, I repeat, that it is no more than a reasonable act of respect to the reader to presume in him so much interest about Kant as will justify a sketch of his life.

Immanuel Kant,[122] the second of six children, was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, a city at that time containing about fifty thousand inhabitants, on the 22d of April, 1724. His parents were people of humble rank, and not rich even for their own station, but able (with some assistance from a near relative, and a trifle in addition from a gentleman who esteemed them for their piety and domestic virtues) to give their son Immanuel a liberal education. He was sent when a child to a charity school, and, in the year 1732, removed to the Royal (or Frederician) Academy. Here he studied the Greek and Latin classics, and formed an intimacy with one of his schoolfellows, David Ruhnken, (afterwards so well known to scholars under his Latin name of Ruhnkenius,) which lasted until the death of the latter. In 1737 Kant lost his mother — a woman of excellent character, and of accomplishments and knowledge beyond her rank, who contributed to the future

eminence of her illustrious son by the direction which she gave to his youthful thoughts and by the elevated morals to which she trained him. Kant never spoke of her to the end of his life without the utmost tenderness and acknowledgment of his great obligations to her maternal care. In 1740, at Michaelmas, he entered the University of Königsberg. In 1746, when about twenty-two years old, he printed his first work, upon a question partly mathematical and partly philosophic — viz., the valuation of living forces. The question had been first moved by Leibnitz, in opposition to the Cartesians, and was here finally settled, after having occupied most of the great mathematicians of Europe for more than half a century. It was dedicated to the King of Prussia, but never reached him — having, in fact, never been published.[123] From this time until 1770 he supported himself as a private tutor in different families, or by giving private lectures in Königsberg, especially to military men on the art of fortification. In 1770 he was appointed to the chair of mathematics, which he exchanged soon after for that of logic and metaphysics. On this occasion he delivered an inaugural disputation, — *De Mundi Sensibilis atque Intelligibilis Forma et Principiis*, — which is remarkable for containing the first germs[124] of the Transcendental philosophy. In 1781 he published his great work — the *Critik der Reinen Vernunft*, or *Investigation of the Pure Reason*. On February 12, 1804, he died.

These are the great epochs of Kant's life. But his was a life remarkable not so much for its incidents as for the purity and philosophic dignity of its daily tenor

and of this the best impression will be obtained from Wasianski's account of his last years, checked and supported by the collateral testimonies of Jachmann, Rink, Borowski, and other biographers. We see him here struggling with the misery of decaying faculties, and with the pain, depression, and agitation of two different complaints, — one affecting his stomach, and the other his head, — over all which the benignity and nobility of his mind are seen victoriously eminent to the last. The principal defect of this and all other memoirs of Kant is, that they report too little of his conversation and opinions; and perhaps the reader will be disposed to complain that some of the notices are too minute and circumstantial, so as to be at one time undignified, and at another unfeeling. As to the first objection, it may be answered, that biographical gossip of this sort, and ungentlemanly scrutiny into a man's private life, though not what a man of honor would choose to write, may be read without blame, and, where a great man is the subject, sometimes with advantage. With respect to the other objection, I know not how to excuse Mr. Wasianski for kneeling at the bedside of his dying friend, to record, with the accuracy of a shorthand reporter, the last flutter of his pulse and the struggles of expiring nature, except by supposing that the idea of Kant, as a person belonging to all ages, in his mind transcended and extinguished the ordinary restraints of human sensibility, and that, under this impression, he gave *that* to his sense of a public duty which, it may be hoped, he would willingly have declined on the impulse of his private affections.

The following paper on the Last Days of Kant is gathered from the German of Wasianski, Jachmann, Borowski, and others.

My knowledge of Professor Kant began long before the period to which this little memorial of him chiefly refers. In the year 1773, or 1774, I cannot exactly remember which, I attended his lectures. Afterwards I acted as his amanuensis, and in that office was naturally brought into a closer connection with him than any other of his pupils; so that, without any request on my part, he granted me a general privilege of free admission to his class room. In 1780 I took orders, and withdrew myself from all connection with the university. I still continued, however, to reside in Königsberg, but wholly forgotten, or wholly unnoticed at least by Kant. Ten years afterwards (that is to say, in 1790) I met him by accident at a party given on occasion of the marriage of one of the professors. At table, Kant distributed his conversation and attentions pretty generally; but after the entertainment, when the company broke up into parties, he came and seated himself very obligingly by my side. I was at that time a florist — an amateur, I mean, from the passion I had for flowers; upon learning which, he talked of my favorite pursuit, and with very extensive information. In the course of our conversation, I was surprised to find that he was perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances of my situation. He reminded me of our previous connection; expressed his satisfaction at finding that I was happy; and was so good as to desire

that, if my engagements allowed me, I would now and then come and dine with him. Soon after this he rose to take his leave; and, as our road lay the same way, he proposed to me that I should accompany him home. I did so, and received an invitation for the next week, with a general invitation for every week after, and permission to name my own day. At first I was unable to explain the distinction with which Kant had treated me, and I conjectured that some obliging friend had spoken of me in his hearing somewhat more advantageously than I could pretend to deserve; but more intimate experience has convinced me that he was in the habit of making continual inquiries after the welfare of his former pupils, and was heartily rejoiced to hear of their prosperity. So that it appeared I was wrong in thinking he had forgotten me.

This revival of my intimacy with Professor Kant coincided pretty nearly, in point of time, with a complete change in his domestic arrangements. Up to this period it had been his custom to eat at a *table d'hôte;* but he now began to keep house himself, and every day invited two friends to dine with him, and upon any little festival from five to eight; for he was a punctual observer of Lord Chesterfield's rule[125]—that his dinner party, himself included, should not fall below the number of the Graces, nor exceed that of the Muses. In the whole economy of his household arrangements, and especially of his dinner parties, there was something peculiar and amusingly opposed to the usual conventional restraints of society; not, however, that there was any neglect of decorum, such as sometimes occurs in houses where there are no

ladies to impress a better tone upon the manners. The invariable routine was this: The moment that dinner was ready, Lampe, the professor's old footman, stepped into the study with a certain measured air and announced it. This summons was obeyed at the pace of double-quick time, Kant talking all the way to the eating room about the state of the weather[126]— a subject which he usually pursued during the earlier part of the dinner. Graver themes, such as the political events of the day, were never introduced before dinner, or at all in his study. The moment that Kant had taken his seat and unfolded his napkin he opened the business of dinner with a particular formula: "*Now, then, gentlemen!*" and the tone and air with which he uttered these words proclaimed, in a way which nobody could mistake, relaxation from the toils of the morning, and determinate abandonment of himself to social enjoyment. The table was hospitably spread: three dishes, wine, &c., with a small second course,[127] composed the dinner. Every person helped himself; and all delays of ceremony were so disagreeable to Kant that he seldom failed to express his displeasure with any thing of that sort, though not angrily. He was displeased also if people ate little, and treated it as affectation. The first man to help himself was in his eyes the politest guest; for so much the sooner came his own turn. For this hatred of delay Kant had a special excuse, having always worked hard from an early hour in the morning, and eaten nothing until dinner. Hence it was, that in the latter period of his life, though less perhaps from actual hunger than from some uneasy sensation of habit or periodical irritation of stomach, he

could hardly wait with patience for the arrival of the last person invited.

There was no friend of Kant's but considered the day on which he was to dine with him as a day of pleasure. Without giving himself the air of an instructor, Kant really was so in the very highest degree. The whole entertainment was seasoned with the overflow of his enlightened mind, poured out naturally and unaffectedly upon every topic as the chances of conversation suggested it; and the time flew rapidly away, from one o'clock to four, five, or even later, profitably and delightfully. Kant tolerated no *calms*, which was the name he gave to the momentary pauses in conversation or periods when its animation languished. Some means or other he always devised for restoring its tone of interest, in which he was much assisted by the tact with which he drew from every guest his peculiar tastes or the particular direction of his pursuits; and on these, be they what they might, he was never unprepared to speak with knowledge and the interest of an original observer. The local affairs of Königsberg must have been interesting indeed before they could be allowed to occupy the attention at *his* table; and, what may seem still more singular, it was rarely or never that he directed the conversation to any branch of the philosophy founded by himself: indeed, he was perfectly free from the fault which besets so many *savans* and *literati* — of intolerance towards those whose pursuits had disqualified them for any particular sympathy with his own. His style of conversation was popular in the highest degree, and unscholastic; so much so, that any stranger who should

have studied his works and been unacquainted with his person would have found it difficult to believe that in this delightful companion he saw the profound author of the Transcendental philosophy.

The subjects of conversation at Kant's table were drawn chiefly from natural philosophy, chemistry, meteorology, natural history, and, above all, from politics. The news of the day, as reported in the public journals, was discussed with a peculiar vigilance of examination.[128] With regard to any narrative that wanted dates of time and place, however otherwise plausible, he was uniformly an inexorable sceptic, and held it unworthy of repetition. So keen was his penetration into the interior of political events and the secret policy under which they moved that he talked rather with the authority of a diplomatic person who had access to cabinet intelligence than as a simple spectator of the great scenes which were unfolding in Europe. At the time of the French revolution he threw out many conjectures, and what were then accounted paradoxical anticipations, especially in regard to military operations, which were as punctually fulfilled as his own memorable conjecture in regard to the hiatus in the planetary system between Mars and Jupiter,[129] the entire confirmation of which he lived to witness on the discovery of Ceres, by Piazzi, in Palermo, and of Pallas, by Dr. Olbers, at Bremen. These two discoveries, by the way, impressed him much, and they furnished a topic on which he always talked with pleasure; though, according to his usual modesty, he never said a word of his own sagacity in having, upon *a priori* grounds, shown the probability of such discoveries many years before.

It was not only in the character of a companion that Kant shone, but also as a most courteous and liberal host, who had no greater pleasure than in seeing his guests happy and jovial, and rising with exhilarated spirits from the mixed pleasures — intellectual and liberally sensual — of his Platonic banquets. Chiefly, perhaps, with a view to the sustaining of this tone of genial hilarity, he showed himself somewhat of an artist in the composition of his dinner parties. Two rules there were which he obviously observed, and I may say invariably. The first was, that the company should be miscellaneous — this for the sake of securing sufficient variety to the conversation ; and accordingly his parties presented as much variety as the world of Königsberg afforded, being drawn from all the modes of life — men in office, professors, physicians, clergymen, and enlightened merchants. His second rule was, to have a due balance of *young* men, frequently of *very* young men, selected from the students of the university, in order to impress a movement of gayety and juvenile playfulness on the conversation ; an additional motive for which, as I have reason to believe, was, that in this way he withdrew his mind from the sadness which sometimes overshadowed it for the early deaths of some young friends whom he loved.

And this leads me to mention a singular feature in Kant's way of expressing his sympathy with his friends in sickness. So long as the danger was imminent he testified a restless anxiety, made perpetual inquiries, waited with patience for the crisis, and sometimes could not pursue his customary labors from agitation of mind. But no sooner was the patient's

death announced than he recovered his composure and assumed an air of stern tranquillity, almost of indifference. The reason was, that he viewed life in general, and therefore that particular affection of life which we call sickness, as a state of oscillation and perpetual change, between which and the fluctuating sympathies of hope and fear there was a natural proportion that justified them to the reason; whereas death, as a permanent state that admitted of no *more* or *less*, that terminated all anxiety and forever extinguished the agitation of suspense, he would not allow to be fitted to any state of feeling but one of the same enduring and unchanging character. However, all this philosophic heroism gave way on one occasion; for many persons will remember the tumultuous grief which he manifested upon the death of Mr. Ehrenboth, a young man of very fine understanding and extensive attainments, for whom he had the greatest affection. And naturally it happened in so long a life as his, in spite of his provident rule for selecting his social companions as much as possible amongst the young, that he had to mourn for many a heavy loss that could never be supplied to him.

To return, however, to the course of his day. Immediately after the termination of his dinner party Kant walked out for exercise; but on this occasion he never took any companion, partly, perhaps, because he thought it right, after so much convivial and colloquial relaxation, to pursue his meditations,[130] and partly (as I happen to know) for a very peculiar reason — viz., that he wished to breathe exclusively through his nostrils, which he could not do if he were obliged continually to open his mouth in conversation. His reason for

this was, that the atmospheric air, being thus carried round by a longer circuit, and reaching the lungs, therefore, in a state of less rawness and at a temperature somewhat higher, would be less apt to irritate them. By a steady perseverance in this practice, which he constantly recommended to his friends, he flattered himself with a long immunity from coughs, colds, hoarseness, and every mode of defluxion; and the fact really was, that these troublesome affections attacked him very rarely. Indeed, I myself, by only occasionally adopting his rule, have found my chest not so liable as formerly to such attacks.

At six o'clock he sat down to his library table, which was a plain, ordinary piece of furniture, and read till dusk. During this period of dubious light, so friendly to thought, he rested in tranquil meditation on what he had been reading, provided the book were worth it; if not, he sketched his lecture for the next day, or some part of any book he might then be composing. During this state of repose he took his station, winter and summer, by the stove, looking through the window at the old tower of Löbenicht; not that he could be said properly to see it; but the tower rested upon his eye — obscurely or but half revealed to his consciousness. No words seemed forcible enough to express his sense of the gratification which he derived from this old tower when seen under these circumstances of twilight and quiet revery. The sequel, indeed, showed how important it was to his comfort; for at length some poplars in a neighboring garden shot up to such a height as to obscure the tower; upon which Kant became very uneasy and restless, and at length found himself positively

unable to pursue his evening meditations. Fortunately the proprietor of the garden was a very considerate and obliging person, who had, besides, a high regard for Kant; and accordingly, upon a representation of the case being made to him, he gave orders that the poplars should be cropped. This was done; the old tower of Löbenicht was again unveiled; and Kant recovered his equanimity, and pursued his twilight meditations as before.

After the candles were brought, Kant prosecuted his studies till nearly ten o'clock. A quarter of an hour before retiring for the night, he withdrew his mind as much as possible from every class of thoughts which demanded any exertion or energy of attention, on the principle that, by stimulating and exciting him too much, such thoughts would be apt to cause wakefulness; and the slightest interference with his customary hour of falling asleep was in the highest degree unpleasant to him. Happily this was with him a very rare occurrence. He undressed himself without his servant's assistance, but in such an order, and with such a Roman regard to decorum and the *τὸ πρέπον*, that he was always ready at a moment's warning to make his appearance without embarrassment to himself or to others. This done, he lay down on a mattress, and wrapped himself up in a quilt, which in summer was always of cotton, in autumn of wool. At the setting in of winter he used both; and against very severe cold he protected himself by one of eider down, of which the part which covered his shoulders was not stuffed with feathers, but padded, or rather wadded, closely with layers of wool. Long practice had taught him a very dexterous mode of *nest-*

ing himself, as it were, in the bedclothes. First of all he sat down on the bedside; then with an agile motion he vaulted obliquely into his lair; next he drew one corner of the bedclothes under his left shoulder, and, passing it below his back, brought it round so as to rest under his right shoulder; fourthly, by a particular *tour d'adresse*, he treated the other corner in the same way, and finally contrived to roll it round his whole person. Thus swathed like a mummy, or (as I used to tell him) self-involved like the silkworm in its cocoon, he awaited the approach of sleep, which generally came on immediately. For Kant's health was exquisite; not mere negative health, or the absence of pain, but a state of positive pleasurable sensation and a genial sense of the entire possession of all his activities. Accordingly, when packed up for the night in the way I have described, he would often ejaculate to himself, (as he used to tell us at dinner,) "Is it possible to conceive a human being with more perfect health than myself?" In fact, such was the innocence of his life, and such the happy condition of his situation, that no uneasy passion ever arose to excite him, nor care to harass, nor pain to awake him. Even in the severest winter his sleeping room was without a fire; only in his latter years he yielded so far to the entreaties of his friends as to allow of a very small one. All nursing or self-indulgence found no quarter with Kant. In fact, five minutes, in the coldest weather, sufficed to supersede the first chill of the bed, by the diffusion of a general glow over his person. If he had any occasion to leave his room in the nighttime, (for it was always kept dark day and night, summer and winter,) he guided himself

by a rope, which was duly attached to his bedpost every night and carried into the adjoining apartment.

Kant never perspired,[131] night or day. Yet it was astonishing how much heat he supported habitually in his study; and, in fact, he was not easy if it wanted but one degree of this heat. Seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit was the invariable temperature of this room in which he chiefly lived; and if it fell below that point, no matter at what season of the year, he had it raised artificially to the usual standard. In the heats of summer he went thinly dressed, and invariably in silk stockings; yet, as even this dress could not always secure him against perspiring when engaged in active exercise, he had a singular remedy in reserve. Retiring to some shady place, he stood still and motionless, with the air and attitude of a person listening or in suspense, until his usual *aridity* was restored. Even in the most sultry summer night, if the slightest trace of perspiration had sullied his nightdress, he spoke of it with emphasis, as of an accident that perfectly shocked him.

On this occasion, whilst illustrating Kant's notions of the animal economy, it may be as well to add one other particular — which is, that, for fear of obstructing the circulation of the blood, he never would wear garters; yet, as he found it difficult to keep up his stockings without them, he had invented for himself a most elaborate substitute, which I shall describe. In a little pocket, somewhat smaller than a watch pocket, but occupying pretty nearly the same situation as a watch pocket, on each thigh, there was placed a small box, something like a watch case, but smaller. Into this box was introduced a watch spring in a wheel, round about which

wheel was wound an elastic cord, for regulating the force of which there was a separate contrivance. To the two ends of this cord were attached hooks, which hooks were carried through a small aperture in the pockets, and so, passing down the inner and the outer side of the thigh, caught hold of two loops which were fixed on the off side and the near side of each stocking. As might be expected, so complex an apparatus was liable, like the Ptolemaic system of the heavens, to occasional derangements. However, by good luck I was able to apply an easy remedy to these disorders, which sometimes threatened to disturb the comfort and even the serenity of the great man.

Precisely at five minutes before five o'clock, winter or summer, Lampe, Kant's servant, who had formerly served in the army, marched into his master's room with the air of a sentinel on duty, and cried aloud, in a military tone, "Mr. Professor, the time is come!" This summons Kant invariably obeyed without one moment's delay, as a soldier does the word of command — never, under any circumstances, allowing himself a respite, not even under the rare accident of having passed a sleepless night. As the clock struck five Kant was seated at the breakfast table, where he drank what he called *one* cup of tea; and no doubt he thought it such; but the fact was, that, in part from his habit of revery, and in part, also, for the purpose of refreshing its warmth, he filled up his cup so often that in general he is supposed to have drank two, three, or some unknown number. Immediately after he smoked a pipe of tobacco, (the only one which he allowed himself through the entire day,) but so rapidly that a pile of glowing embers

remained unsmoked. During this operation he thought over his arrangements for the day, as he had done the evening before during the twilight. About seven he usually went to his lecture room; and from that he returned to his writing table. Precisely at three quarters before one he rose from his chair and called aloud to the cook, "It has struck three quarters!" The meaning of which summons was this: Immediately after taking soup, it was his constant practice to swallow what he called a dram, which consisted either of Hungarian wine, of Rhenish, of a cordial, or (in default of these) of Bishop. A flask of this was brought up by the cook on the proclamation of the three quarters. Kant hurried with it to the eating room, poured out his *quantum*, left it standing in readiness, — covered, however, with paper, to prevent its becoming vapid, — and then went back to his study and awaited the arrival of his guests, whom to the latest period of his life he never received but in full dress.

Thus we come round again to dinner; and the reader has now an accurate picture of the course of Kant's day, the rigid monotony of which was not burdensome to him, and probably contributed, with the uniformity of his diet and other habits of the same regularity, to lengthen his life. On this consideration, indeed, he had come to regard his health and his old age as in a great measure the product of his own exertions. He spoke of himself often under the figure of a gymnastic artist, who had continued for nearly fourscore years to support his balance upon the slack rope of life without once swerving to the right or to the left. In spite of every illness to which his constitu-

tional tendencies had exposed him, he still kept his position in life triumphantly. However, he would sometimes observe, sportively, that it was really absurd, and a sort of insult to the next generation, for a man to live so long, because he thus interfered with the prospects of younger people.

This anxious attention to his health accounts for the great interest which he attached to all new discoveries in medicine or to new ways of theorizing on the old ones. As a work of great pretension in both classes, he set the highest value upon the theory of the Scotch physician Brown or (as it is usually called, from the Latin name of its author,) the Brunonian theory. No sooner had Weikard adopted[132] and made it known in Germany than Kant became familiar with it. He considered it not only as a great step taken for medicine, but even for the general interests of man, and fancied that in this he saw something analogous to the course which human nature has held in still more important inquiries — viz., first of all, a continual ascent towards the more and more elaborately complex; and then a treading back, on its own steps, towards the simple and elementary. Dr. Beddoes's Essays, also, for producing by art and curing pulmonary consumption, and the method of Reich for curing fevers, made a powerful impression upon him; which, however, declined as those novelties (especially the last) began to sink in credit.[133] As to Dr. Jenner's discovery of vaccination, he was less favorably disposed to it. He apprehended dangerous consequences from the absorption of a brutal miasma into the human blood, or at least into the lymph; and, at any rate, he thought that,

as a guaranty against the variolous infection, it required a much longer probation.[134] Groundless as all these views were, it was exceedingly entertaining to hear the fertility of argument and analogy which he brought forward to support them. One of the subjects which occupied him at the latter end of his life was the theory and phenomena of galvanism; which, however, he never satisfactorily mastered. Augustin's book upon this subject was about the last that he read; and his copy still retains on the margin his pencil marks of doubts, queries, and suggestions.

The infirmities of age now began to steal upon Kant, and betrayed themselves in more shapes than one. Connected with Kant's prodigious memory for all things that had any intellectual bearings, he had from youth labored under an unusual weakness of this faculty in relation to the common affairs of daily life. Some remarkable instances of this are on record from the period of his childish days; and now, when his second childhood was commencing, this infirmity increased upon him very sensibly. One of the first signs was, that he began to repeat the same stories more than once on the same day. Indeed, the decay of his memory was too palpable to escape his own notice; and to provide against it, and secure himself from all apprehension of inflicting tedium upon his guests, he began to write a syllabus, or list of themes, for each day's conversation, on cards, or the covers of letters, or any chance scrap of paper. But these memoranda accumulated so fast upon him, and were so easily lost, or not forthcoming at the proper mo-

ment, that I prevailed on him to substitute a blank-paper book, which I had directed to be made, and which still remains, with some affecting memorials of his own conscious weakness. As often happens, however, in such cases, he had a perfect memory for the remote events of his life, and could repeat with great readiness, and without once stumbling, very long passages from German or Latin poems, especially from the Æneid; whilst the very words that had been uttered but a moment before dropped away from his remembrance. The past came forward with the distinctness and liveliness of an immediate existence; whilst the present faded away into the obscurity of infinite distance.

Another sign of his mental decay was the weakness with which he now began to theorize. He accounted for every thing by electricity. A singular mortality at this time prevailed amongst the cats of Vienna, Basle, Copenhagen, and other places. Cats being so eminently an electric animal, of course he attributed this epizoötic to electricity. During the same period, he persuaded himself that a peculiar configuration of clouds prevailed: this he took as a collateral proof of his electrical hypothesis. His own headaches, too, which in all probability were a mere remote effect of old age, and a direct one of an inability[135] to think as easily and as severely as formerly, he explained upon the same principle. And this was a notion of which his friends were not anxious to disabuse him; because, as something of the same character of weather (and therefore probably the same general tendency of the electric power) is found to prevail for whole cycles of years, entrance upon another cycle held out to him

some prospect of relief. A delusion which secured the comforts of hope was the next best thing to an actual remedy; and a man who, in such circumstances, is cured of his delusion, "*cui demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error*," might reasonably have exclaimed, "*Pol, me occidistis, amici.*"

Possibly the reader may suppose that, in this particular instance of charging his own decays upon the state of the atmosphere, Kant was actuated by the weakness of vanity, or some unwillingness to face the real fact that his powers were decaying. But this was not the case. He was perfectly aware of his own condition; and, as early as 1799, he said in my presence, to a party of his friends, "Gentlemen, I am old and weak, and childish, and you must treat me as a child." Or perhaps it may be thought that he shrank from the contemplation of death, which, as apoplexy seemed to be threatened by the pains in his head, might have happened any day. But neither was this the case. He now lived in a continual state of resignation, and prepared to meet any dispensation of Providence. "Gentlemen," said he one day to his guests, "I do not fear to die. I assure you, as in the presence of God, that, if I were this night to be made suddenly aware that I was on the point of being summoned, I would raise my hands to heaven, fold them, and say, Blessed be God! If indeed it were possible that a whisper such as this could reach my ear, Fourscore years thou hast lived, in which time thou hast inflicted much evil upon thy fellow-men, the case would be otherwise." Whosoever has heard Kant speak of his own death will bear witness to the tone of earnest

sincerity which on such occasions marked his manner and utterance.

A third sign of his decaying faculties was, that he now lost all accurate measure of time. One minute, nay, without exaggeration, a much less space of time, stretched out in his apprehension of things to a wearisome duration. Of this I can give one rather amusing instance, which was of constant recurrence. At the beginning of the last year of his life he fell into a custom of taking immediately after dinner a cup of coffee, especially on those days when it happened that I was of his party. And such was the importance he attached to this little pleasure that he would even make a memorandum beforehand, in the blank-paper book I had given him, that on the next day I was to dine with him, and consequently that there was to be coffee. Sometimes it would happen that the interest of conversation carried him past the time at which he felt the craving for it; and this I was not sorry to observe, as I feared that coffee, which he had never been accustomed to,[136] might disturb his rest at night. But, if this did not happen, then commenced a scene of some interest. Coffee must be brought "upon the spot," (a word he had constantly in his mouth during his latter days,) "in a moment." And the expressions of his impatience, though from old habit still gentle, were so lively, and had so much of infantine *naiveté* about them, that none of us could forbear smiling. Knowing what would happen, I had taken care that all the preparations should be made beforehand. The coffee was ground; the water was boiling; and, the very moment the word was given his servant shot in like an

arrow and plunged the coffee into the water. All that remained, therefore, was to give it time to boil up; but this trifling delay seemed unendurable to Kant. All consolations were thrown away upon him; vary the formula as we might, he was never at a loss for a reply. If it was said, "Dear professor, the coffee will be brought up in a moment," "*Will* be," he would say; "but there's the rub, that it only *will* be: —

'Man never *is*, but always *to be*, blessed.'"

If another cried out, "The coffee is coming immediately," "Yes," he would retort, "and so is the next hour; and, by the way, it's about that length of time that I have waited for it." Then he would collect himself with a stoical air, and say, "Well, one can die, after all; it is but dying; and in the next world, thank God, there is no drinking of coffee, and consequently no — waiting for it." Sometimes he would rise from his chair, open the door, and cry out with a feeble querulousness, "Coffee! coffee!" And when at length he heard the servant's step upon the stairs he would turn round to us, and, as joyfully as ever sailor from the mast head, would call out, "Land! land! My dear friends, I see land!"

This general decline in Kant's powers, active and passive, gradually brought about a revolution in his habits of life. Heretofore, as I have already mentioned, he went to bed at ten and rose a little before five. The latter practice he still observed, but not the other. In 1802 he retired as early as nine, and afterwards still earlier. He found himself so much

refreshed by this addition to his rest that at first he was disposed to utter a εὕρηκα, as over some great discovery in the art of restoring exhausted nature; but afterwards, on pushing it still farther, he did not find the success answer his expectations. His walks he now limited to a few turns in the king's gardens, which were at no great distance from his own house. In order to walk more firmly he adopted a peculiar method of stepping: he carried his foot to the ground, not forward and obliquely, but perpendicularly, and with a kind of stamp, so as to secure a larger basis, by setting down the entire sole at once. Notwithstanding this precaution, upon one occasion he fell in the street. He was quite unable to raise himself; and two young ladies who saw the accident ran to his assistance. With his usual graciousness of manner he thanked them fervently for their assistance, and presented one of them with a rose which he happened to have in his hand. This lady was not personally known to Kant; but she was greatly delighted with his little present, and still keeps the rose as a frail memorial of her transitory interview with the great philosopher.

This accident, as I have reason to think, was the cause of his henceforth renouncing exercise altogether. All labors, even that of reading, were now performed slowly and with manifest effort; and those which cost him any bodily exertion became very exhausting to him. His feet refused to do their office more and more; he fell continually, both when moving across the room and even when standing still; yet he seldom suffered from these falls; and he constantly laughed at them, maintaining that it was impossible

he could hurt himself, from the extreme lightness of his person, which was indeed by this time the merest skeleton. Very often, especially in the morning, he dropped asleep in his chair from pure weariness. On these occasions he fell forward upon the floor, and lay there, unable to raise himself up, until accident brought one of his servants or his friends into the room. Afterwards these falls were prevented by substituting a chair with circular supports that met and clasped in front.

These unseasonable dozings exposed him to another danger. He fell repeatedly, whilst reading, with his head into the candles: a cotton nightcap which he wore was instantly in a blaze and flaming about his head. Whenever this happened, Kant behaved with great presence of mind. Disregarding the pain, he seized the blazing cap, drew it from his head, laid it quietly on the floor, and trod out the flames with his feet. Yet, as this last act brought his dressing gown into a dangerous neighborhood to the flames, I changed the form of his cap, persuaded him to arrange the candles differently, and had a decanter of water placed constantly by his side; and in this way I applied a remedy to a danger which would else probably have been fatal to him.

From the sallies of impatience, which I have described in the case of the coffee, there was reason to fear that, with the increasing infirmities of Kant, would grow up a general waywardness and obstinacy of temper. For my own sake, therefore, and not less for his, I now laid down one rule for my future conduct in his house; which was, that I would on no occasion allow

my reverence for him to interfere with the firmest expression of my opinion on subjects relating to his own health, and in cases of great importance that I would make no compromise with his particular humors, but insist not only on my view of the case, but also on the practical adoption of my views; or, if this were refused me, that I would take my departure at once, and not be made responsible for the comfort of a person whom I had no power to influence. And this behavior on my part it was that won Kant's confidence; for there was nothing which disgusted him so much as any approach to fawning or sycophancy. As his imbecility increased he became daily more liable to mental delusions; and in particular he fell into many fantastic notions about the conduct of his servants, and, in consequence, into a peevish mode of treating them. Upon these occasions I generally observed a deep silence. But sometimes he would ask me for my opinion; and when this happened I did not scruple to say, "Ingenuously, then, Mr. Professor, I think that you are in the wrong." "You think so?" he would reply, calmly, at the same time asking for my reasons, which he would listen to with great patience and openness to conviction. Indeed, it was evident that the firmest opposition, so long as it rested upon assignable grounds and principles, won upon his regard; whilst his own nobleness of character still moved him to habitual contempt for timorous and partial acquiescence in his opinions, even when his infirmities made him most anxious for such acquiescence.

Earlier in life Kant had been little used to contradiction. His superb understanding, his brilliancy in con-

versation, — founded in part upon his ready and sometimes rather caustic wit, and in part upon his prodigious command of knowledge, — the air of noble self-confidence which the consciousness of these advantages impressed upon his manners, and the general knowledge of the severe innocence of his life, — all combined to give him a station of superiority to others, which generally secured him from open contradiction. And if it sometimes happened that he met a noisy and intemperate opposition, supported by any pretences to wit, he usually withdrew himself from that sort of unprofitable altercation with dignity, by contriving to give such a turn to the conversation as won the general favor of the company to himself, and impressed silence, or modesty at least, upon the boldest disputant. From a person so little familiar with opposition, it could scarcely have been anticipated that he should daily surrender his wishes to mine — if not without discussion, yet always without displeasure. So, however, it was. No habit, of whatever long standing, could be objected to as injurious to his health, but he would generally renounce it. And he had this excellent custom in such cases, that either he would resolutely and at once decide for his own opinion, or, if he professed to follow his friend's, he would follow it sincerely, and not try it unfairly by trying it imperfectly. Any plan, however trifling, which he had once consented to adopt on the suggestion of another, was never afterwards defeated or embarrassed by unseasonable interposition from his own humors. And thus the very period of his decay drew forth so many fresh expressions of his character, in its amiable or noble features, as daily increased my affection and reverence for his person.

Having mentioned his servants, I shall here take occasion to give some account of his man servant Lampe. It was a great misfortune for Kant, in his old age and infirmities, that this man also became old and subject to a different sort of infirmities. This Lampe had originally served in the Prussian army; on quitting which, he entered the service of Kant. In this situation he had lived about forty years; and, though always dull and stupid, had, in the early part of this period, discharged his duties with tolerable fidelity. But latterly, presuming upon his own indispensableness, from his perfect knowledge of all the domestic arrangements, and upon his master's weakness, he had fallen into great irregularities and neglect of his duties. Kant had been obliged, therefore, of late, to threaten repeatedly that he would discharge him. I, who knew that Kant, though one of the kindest-hearted men, was also one of the firmest, foresaw that this discharge, once given, would be irrevocable; for the word of Kant was as sacred as other men's oaths. Consequently, upon every opportunity, I remonstrated with Lampe on the folly of his conduct; and his wife joined me on these occasions. Indeed, it was high time that a change should be made in some quarter; for it now became dangerous to leave Kant, who was constantly falling from weakness, to the care of an old ruffian, who was himself apt to fall from intoxication. The fact was, that, from the moment I undertook the management of Kant's affairs, Lampe saw there was an end to his old system of abusing his master's confidence in pecuniary affairs and the other advantages which he took of his helpless situation. This made him desperate; and he

behaved worse and worse, until one morning, in January, 1802, Kant told me, that, humiliating as he felt such a confession, the fact was, that Lampe had just treated him in a way which he was ashamed to repeat. I was too much shocked to distress him by inquiring into the particulars. But the result was, that Kant now insisted, temperately, but firmly, on Lampe's dismissal. Accordingly a new servant, of the name of Kaufmann, was immediately engaged; and on the next day Lampe was discharged, with a handsome pension for life.

Here I must mention a little circumstance which does honor to Kant's benevolence. In his last will, on the assumption that Lampe would continue with him to his death, he had made a very liberal provision for him; but upon this new arrangement of the pension, which was to take effect immediately, it became necessary to revoke that part of his will, which he did in a separate codicil, that began thus: "In consequence of the ill behavior of my servant Lampe, I think fit," &c. But soon after, considering that such a record of Lampe's misconduct might be seriously injurious to his interests, he cancelled the passage, and expressed it in such a way that no trace remained behind of his just displeasure. And his benign nature was gratified with knowing that, this one sentence blotted out, there remained no other in all his numerous writings, published or confidential, which spoke the language of anger, or could leave any ground for doubting that he died in charity with all the world. Upon Lampe's calling to demand a written character, he was, however, a good deal embarrassed — his stern reverence for truth being, in this instance, armed against the first impulses of his kindness.

Long and anxiously he sat, with the certificate lying before him, debating how he should fill up the blanks. I was present; but in such a matter I did not take the liberty of suggesting any advice. At last he took his pen and filled up the blank as follows: "—— has served me long and faithfully," (for Kant was not aware that he had robbed him,) "but did not display those particular qualifications which fitted him for waiting on an old and infirm man like myself."

This scene of disturbance over, — which to Kant, a lover of peace and tranquillity, caused a shock that he would gladly have been spared, — it was fortunate that no other of that nature occurred during the rest of his life. Kaufmann, the successor of Lampe, turned out to be a respectable and upright man, and soon conceived a great attachment to his master's person. Things now put on a new face in Kant's family. By the removal of one of the belligerents, peace was once more restored amongst his servants; for hitherto there had been eternal wars between Lampe and the cook. Sometimes it was Lampe that carried a war of aggression into the cook's territory of the kitchen; sometimes it was the cook that revenged these insults, by sallying out upon Lampe in the neutral ground of the hall, or invaded him even in his own sanctuary of the butler's pantry. The uproars were everlasting; and thus far it was fortunate for the peace of the philosopher that his hearing had begun to fail, by which means he was spared many an exhibition of hateful passions and ruffian violence which annoyed his guests and friends. But now all things had changed: deep silence reigned in the pantry, the kitchen rang no more with martial alarums·

and the hall was unvexed with skirmish or pursuit, Yet it may be readily supposed that to Kant, at the age of seventy-eight, changes, even for the better, were not welcome. So intense had been the uniformity of his life and habits that the least innovation in the arrangement of articles as trifling as a penknife or a pair of scissors disturbed him; and not merely if they were pushed two or three inches out of their customary position, but even if they were laid a little awry. And as to larger objects, such as chairs, &c., any dislocation of their usual arrangement, any transposition, or addition to their number, perfectly confounded him; and his eye appeared restlessly to haunt the seat of the mal-arrangement until the ancient order was restored. With such habits, the reader may conceive how distressing it must have been to him, at this period of decaying powers, to adapt himself to a new servant, a new voice, a new step, &c.

Aware of this, I had, on the day before he entered upon his duties, written down for the new servant upon a sheet of paper the entire routine of Kant's daily life, down to the minutest and most trivial circumstances; all which he mastered with the greatest rapidity. To make sure, however, we went through a rehearsal of the whole ritual — he performing the manœuvres, I looking on and giving the word. Still I felt uneasy at the idea of his being left entirely to his own discretion on his first *début* in good earnest, and therefore I made a point of attending on this important day; and, in the few instances where the new recruit missed the accurate manœuvre, a glance or a nod from me easily made him comprehend his failure.

One part only there was of the daily ceremonial where all of us were at a loss, as it was a part which no mortal eyes had ever witnessed but those of Lampe: this was breakfast. However, that we might do all in our power, I myself attended at four o'clock in the morning. The day happened, as I remember, to be the 1st of February, 1802. Precisely at five Kant made his appearance; and nothing could equal his astonishment on finding me in the room. Fresh from the confusion of dreaming, and bewildered alike by the sight of his new servant, by Lampe's absence, and by my presence, he could with difficulty be made to comprehend the purpose of my visit. A friend in need is a friend indeed; and we would now have given any money to that learned person who could have instructed us in the arrangement of the breakfast table. But this was a mystery revealed to none but Lampe. At length Kant took this task upon himself; and apparently all was now settled to his satisfaction. Yet still it struck me that he was under some embarrassment or constraint. Upon this I said, that, with his permission, I would take a cup of tea, and afterwards smoke a pipe, with him. He accepted my offer with his usual courteous demeanor, but seemed unable to familiarize himself with the novelty of his situation. I was at this time sitting directly opposite to him; and at last he frankly told me, but with the kindest and most apologetic air, that he was really under the necessity of begging that I would sit out of his sight, for that, having sat alone at the breakfast table for considerably more than half a century, he could not abruptly adapt his mind to a change in this respect, and he found his thoughts very

sensibly disturbed. I did as he desired; the servant retired into an anteroom, where he waited within call; and Kant recovered his wonted composure. Just the same scene passed over again when I called at the same hour on a fine summer morning some months after.

Henceforth all went right; or if, occasionally, some little mistake occurred, Kant showed himself very considerate and indulgent, and would remark, of his own accord, that a new servant could not be expected to know all his peculiar ways and humors. In one respect, indeed, this man adapted himself to Kant's scholar-like taste in a way which Lampe was incapable of doing. Kant was somewhat fastidious in matters of pronunciation; and this man had a great facility in catching the true sound of Latin words, the titles of books, and the names or designations of Kant's friends; not one of which accomplishments could Lampe, the most insufferable of blockheads, ever attain to. In particular, I have been told by Kant's old friends, that for the space of more than thirty years, during which he had been in the habit of reading the newspaper published by Hartung, Lampe delivered it with the same identical blunder on every day of publication: "Mr. Professor, here is Hart*mann's* journal." Upon which Kant would reply, "Eh! What? What's that you say? Hartmann's journal? I tell you it is not Hartmann, but Hartung: now repeat it after me — not Hartmann, but Hartung." Then Lampe, looking sulky, and drawing himself up with the stiff air of a soldier on guard and in the very same monotonous tone with which he had been used to sing out his

challenge of *Who goes there?* would roar, "Not Hartmann, but Hartung." "Now again!" Kant would say: on which again Lampe roared, "Not Hartmann, but Hartung." "Now a third time!" cried Kant: on which for a third time the unhappy Lampe would howl out, "Not Hartmann, but Hartung." And this whimsical scene of parade duty was continually repeated. Duly as the day of publication came, the irreclaimable old dunce was put through the same manœuvres, which were as invariably followed by the same blunder on the next. In spite, however, of this advantage in the new servant, and his general superiority to his predecessor, Kant's nature was too kind and good, and too indulgent to all people's infirmities but his own, not to miss the voice and the "old familiar face" that he had been accustomed to for forty years; and I met with what struck me as an affecting instance of Kant's yearning after his old good-for-nothing servant in his memorandum-book. Other people record what they wish to remember; but Kant had here recorded what he was to forget. "Mem. — February, 1802. The name of Lampe must now be remembered no more."

In the spring of this year, 1802, I advised Kant to take the air. It was very long since he had been out of doors,[137] and walking was now out of the question; but I thought the motion of a carriage and the air would be likely to revive him. On the power of vernal sights and sounds I did not much rely, for these had long ceased to affect him. Of all the changes that spring brings with it, there was one only that now interested Kant; and he longed for it with an eagerne

and intensity of expectation that it was almost painful to witness: this was the return of a hedge sparrow that sang in his garden and before his window. This bird, either the same or one of the next generation, had sung for years in the same situation; and Kant grew uneasy when the cold weather, lasting longer than usual, retarded its return. Like Lord Bacon, indeed, he had a childlike love for birds in general, and in particular took pains to encourage the sparrows to build above the windows of his study; and, when this happened, (as it often did, from the silence which prevailed in his study,) he watched their proceedings with the delight and the tenderness which others give to a human interest. To return to the point I was speaking of: Kant was at first very unwilling to accede to my proposal of going abroad. "I shall sink down in the carriage," said he, "and fall together like a heap of old rags." But I persisted with a gentle importunity in urging him to the attempt, assuring him that we would return immediately if he found the effort too much for him. Accordingly, upon a tolerably warm day of early[138] summer, I and an old friend of Kant's accompanied him to a little place which I rented in the country. As we drove through the streets, Kant was delighted to find that he could sit upright and bear the motion of the carriage, and seemed to draw youthful pleasure from the sight of the towers and other public buildings which he had not seen for years. We reached the place of our destination in high spirits. Kant drank a cup of coffee and attempted to smoke a little. After this he sat and sunned himself, listening with delight to the warbling of birds, which congregated

in great numbers about this spot. He distinguished every bird by its song, and called it by its right name. After staying about half an hour, we set off on our homeward journey, Kant still cheerful, but apparent y satiated with his day's enjoyment.

I had on this occasion purposely avoided taking him to any public gardens, that I might not disturb his pleasure by exposing him to the distressing gaze of public curiosity. However, it was known in Königsberg that Kant had gone out; and accordingly, as the carriage moved through the streets which led to his residence, there was a general rush from all quarters in that direction; and, when we turned into the street where the house stood, we found it already choked up with people. As we slowly drew up to the door a lane was formed in the crowd, through which Kant was led, I and my friend supporting him on our arms. Looking at the crowd, I observed the faces of many persons of rank and distinguished strangers, some of whom now saw Kant for the first time, and many of them for the last.

As the winter of 1802–3 approached he complained more than ever of an affection of the stomach, which no medical man had been able to mitigate, or even to explain. The winter passed over in a complaining way: he was weary of life, and longed for the hour of dismission. "I can be of service to the world no more," said he, "and am a burden to myself." Often I endeavored to cheer him by the anticipation of excursions that we would make together when summer came again. On these he calculated with so much earnestness that he had made a regular scale or

classification of them: 1. Airings; 2. Journeys; 3 Travels. And nothing could equal the yearning impatience expressed for the coming of spring and summer, not so much for their own peculiar attractions as because they were the seasons for travelling. In his memorandum book he made this note: "The three summer months are June, July, and August" — meaning that they were the three months for travelling; and in conversation he expressed the feverish strength of his wishes so plaintively and affectingly that every body was drawn into powerful sympathy with him, and wished for some magical means of antedating the course of the seasons.

In this winter his bed room was often warmed. This was the room in which he kept his little collection of books, of about four hundred and fifty volumes, chiefly presentation copies from the authors. It may seem singular that Kant, who read so extensively, should have no larger library; but he had less need of one than most scholars, having in his earlier years been librarian at the Royal Library of the Castle, and since then having enjoyed from the liberality of Hartknoch, his publisher, (who, in his turn, had profited by the liberal terms on which Kant had made over to him the copyright of his own works,) the first sight of every new book that appeared.

At the close of this winter, that is, in 1803, Kant first began to complain of unpleasant dreams, sometimes of very terrific ones, which awakened him in great agitation. Oftentimes melodies, which he had heard in earliest youth sung in the streets of Königs-

berg, resounded painfully in his ears and dwelt upon them in a way from which no efforts of abstraction could release him. These kept him awake to unseasonable hours; and often when, after long watching, he had fallen asleep, however deep his sleep might be, it was suddenly broken up by terrific dreams, which alarmed him beyond description. Almost every night the bellrope which communicated with a bell in the room above his own, where his servant slept, was pulled violently and with the utmost agitation. No matter how fast the servant might hurry down, he was almost always too late, and was pretty sure to find his master out of bed, and often making his way in terror to some other part of the house. The weakness of his feet exposed him to such dreadful falls on these occasions that at length (but with much difficulty) I persuaded him to let his servant sleep in the same room with himself.

The morbid affection of the stomach began now to be more and more distressing; and he tried various applications, which he had formerly been loud in condemning, such as a few drops of rum upon a piece of sugar, naphtha, &c.[139] But all these were only palliatives, for his advanced age precluded the hope of a radical cure. His dreadful dreams became continually more appalling: single scenes or passages in these dreams were sufficient to compose the whole course of mighty tragedies, the impression from which was so profound as to stretch far into his waking hours. Amongst other phantasmata, more shocking and indescribable, his dreams constantly represented to him the forms of murderers advancing to his bedside; and so

agitated was he by the awful trains of phantoms that swept past him nightly that in the first confusion of awaking he generally mistook his servant, who was hastening to his assistance, for a murderer. In the daytime we often conversed upon these shadowy illusions; and Kant, with his usual spirit of stoical contempt for nervous weakness of every sort, laughed at them; and to fortify his own resolution to contend against them he wrote down in his memorandum book, "There must be no yielding to panics of darkness." At my suggestion, however, he now burned a light in his chamber, so placed as that the rays might be shaded from his face. At first he was very averse to this, though gradually he became reconciled to it; but that he could bear it at all was to me an expression of the great revolution accomplished by the terrific agency of his dreams. Heretofore, darkness and utter silence were the two pillars on which his sleep rested; no step must approach his room; and as to light, if he saw but a moonbeam penetrating a crevice of the shutters it made him unhappy; and, in fact, the windows of his bed chamber were barricadoed night and day. But now darkness was a terror to him and silence an oppression. In addition to his lamp, therefore, he had now a repeater in his room. The sound was at first too loud; but, after muffling the hammer with cloth, both the ticking and the striking became companionable sounds to him.

At this time (spring of 1803) his appetite began to fail, which I thought no good sign. Many persons insist that Kant was in the habit of eating too much for

health.[140] I, however, cannot assent to this opinion; for he ate but once a day and drank no beer. Of this liquor (I mean the strong black beer) he was, indeed, the most determined enemy. If ever a man died prematurely, Kant would say, "He has been drinking beer, I presume." Or, if another were indisposed, you might be sure he would ask, "But does he drink beer?" and according to the answer on this point he regulated his anticipations for the patient. Strong beer, in short, he uniformly maintained to be a slow poison. Voltaire, by the way, had said to a young physician who denounced coffee under the same bad name of a "slow poison," "You're right, there, my friend, however; slow it is, and horribly slow; for I have been drinking it these seventy years, and it has not killed me yet." But this was an answer which, in the case of beer, Kant would not allow of.

On the 22d of April, 1803, his birthday, the last which he lived to see, was celebrated in a full assembly of his friends. This festival he had long looked forward to with great expectation, and delighted even to hear the progress made in the preparations for it; but when the day came, the over-excitement and tension of expectation seemed to have defeated itself. He tried to appear happy; but the bustle of a numerous company confounded and distressed him, and his spirits were manifestly forced.[141] He seemed first to revive to any real sense of pleasure at night, when the company had departed and he was undressing in his study. He then talked with much pleasure about the presents which, as usual, would be made to his servants on this occasion; for Kant was never happy himself unless he

saw all around him happy. He was a great maker of presents; but at the same time he had no toleration for the studied theatrical effect, the accompaniment of formal congratulations, and the sentimental pathos with which birthday presents are made in Germany.[142] In all this his masculine taste gave him a sense of something *fade* and ludicrous.

The summer of 1803 was now come; and, visiting Kant one day, I was thunderstruck to hear him direct me, in the most serious tone, to provide the funds necessary for an extensive foreign tour. I made no opposition, but asked his reasons for such a plan. He alleged the miserable sensations he had in his stomach, which were no longer endurable. Knowing what power over Kant a quotation from a Roman poet had always had, I simply replied, "Post equitem sedet atra cura;" and for the present he said no more. But the touching and pathetic earnestness with which he was continually ejaculating prayers for warmer weather made it doubtful to me whether his wishes on this point ought not, partially at least, to be gratified; and I therefore proposed to him a little excursion to the cottage we had visited the year before. "Any where," said he, "no matter whither, provided it be far enough." Towards the latter end of June, therefore, we executed this scheme. On getting into the carriage, the order of the day with Kant was, "Distance, distance — only let us go far enough," said he; but scarcely had we reached the city gates before the journey seemed already to have lasted too long. On reaching the cottage we found coffee waiting for us; but he would scarcely allow himself time for drinking it before he ordered

the carriage to the door; and the journey back seemed insupportably long to him, though it was performed in something less than twenty minutes. "Is this never to have an end?" was his continual exclamation; and great was his joy when he found himself once more in his study, undressed, and in bed. And for this night he slept in peace, and once again was liberated from the persecution of dreams.

Soon after he began again to talk of journeys, of travels in remote countries, &c.; and, in consequence, we repeated our former excursions several times; and though the circumstances were pretty nearly the same on every occasion, and always terminating in disappointment as to the immediate pleasure anticipated, yet undoubtedly they were, on the whole, salutary to his spirits. In particular, the cottage itself, standing under the shelter of tall alders, with a valley stretched beneath it, through which a little brook meandered, broken by a waterfall, whose pealing sound dwelt pleasantly on the ear, sometimes, on a quiet sunny day, gave a lively delight to Kant; and once, under accidental circumstances of summer clouds and sunlights, the little pastoral landscape suddenly awakened a lively remembrance, which had been long laid asleep, of a heavenly summer morning in youth, which he had passed in a bower upon the banks of a rivulet that ran through the grounds of a dear and early friend, General Von Lossow. The strength of the impression was such that he seemed actually to be living over that morning again, thinking as he then thought, and conversing with those that were no more.

His very last excursion was in August of this year,

1803,) not to my cottage, but to the garden of a friend. But on this day he manifested great impatience. It had been arranged that he was to meet an old friend at the gardens; and I, with two other gentlemen, attended him. It happened that *our* party arrived first; and, such was Kant's weakness and total loss of power to estimate the duration of time, that, after waiting a few moments, he insisted that some hours had elapsed — that his friend could not be expected; and went away in great discomposure of mind. And so ended Kant's travelling in this world.

In the beginning of autumn the sight of his right eye began to fail him; the left he had long lost the use of. This earliest of his losses, by the way, he discovered by mere accident and without any previous warning. Sitting down one day to rest himself in the course of a walk, it occurred to him that he would try the comparative strength of his eyes; but, on taking out a newspaper which he had in his pocket, he was surprised to find that with his left eye he could not distinguish a letter. In earlier life he had two remarkable affections of the eyes: once, on returning from a walk, he saw objects double for a long space of time; and twice he became stone blind. Whether these accidents are to be considered as uncommon, I leave to the decision of oculists. Certain it is, they gave very little disturbance to Kant, who, until old age had reduced his powers, lived in a constant state of stoical preparation for the worst that could befall him. I was now shocked to think of the degree in which his burdensome sense of dependence would be aggravated if he should totally lose the power

of sight. As it was, he read and wrote with great difficulty; in fact, his writing was little better than that which most people can produce as a trial of skill with their eyes shut. From old habits of solitary study, he had no pleasure in hearing others read to him; and he daily distressed me by the pathetic earnestness of his entreaties that I would have a reading glass devised for him. Whatever my own optical skill could suggest, I tried; and the best opticians were sent for to bring their glasses and take his directions for altering them; but all was to no purpose.

In this last year of his life Kant very unwillingly received the visits of strangers; and, unless under particular circumstances, wholly declined them. Yet, when travellers had come a very great way out of their road to see him, I confess that I was at a loss how to conduct myself. To have refused too pertinaciously, could not but give me the air of wishing to make myself of importance. And I must acknowledge that, amongst some instances of importunity and coarse expressions of lowbred curiosity, I witnessed, on the part of many people of rank, a most delicate sensibility to the condition of the aged recluse. On sending in their cards, they would generally accompany them by some message, expressive of their unwillingness to gratify their wish to see him at any risk of distressing him. The fact was, that such visits *did* distress him much; for he felt it a degradation to be exhibited in his helpless state, when he was aware of his own incapacity to meet properly the attention that was paid to him. Some, however, were admitted,[143] according to the circumstances of the case and the state of Kant's spirits at the mo-

ment. Amongst these, I remember that we were particularly pleased with M. Otto, the same who signed the treaty of peace between France and England with the present[144] Lord Liverpool, (then Lord Hawkesbury.) A young Russian also rises to my recollection at this moment, from the excessive (and I think unaffected) enthusiasm which he displayed. On being introduced to Kant, he advanced hastily, took both his hands and kissed them. Kant, who, from living so much amongst his English friends, had a good deal of the English dignified reserve about him, and hated any thing like *scenes*, appeared to shrink a little from this mode of salutation, and was rather embarrassed. However, the young man's manner, I believe, was not at all beyond his genuine feelings; for next day he called again, made some inquiries about Kant's health, was very anxious to know whether his old age were burdensome to him, and above all things entreated for some little memorial of the great man to carry away with him. By accident, the servant had found a small cancelled fragment of the original manuscript of Kant's Anthropologie: this, with my sanction, he gave to the Russian, who received it with rapture, kissed it, and then gave him in return the only dollar he had about him; and, thinking that not enough, actually pulled off his coat and waistcoat and forced them upon the man. Kant, whose native simplicity of character very much indisposed him to sympathy with any extravagances of feeling, could not, however, forbear smiling good humoredly on being made acquainted with this instance of *naïveté* and enthusiasm in his young admirer.

I now come to an event in Kant's life which ushered in its closing stage. On the 8th of October, 1803, for the first time since his youth, he was seriously ill. When a student at the university, he had once suffered from an ague, which, however, gave way to pedestrian exercise; and in later years he had endured some pain from a contusion on his head. But, with these two exceptions, (if they can be considered such,) he had never, properly speaking, been ill. The cause of his illness was this: His appetite had latterly been irregular, or rather, I should say, depraved; and he no longer took pleasure in any thing but bread and butter and English cheese.[145] On the 7th of October, at dinner, he ate little else, in spite of every thing that I and another friend then dining with him could urge to dissuade him; and for the first time I fancied that he seemed displeased with my importunity, as though I were overstepping the just line of my duties. He insisted that the cheese never had done him any harm, nor would now. I had no course left me but to hold my tongue; and he did as he pleased. The consequence was what might have been anticipated — a restless night, succeeded by a day of memorable illness. The next morning all went on as usual till nine o'clock, when Kant, who was then leaning on his sister's arm, suddenly fell senseless to the ground. A messenger was immediately despatched for me; and I hurried down to his house, where I found him lying in his bed, which had now been removed into his study, speechless and insensible. I had already summoned his physician; but, before he arrived, nature put forth efforts which brought Kant a little to himself. In about an hour he

opened his eyes and continued to mutter unintelligibly till towards the evening, when he rallied a little and began to talk rationally. For the first time in his life, he was now, for a few days, confined to his bed, and ate nothing. On the 12th of October he again took some refreshment, and would have had his favorite food; but I was now resolved, at any risk of his displeasure, to oppose him firmly. I therefore stated to him the whole consequences of his last indulgence, of all which he manifestly had no recollection. He listened to what I said very attentively, and calmly expressed his conviction that I was perfectly in the wrong; but for the present he submitted. However, some days after, I found that he had offered a florin for a little bread and cheese, and then a dollar, and even more. Being again refused, he complained heavily; but gradually he weaned himself from asking for it, though at times he betrayed involuntarily how much he desired it.

On the 13th of October his usual dinner parties were resumed, and he was considered convalescent; but it was seldom indeed that he recovered the tone of tranquil spirits which he had preserved until his late attack. Hitherto he had always loved to prolong this meal, the only one he took — or, as he expressed it in classical phrase, "cœnam *ducere;*" but now it was difficult to hurry it over fast enough for his wishes. From dinner, which terminated about two o'clock, he went straight to bed, and at intervals fell into slumbers; from which, however, he was regularly awakened by phantasmata, or terrific dreams. At seven in the evening came on duly a period of great agitation, which lasted till five or six in the morning — sometimes later; and he continued

through the night alternately to walk about and lie down, occasionally tranquil, but more often in great distress.

It now became necessary that somebody should sit up with him, his man servant being wearied out with the toils of the day. No person seemed to be so proper for this office as his sister, both as having long received a very liberal pension from him, and also as his nearest relative, who would be the best witness to the fact that her illustrious brother had wanted no comforts or attention in his last hours which his situation admitted of. Accordingly she was applied to, and undertook to watch him alternately with his footman — a separate table being kept for her, and a very handsome addition made to her allowance. She turned out to be a quiet, gentle-minded woman, who raised no disturbances amongst the servants, and soon won her brother's regard by the modest and retiring style of her manners; I may add, also, by the truly sisterly affection which she displayed towards him to the last.

The 8th of October had grievously affected Kant's faculties, but had not wholly destroyed them. For short intervals the clouds seemed to roll away that had settled upon his majestic intellect, and it shone forth as heretofore. During these moments of brief self-possession his wonted benignity returned to him; and he expressed his gratitude for the exertions of those about him, and his sense of the trouble they underwent, in a very affecting way. With regard to his man servant in particular, he was very anxious that he should be rewarded by liberal presents; and he pressed me earnestly on no account to be parsimonious. Indeed Kant

was nothing less than princely in his use of money; and there was no occasion on which he was known to express the passion of scorn very powerfully but when he was commenting on mean and penurious acts or habits. Those who knew him only in the streets fancied that he was not liberal; for he steadily refused, upon principle, to relieve all common beggars. But, on the other hand, he was liberal to the public charitable institutions: he secretly assisted his own poor relations in a much ampler way than could reasonably have been expected of him; and it now appeared that he had many other deserving pensioners upon his bounty — a fact that was utterly unknown to any of us until his increasing blindness and other infirmities devolved the duty of paying these pensions upon myself. It must be recollected also that Kant's whole fortune, which amounted to about twenty thousand dollars, was the product of his own honorable toils for nearly threescore years, and that he had himself suffered all the hardships of poverty in his youth, though he never once ran into any man's debt — circumstances in his history which, as they express how fully he must have been acquainted with the value of money, greatly enhance the merit of his munificence.

In December, 1803, he became incapable of signing his name. His sight, indeed, had for some time failed him so much that at dinner he could not find his spoon without assistance; and, when I happened to dine with him, I first cut in pieces whatever was on his plate, next put it into a spoon, and then guided his hand to find the spoon. But his inability to sign his name did not arise merely from blindness. The fact was, that,

from irretention of memory, he could not recollect the letters which composed his name; and, when they were repeated to him, he could not represent the figure of the letters in his imagination. At the latter end of November, I had remarked that these incapacities were rapidly growing upon him, and in consequence I prevailed on him to sign beforehand all the receipts, &c., which would be wanted at the end of the year; and afterwards, on my representation, to prevent all disputes, he gave me a regular legal power to sign on his behalf.

Much as Kant was now reduced, yet he had occasionally moods of social hilarity. His birthday was always an agreeable subject to him. Some weeks before his death, I was calculating the time which it still wanted of that anniversary, and cheering him with the prospect of the rejoicings which would then take place. "All your old friends," said I, "will meet together and drink a glass of Champagne to your health." "That," said he, "must be done upon the spot;" and he was not satisfied till the party was actually assembled. He drank a glass of wine with them, and with great elevation of spirits celebrated this birthday which he was destined never to see.

In the latter weeks of his life, however, a great change took place in the tone of his spirits. At his dinner table, where heretofore such a cloudless spirit of joviality had reigned, there was now a melancholy silence. It disturbed him to see his two dinner companions conversing privately together whilst he himself sat like a mute on the stage with no part to perform. Yet to have engaged him in the conversa-

tion would have been still more distressing; for his hearing was now very imperfect; the effort to hear was itself painful to him; and his expressions, even when his thoughts were accurate enough, became nearly unintelligible. It is remarkable, however, that at the very lowest point of his depression, when he became perfectly incapable of conversing with any rational meaning on the ordinary affairs of life, he was still able to answer correctly and distinctly, in a degree that was perfectly astonishing, upon any question of philosophy or of science, especially of physical geography,[146] chemistry, or natural history. He talked satisfactorily, in his very worst state, of the gases, and stated very accurately different propositions of Kepler's, especially the law of the planetary motions; and I remember in particular, that upon the very last Monday of his life, when the extremity of his weakness moved a circle of his friends to tears, and he sat amongst us insensible to all we could say to him, cowering down, or rather, I might say, collapsing into a shapeless heap upon his chair, deaf, blind, torpid, motionless, — even then I whispered to the others that I would engage that Kant should take his part in conversation with propriety and animation. This they found it difficult to believe. Upon which I drew close to his ear and put a question to him about the Moors of Barbary. To the surprise of every body but myself, he immediately gave us a summary account of their habits and customs, and told us, by the way, that in the word *Algiers* the *g* ought to be pronounced hard, (as in the English word *gear*.)

During the last fortnight of Kant's life he busied

himself unceasingly in a way that seemed not merely purposeless, but self-contradictory. Twenty times in a minute he would unloose and tie his neck handkerchief. So also with a sort of belt which he wore about his dressing gown; the moment it was clasped he unclasped it with impatience, and was then equally impatient to have it clasped again. But no description can convey an adequate impression of the weary restlessness with which from morning to night he pursued these labors of Sisyphus — doing and undoing; fretting that he could not do it; fretting that he had done it.

By this time he seldom knew any of us who were about him, but took us all for strangers. This happened first with his sister, then with me, and finally with his servant. Such an alienation distressed me more than any other instance of his decay. Though I knew that he had not really withdrawn his affection from me, yet his air and mode of addressing me gave me constantly that feeling. So much the more affecting was it when the sanity of his perceptions and his remembrances returned; but these intervals were of slower and slower occurrence. In this condition, silent or babbling childishly, self-involved and torpidly abstracted, or else busy with self-created phantoms and delusions, what a contrast did he offer to *that* Kant who had once been the brilliant centre of the most brilliant circles, for rank, wit, or knowledge, that Prussia afforded! A distinguished person from Berlin, who had called upon him during the preceding summer, was greatly shocked at his appearance, and said, "This is not Kant that I have seen, but the shell of Kant."

How much more would he have said this if he had seen him now!

Now came February, 1804, which was the last month that Kant was destined to see. It is remarkable that, in the memorandum book which I have before mentioned, I found a fragment of an old song, (inserted by Kant, and dated in the summer, about six months before the time of his death,) which expressed that February was the month in which people had the least weight to carry, for the obvious reason that it was shorter by two and by three days than the others; and the concluding sentiment was in a tone of fanciful pathos to this effect: "O happy February, in which man has least to bear — least pain, least sorrow, least self-reproach." Even of this short month, however, Kant had not twelve entire days to bear; for it was on the 12th that he died; and in fact he may be said to have been dying from the 1st. He now barely vegetated; though there were still transitory gleams flashing by fits from the embers of his ancient intellect.

On the 3d of February the springs of life seemed to be ceasing from their play; for from this day, strictly speaking, he ate nothing more. His existence henceforward seemed to be the mere prolongation of an impetus derived from an eighty years' life after the moving power of the mechanism was withdrawn. His physician visited him every day at a particular hour; and it was settled that I should always be there to meet him. Nine days before his death, on paying his usual visit, the following little circumstance occurred,

which affected us both, by recalling forcibly to our minds the ineradicable courtesy and goodness of Kant's nature. When the physician was announced, I went up to Kant and said to him, "Here is Dr. A——." Kant rose from his chair, and, offering his hand to the doctor, murmured something in which the word "posts" was frequently repeated, but with an air as though he wished to be helped out with the rest of the sentence. Dr. A——, who thought that, by *posts*, he meant the stations for relays of post horses, and therefore that his mind was wandering, replied that all the horses were engaged, and begged him to compose himself. But Kant went on, with great effort to himself, and added, "Many posts, heavy posts — then much goodness — then much gratitude." All this he said with apparent incoherence, but with great warmth and increasing self-possession. I meantime perfectly divined what it was that Kant, under his cloud of imbecility, wished to say; and I interpreted accordingly. "What the professor wishes to say, Dr. A——, is this, that, considering the many and weighty offices which you fill in the city and in the university, it argues great goodness on your part to give up so much of your time to him," (for Dr. A—— would never take any fees from Kant,) "and that he has the deepest sense of this goodness." "Right!" said Kant, earnestly, "right!" But he still continued to stand, and was nearly sinking to the ground. Upon which I remarked to the physician, that I was so well acquainted with Kant that I was satisfied he would not sit down, however much he suffered from standing, until he knew that his visitors were seated. The doctor seemed to doubt this; but Kant,

who heard what I said, by a prodigious effort confirmed my construction of his conduct, and spoke distinctly these words: "God forbid I should be sunk so low as to forget the offices of humanity!"

When dinner was announced, Dr. A—— took his leave. Another guest had now arrived; and I was in hopes, from the animation which Kant had so recently displayed, that we should to-day have a pleasant party; but my hopes were vain. Kant was more than usually exhausted; and, though he raised a spoon to his mouth, he swallowed nothing. For some time every thing had been tasteless to him; and I had endeavored, but with little success, to stimulate the organs of taste by nutmeg, cinnamon, &c. To-day all failed; and I could not even prevail upon him to taste a biscuit, rusk, or any thing of that sort. I had once heard him say that several of his friends, who had died of *marasmus*, had closed their illness by four or five days of entire freedom from pain, but totally without appetite, and then slumbered tranquilly away. Through this state I apprehended that he was himself now passing.

Saturday, the 4th of February, I heard his guests loudly expressing their fears that they should never meet him again; and I could not but share these fears myself. However, on

Sunday, the 5th, I dined at his table in company with his particular friend Mr. R. R. V. Kant was still present, but so weak that his head drooped upon his knees, and he sank down against the right side of the chair. I went and arranged his pillows so as to raise and support his head; and, having done this, I said, "Now, my dear sir, you are again in right order."

Great was our astonishment when he answered, clearly and audibly, in the Roman military phrase, "Yes *testudine et facie*," and immediately after added, "Ready for the enemy, and in battle array." His powers of mind were (if I may be allowed that expression) smouldering away in their ashes; but every now and then some lambent flame, or grand emanation of light, shot forth to make it evident that the ancient fire still slumbered below.

Monday, the 6th, he was much weaker and more torpid: he spoke not a word, except on the occasion of my question about the Moors, as previously stated, and sat with sightless eyes, lost in himself, and manifesting no sense of our presence; so that we had the feeling of some mighty shade or phantom from some forgotten century being seated amongst us.

About this time Kant had become much more tranquil and composed. In the earlier periods of his illness, when his yet unbroken strength was brought into active contest with the first attacks of decay, he was apt to be peevish, and sometimes spoke roughly, or even harshly, to his servants. This, though very opposite to his natural disposition, was altogether excusable under the circumstances. He could not make himself understood: things were therefore brought to him continually which he had not asked for; and often it happened that what he really wanted he could not obtain, because all his efforts to name it were unintelligible. A violent nervous irritation, besides, affected him from the unsettling of the equilibrium in the different functions of his nature — weakness in one organ being made more palpable to him by disproportionate strength in another. But

now the strife was over; the whole system was at length undermined, and in rapid and harmonious progress to dissolution. And, from this time forward, no movement of impatience or expression of fretfulness ever escaped him.

I now visited him three times a day; and on

Tuesday, February 7th, going about dinner time, I found the usual party of friends sitting down alone; for Kant was in bed. This was a new scene in *his* house, and increased our fears that his end was now at hand. However, having seen him rally so often, I would not run the risk of leaving him without a dinner party for the next day; and accordingly, at the customary hour of one, we assembled in his house on

Wednesday, February 8th. I paid my respects to him as cheerfully as possible, and ordered dinner to be served up. Kant sat at the table with us, and, taking a spoon with a little soup in it, put it to his lips, but immediately put it down again and retired to bed, from which he never rose again except during the few minutes when it was rearranged.

Thursday, the 9th, he had sunk into the weakness of a dying person, and the corpselike appearance had already taken possession of him. I visited him frequently through the day; and, going at ten o'clock at night, I found him in a state of insensibility. I could not draw any sign from him that he knew me; and I left him to the care of his sister and his servant.

Friday, the 10th, I went to see him at six o'clock in the morning. It was very stormy, and a deep snow had fallen in the nighttime. And, by the way, I remember that a gang of housebreakers had forced their way

through the premises in order to reach Kant's next neighbor, who was a goldsmith. As I drew near to his bedside I said, "Good morning." He returned my salutation by saying, "Good morning," but in so feeble and faltering a voice that it was hardly articulate. I was rejoiced to find him sensible; and I asked him if he knew me. "Yes," he replied, and, stretching out his hand, touched me gently upon the cheek. Through the rest of the day, whenever I visited him, he seemed to have relapsed into a state of insensibility.

Saturday, the 11th, he lay with fixed and rayless eyes, but to all appearance in perfect peace. I asked him again, on this day, if he knew me. He was speechless; but he turned his face towards me and made signs that I should kiss him.[147] Deep emotion thrilled me as I stooped down to kiss his pallid lips; for I knew that in this solemn act of tenderness he meant to express his thankfulness for our long friendship and to signify his affection and his last farewell. I had never seen him confer this mark of his love upon any body except once; and that was a few weeks before his death, when he drew his sister to him and kissed her. The kiss which he now gave to me was the last memorial that he knew me.

Whatever fluid was now offered to him passed the œsophagus with a rattling sound, as often happens with dying people; and there were all the signs of death being close at hand.

I wished to stay with him till all was over, and, as I had been witness of his life, to be witness also of his departure; and therefore I never quitted him except when I was called off for a few minutes to attend some

private business. The whole of this night I spent at his bedside. Though he had passed the day in a state of insensibility, yet in the evening he made intelligible signs that he wished to have his bed put in order. He was therefore lifted out in our arms; and the bedclothes and pillows being hastily arranged, he was carried back again. He did not sleep; and a spoonful of liquid, which was sometimes put to his lips, he usually pushed aside; but about one o'clock in the night he himself made a motion towards the spoon, from which I collected that he was thirsty; and I gave him a small quantity of wine and water sweetened. But the muscles of his mouth had not strength enough to retain it; so that, to prevent its flowing back, he raised his hand to his lips, until with a rattling sound it was swallowed. He seemed to wish for more; and I continued to give him more, until he said, in a way that I was just able to understand, "It is enough."[148] And these were his last words. At intervals he pushed away the bedclothes and exposed his person. I constantly restored the clothes to their situation; and on one of these occasions I found that the whole body and extremities were already growing cold and the pulse intermitting

At a quarter after three o'clock on Sunday morning, February 12, Kant stretched himself out as if taking a position for his final act, and settled into the precise posture which he preserved to the moment of death. The pulse was now no longer perceptible to the touch in his hands, feet, or neck. I tried every part where a pulse beats, and found none any where but in the left hip, where it beat with violence, but often intermitted.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon he suffered a

remarkable change: his eye was rigid, and his face and lips became discolored by a cadaverous pallor. Still, such was the effect of his previous habits that no trace appeared of the cold sweat which naturally accompanies the last mortal agony.

It was near eleven o'clock when the moment of dissolution approached. His sister was standing at the foot of the bed, his sister's son at the head. I, for the purpose of still observing the fluctuations of the pulse in his hip, was kneeling at the bedside; and I called his servant to come and witness the death of his good master. Now began the last agony, if to him it could be called an agony where there seemed to be no struggle; and precisely at this moment his distinguished friend Mr. R. R. V., whom I had summoned by a messenger, entered the room. First of all the breath grew feebler; then it missed its regularity of return; then it wholly intermitted, and the upper lip was slightly convulsed; after this there followed one slight respiration or sigh; and after that no more. But the pulse still beat for a few seconds, slower and fainter, till it ceased altogether; the mechanism stopped; the last motion was at an end; and exactly at that moment the clock struck eleven.

Soon after his death the head of Kant was shaved, and, under the direction of Professor Knorr, a plaster cast was taken, not a mask merely, but a cast of the whole head, designed (I believe) to enrich the craniological collection of Dr. Gall.

The corpse being laid out and properly attired, immense numbers of people of every rank, from the high-

est to the lowest, flocked to see it. Every body was anxious to make use of the last opportunity he would have for entitling himself to say, "I, too, have seen Kant." This went on for many days, during which, from morning to night, the house was thronged with the public. Great was the astonishment of all people at the meagreness of Kant's appearance; and it was universally agreed that a corpse so wasted and fleshless had never been beheld. His head rested upon the same cushion on which once the gentlemen of the university had presented an address to him; and I thought that I could not apply it to a more honorable purpose than by placing it in the coffin, as the final pillow of that immortal head.

Upon the style and mode of his funeral, Kant had expressed his wishes in earlier years in a separate memorandum. He there desired that it should take place early in the morning, with as little noise and disturbance as possible, and attended only by a few of his most intimate friends. Happening to meet with this memorandum whilst I was engaged at his request in arranging his papers, I very frankly gave him my opinion that such an injunction would lay me, as the executor of his will, under great embarrassments, for that circumstances might very probably arise under which it would be next to impossible to carry it into effect. Upon this Kant tore the paper and left the whole to my own discretion. The fact was, I foresaw that the students of the university would never allow themselves to be robbed of this occasion for expressing their veneration by a public funeral. The event showed that I was right; for a funeral such as Kant's, one so solemn and

so magnificent, the city of Königsberg has never witnessed before or since. The public journals, and separate accounts in pamphlets, &c., have given so minute an account of its details that I shall here notice only the heads of the ceremony.

On the 28th of February, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the dignitaries of church and state, not only those resident in Königsberg, but from the remotest parts of Prussia, assembled in the church of the Castle. Hence they were escorted by the whole body of the university, splendidly dressed for the occasion, and by many military officers of rank, with whom Kant had always been a great favorite, to the house of the deceased professor; from which the corpse was carried by torchlight, the bells of every church in Königsberg tolling, to the Cathedral, which was lit up by innumerable wax lights. A never-ending train of many thousand persons followed it on foot. In the cathedral, after the usual burial rites, accompanied with every possible expression of national veneration to the deceased, there was a grand musical service, most admirably performed; at the close of which Kant's mortal remains were lowered into the academic vault, where he now rests among the ancient patriarchs of the university. PEACE BE TO HIS DUST, AND EVERLASTING HONOR!

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 12.

That this appears on the very face of his writings, may be inferred from a German work, published about two years ago, by a Hamburg barrister (I think) — Mr. Jacobs. The subject of the book is, the Modern Literature of England, with the lives, etc., of the most popular authors. It is made up in a great measure from English literary journals, but not always; and in the particular case of the author now alluded to, Mr. Jacobs imputes to him not merely too lively a sensitiveness to censure, but absolutely a "*wasserscheue*" (hydrophobia) with regard to reviewers and critics. How Mr. Jacobs came to use so strong an expression, or this particular expression, I cannot guess; unless it were that he had happened to see (which, however, does not appear) in a work of this eloquent Englishman the following picturesque sentence: "By an unconscionable extension of the old adage, '*Noscitur a socio*,' my friends are never under the waterfall of criticism, but I must be wet through with the spray."—*Spray*, indeed! I wish some of us knew no more of these angry cataracts than their spray.

Note 2. Page 23.

Not for the sake of any exception in its favor from the general censure here pronounced on this body of essays, but for its extraordinary tone of passion and frantic energy, and at times of noble sentiment eloquently expressed, I must notice, as by far the most memorable of these essays of the 17th century, that of Joachim

Forz Ringelberg, *On the Method of Study* (De Ratione Studii). It is one of those books which have been written most evidently not merely by a madman (as many thousands have), but by a madman under a high paroxysm of his malady ; and, omitting a few instances of affectation and puerility, it is highly affecting. It appears that the author, though not thirty years of age at the date of his book, was afflicted with the gravel — according to his belief, incurably ; and much of the book was actually written in darkness (on waxen tablets, or on wooden tablets, with a *stylus* formed of charred bones), during the sleepless nights of pain consequent upon his disease. "Ætas abiit," says he, "reditura nunquam — Ah . nunquam reditura ! Tametsi annum nunc solùm trigesimum ago, spem tamen ademit calculi morbus." And again : "Sic interim meditantem calculi premunt, ut gravi ipsa dolore mœreat mens, et plerumque noctes abducat insomnes angor." Towards the end it is that he states the remarkable circumstances under which the book was composed. "Bonam partem libri hujus in tenebris scripsi, quando somnus me ob calculi dolorem reliquerat ; idque quum sol adversa nobis figeret vestigia, nocte vagante in medio cœlo. Deerat lumen ; verum tabulas habeo, quibus etiam in tenebris utor." It is singular that so interesting a book should nowhere have been noticed to my knowledge in English literature, except, indeed, in a slight and inaccurate way, by Dr. Vicesimus Knox, in his Winter Evening Lucubrations.

Note 8. Page 27.

Accordingly, our fashionable moral practitioner for this generation, Dr. Paley, who prescribes for the consciences of both universities, and, indeed, of most respectable householders, has introduced a good deal of casuistry into his work, though not under that name. In England there is an aversion to the mere name, founded partly on this, that casuistry has been most cultivated by Roman Catholic divines, and too much with a view to an indulgent and dispensing morality ; and partly on the excessive subdivision and hair-splitting of cases ; which tends to the infinite injury of morals, by perplexing and tampering with the conscience, and by presuming morality to be above the powers of any but the subtlest minds. All this, however, is but the abuse of casuistry ; and

without casuistry of some sort or other, no practical decision could be made in the accidents of daily life. Of this, on a fitter occasion, I could give a cumulative proof. Meantime, let it suffice to observe that law, which is the most practical of all things, is a perpetual casuistry ; in which an immemorial usage, a former decision of the court, or positive statute, furnishes the major proposition ; and the judgment of the jury, enlightened by the knowledge of the bench, furnishes the minor or casuistical proposition.

Note 4. Page 31.

Especially one, whose title I forget, by Vater, the editor and completer of the *Mithridates*, after Adelung's death. By the way, for the sake of the merely English reader, it may be well to mention that the *Mithridates* is so called with an allusion to the great king of that name contemporary with Sylla, Lucullus, etc., of whom the tradition was that, in an immense and polyglot army, composed from a great variety of nations, he could talk to every soldier in his own language.

Note 5. Page 34.

See the advertisements of the humblest schools ; in which, however low the price of tuition, etc., is fixed, French never fails to enter as a principal branch of the course of study. To which fact I may add, that even twelve or fifteen years ago I have seen French circulating libraries in London chiefly supported by people in a humble rank.

Note 6. Page 45.

The most disengenuous instances in Schlegel of familiar acquaint ance claimed with subjects of which he is necessarily ignorant, are the numerous passages in which he speaks of philosophers, especially of Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant. In such cases his sentences are always most artificially and jesuitically constructed, to give him the air of being quite at his ease on the one hand, and yet, on the other, to avoid committing himself by too much descent into particulars. So dangerous, however, is it for the ablest man to attempt speaking of what he does not understand, that, as a

sailor will detect a landsman, however expert in the use of nautical diction, before he has uttered two sentences, so, with all his art and finesse, and speaking besides to questions of his own choosing, yet cannot Schlegel escape detection in any one instance when he has attempted to act the philosopher. Even where the thing said is not otherwise objectionable, it generally detects itself as the remark of a novice, by addressing itself to something extra-essential in the philosophy, and which a true judge would have passed over as impertinent to the real business of the system. Of the ludicrous blunders which inevitably arise in both Bouterwek and Schlegel, from hasty reading, or no reading at all, I noted some curious instances in my pocket-book ; but, not having it with me, I shall mention two from memory. Bouterwek and Schlegel would both be highly offended, I suppose, if I were to doubt whether they had ever read the Paradise Lost. "O, calumny — vile calumny ! We that have given such fine criticisms upon it, not to have read it !" Yes ; but there is such a case *in rerum naturâ* as that of criticizing a work which the critic had not even seen. Now, that Boutereek had not read the Paradise Lost, I think probable from this : Bodmer, during part of the first half of the last century, as is known to the students of German literature, was at the head of a party who supported the English literature against the French party of the old dolt Gottsched. From some work of Bodmer's Bouterwek quotes with praise a passage which, from being in plain German prose, he supposes to be Bodmer's, but which, unfortunately, happens to be a passage in the Paradise Lost, and so memorable a passage that no one having once read it could have failed to recognize it. So much for Bouterwek : as to Schlegel, the presumption against him rests upon this : he is lecturing Milton in a high professor's style for his choice of a subject : "Milton," says he, "did not consider that the fall of man was but an inchoate action, but a part of a system, of which the restoration of man is another and equally essential part. The action of the Paradise Lost is, therefore, essentially imperfect." (Quoting from memory, and from a memory some years old, I do not pretend to give the words, but this is the sense.) Now, *pace tanti viri*, Milton *did* consider this, and has provided for it by a magnificent expedient, which a man who had read the Paradise Lost would have been likely to remember, namely, by the Vision combined

with the Narrative of the Archangel, in which his final restoration is made known to Adam; without which, indeed, to say nothing of Mr. Schlegel's objection, the poem could not have closed with that *repose* necessary as the final impression of any great work of art.

Note 7. Page 49.

For which distinction, as for most of the sound criticism on poetry, or any subject connected with it that I have ever met with, I must acknowledge my obligations to many years' conversation with Mr. Wordsworth. Upon this occasion it may be useful to notice that there is a rhetorical use of the word "power," very different from the analytic one here introduced, which, also, is due originally to Mr. Wordsworth, and will be found in no book before 1798; this is now become a regular slang term in London conversation. In reference to which, it is worth notice that a critic, speaking of the late Mr. Shelley, a year or two ago, in the most popular literary journal of the day, said, "It is alleged that there is power in Mr. Shelley's poetry; now, there can be no power shown in poetry, except by writing good poems" (or words to that effect). Waiving, however, the question of Mr. Shelley's merits, so far is this remark from being true, that the word was originally introduced expressly to provide for the case where, though the poem was *not* good from defect in the *composition*, or from other causes, the stamina and *matériel* of good poetry, as fine thinking and passionate conceptions, could not be denied to exist.

Note 8. Page 51.

A late writer has announced it as a matter of discovery, that the term "classics" is applicable also to the modern languages. But, surely, this was never doubted by any man who considered the meaning and origin of the term. It is drawn, as the reader must be reminded, from the political economy of Rome. Such a man was rated as to his income in the third class, such another in the fourth, and so on; but he who was in the highest was said emphatically to be of *the* class, "classicus," a class-man, without adding the number, as in that case superfluous. Hence, by an

obvious analogy, the best authors were rated as classici, or men of the highest class; just as in English we say, "men of rank," absolutely, for men who are in the highest ranks of the state. The particular error by which this mere formal term of relation was *materiated* (if I may so say) in one of its accidents (namely, the application to Greek and Roman writers), is one of the commonest and most natural.

Note 9. Page 53.

Nor do I much expect, *will* do more; which opinion I build on the particular formula chosen for expressing the opposition of the antique and the Christian literature, namely, the classical and the romantic. This seeming to me to imply a total misconception of the true principle on which the distinction rests, I naturally look for no further developments of the thesis from that quarter.

Note 10. Page 55.

"*Composition.*" — This word I use in a sense, not indeed peculiar to myself, but yet not very common, nor anywhere, that I know of, sufficiently developed. It is of the highest importance in criticism; and, therefore, I shall add a note upon the true construction of the idea, either at the end of this letter or the next, according to the space left.

Note 11. Page 57.

In addition to the arguments lately urged in the *Quarterly Review*, for bastardizing and degrading the early history of Rome, I may here mention two others, alleged many years ago in conversation by a friend of mine. 1. *The immoderate length of time assigned to the reigns of the kings.* For though it is possible that one king's reign may cover two entire generations (as that of George III.), or even two and a half (as that of Louis XIV.), yet it is in the highest degree improbable that a series of seven kings, immediately consecutive, should average, in the most favorable cases, more than twenty-four years for each: for the proof of which, see the Collective Chronology of Ancient and Modern Europe. 2. *The dramatic and artificial casting of the parts*

for these kings. Each steps forward as a scenical person, to play a distinct part or character. One makes Rome ; another makes laws ; another makes an army ; another, religious rites etc. And last of all comes a gentleman who " enacts the brute part " of destroying, in effect, what his predecessors had constructed ; and thus furnishes a decorous catastrophe for the whole play, and a magnificent birth for the republican form of government.

Note 12. Page 57.

Submonente quodam ut in pristinos inimicos animadverteret, negavit se ita facturum ; adjectâ civili voce,— Minime licere Principi Romano, ut quæ privatus agitasset odia — ista Imperator exequi. *Spartian in Had.* —Vid. Histor. August.

Note 13. Page 58.

Neither let it be objected that it is irrational to oppose what there is no chance of opposing with success. When the Roman Senate kept their seats immovably upon the entrance of the Gauls reeking from the storm of Rome, they did it not as supposing that this spectacle of senatorial dignity could disarm the wrath of their savage enemy ; if they had, their act would have lost all its splendor. The language of their conduct was this : So far as the grandeur of the will is concerned, we have carried our resistance to the last extremity, and have expressed it in the way suitable to our rank. For all beyond we were not answerable ; and, having recorded our " protest " in such an emphatic language, death becomes no dishonor. The *stantem mori* express es the same principle, but in a symbolic act.

Note 14. Page 59.

So palpable is this truth, that the most unreflecting critics have nence been led to suspect the pretensions of the Atys to a Roman origin.

Note 15. Page 60.

Orabunt alii causas melius. Æn VI. — An opinion upon the

Grecian superiority in this point, which is so doubtful even to us in our perfect impartiality at this day, as a general opinion without discrimination of persons, that we may be sure it could not spontaneously have occurred to a Roman in a burst of patriotic feeling, and must have been deliberately manufactured to meet the malignant wishes of Augustus. More especially because, in whatever relation of opposition or of indifference to the principles of a military government, to the Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos, Virgil might view the fine arts of painting, statuary, etc., he could not but have viewed the arts of forensic eloquence as standing in the closest alliance with that principle.

Note 16. Page 62.

Namely: 1, in the Cornish, Welsh, Manks, Highland Scotch, and Irish provinces of the British empire (in the first and last it is true that the barbarous Celtic blood has been too much improved by Teutonic admixture, to allow of our considering the existing races as purely Celtic; this, however, does not affect the classification of their genuine literary relics). 2, in Biscay; and 3, in Basse Bretagne (Armorica): to say nothing of a Celtic district said to exist in the Alps, etc.

Note 17. Page 62.

Namely: Iceland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Netherlands, England, and Scotch Lowlands.

Note 18. Page 62.

Namely: Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal.

Note 19. Page 63.

I take this opportunity of mentioning a curious fact which I ascertained about twelve years ago, when studying the Danish The English and Scotch philologists have generally asserted that the Danish invasions in the ninth and tenth centuries, and their

settlements in various parts of the island (as Lincolnshire, Cumberland, etc.), had left little or no traces of themselves in the language. This opinion has been lately reässerted in Dr. Murray's work on the European languages. It is, however, inaccurate. For the remarkable dialect spoken amongst the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, together with the names of the mountains, tarns, etc., most of which resist all attempts to unlock their meaning from the Anglo-Saxon, or any other form of the Teutonic, are pure Danish — generally intelligible from the modern Danish of this day, but in all cases from the elder form of the Danish. Whenever my *Opera Omnia* are collected, I shall reprint a little memoir on this subject, which I inserted about four years ago in a provincial newspaper: or possibly before that event, for the amusement of the lake tourists, Mr. Wordsworth may do me the favor to accept it as an appendix to his work on the English lakes.

Note 20. Page 68.

Dating from the earliest works of Leibnitz, rather more.

Note 21. Page 68.

I have heard it alleged as a reason why no great interest in the German philosophy can exist or can be created amongst the English, that "there is no demand for books on that subject:" in which remark there is a singular confusion of thought. Was there any "demand" for the Newtonian philosophy, until the Newtonian philosophy appeared? How should there be any "demand" for books which do not exist? But, considering the lofty pretensions of the Kantean philosophy, it would argue a gross ignorance of human nature to suppose that no interest had already attended the statement of these pretensions whenever they have been made known; and, in fact, amongst thoughtful and intellectual men a very deep interest has long existed on the subject, as my own experience has been sufficient to convince me. Indeed, what evidence could be alleged more strong of apathy and decay in all intellectual activity, and in all honorable direction of intellectual interests, than the possibility that a systematic philosophy should

arise in a great nation near to our own, and should claim to have settled forever many of the weightiest questions which concern the dignity and future progress of the human species, and should yet attract no attention or interest? We may be assured that no nation not thoroughly emasculated in power of mind — that is, so long as any severe studies survive amongst her — can ever be so far degraded. But these judgments come of attending too much to the movements of what is called "the literary world:" literature very imperfectly represents the intellectual interests of any people: and literary people are, in a large proportion, as little intellectual people as any one meets with.

Note 22. Page 72.

Under this denomination I comprehend all the rabble of abbreviators, abstractors, dictionary-makers, etc. etc., attached to the establishment of the Kantean philosophy. One of the last, by the way, Schmidt, the author of a Kantean dictionary, may be cited as the *beau ideal* of Kantean commentators. He was altogether agreed with Dr. Nitsch upon the duty of not understanding one's author; and acted up to his principle through life — being, in fact, what the Cambridge men call a *Bergen-op-zoom*, that is, one that sturdily defies his author, stands a siege of twelve or twenty years upon his understanding, and holds out to the last, impregnable to all the assaults of reason or argument, and the heaviest batteries of common sense.

Note 23. Page 75.

The reader may suppose that this could not possibly have been the meaning of Mr. Stewart. But a very general mistake exists as to the terminology of Kant — as though a foreigner must find some difficulties in it which are removed to a native. "His own countrymen," says a respectable literary journal, when speaking of Kant (*Edinburgh Monthly Review* for August, 1820, p. 168) — 'His own countrymen find it difficult to comprehend his meaning; and they dispute about it to this day." Why not? The terminology of Kant is partly Grecian, partly scholastic; and how should

either become intelligible to a German, *qua* German, merely because they are fitted with German terminations and inflexions?

Note 24. Page 77.

The diction of the particular book which had been recommended to Mr. Stewart's attention, namely, the *Expositio Systematica* of Phiseldek, a Danish professor, has all the merits which a philosophic diction can have, being remarkably perspicuous, precise, simple, and unaffected. It is too much of a mere metaphrase of Kant, and has too little variety of illustration; otherwise I do not know a better digest of the philosophy.

Note 25. Page 78.

Which distinction comes out still more strongly in the secondary derivative *fanciful*, and the primary derivative *fantastic:* I say primary derivative, in reference to the history of the word: — 1, φαντασία, whence *phantasy:* — 2, for metrical purposes, *phant'sy* (as it is usually spelt in Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, and other scholar-like poems of that day): — 3, by dropping the *t* in pronunciation; phansy or fancy. Now, from No. 1 comes *fantastic;* from No. 3 comes *fanciful*.

Note 26. Page 79.

In some cases it is true that the construction of the ideas is posterior to the system, and presupposes a knowledge of it, rather than precedes it; but this is not generally true.

Note 27. Page 82.

In a conversation which I once had with the late Bishop of Llandaff, on the subject of Kant, he objected chiefly to the terminology, and assigned as one instance of what seemed to him needless innovations, the word *apperception*. "If this word means self-consciousness," said he, "I do not see why Mr. Kant might not have contented himself with what contented his father." But the truth is, that this word exactly illustrates the explanation made above; it expresses one fact in a system *sub ratione*, and with a retrospect

to another. This would have been the apology for the word: however, in this particular instance, I chose rather to apologize for Kant, by alleging that Wolff and Leibnitz had used the word; so that it was an established word before the birth of the transcendental philosophy, and it might, therefore, be doubted whether Mr Kant, senior, *had* contented himself in this case with less than Mr. Kant, junior.

Note 28. Page 88.

[This article was written about twenty years ago (1850), and was printed for the first time from the Author's MS., in the posthumous volume of the last Edinburgh edition of De Quincey's works. It was his intention to have continued the subject, but this was never done.]

Note 29. Page 91.

"*Quis tulerit Gracchos,*" says Juvenal in a well-known line, "*de seditione querentes?*" To my correspondent, as being a "*gal,*" I shall not be offering any affront in translating this line. It means in English — *Who would endure the Gracchi making a querulous denunciation of sedition?* And for its usual rhetorical purpose it answers as well as it ever did. But meantime, as Roman history is more and more inquiringly studied, than which history none has been more insufficiently *weighed*, more and more there is heard a sullen muttering of demur to this specious assumption against the two splendid Gracchi. It was important to keep the two mutineers constantly suspended before the Roman eye as traitorous criminals. Their offence was of a kind eternally to solicit Roman ambition, but also eternally to solicit Roman patriotism through a casuistry that even now, under no bias to mislead our neutrality, seems more than plausible.

Note 30. Page 99.

It is a curious fact, and worth recording amongst the *deliciæ* and *facetiæ* of literature, especially because it serves to measure the enormous revolutions continually going on in the vast worlds of opinion and taste, that Wordsworth's "Excursion" was amongst the books condemned to the basket, and did actually in that honorable conveyance go down to Hades. Under whose

award I am not certain; but, as I heard, of Dr. Irving, the chief librarian at that time.

Note 31. Page 113.

A better illustration perhaps would be found in the Lacedæmonian *scytale*. Suppose that secret orders were sent to a Spartan general commanding at a great distance (as in Asia Minor), consequently under considerable risk of being intercepted by the enemy. Let these orders be written upon a ribbon, which ribbon (according to previous concert) is to be wound spirally round a staff or truncheon confided to the general at starting. Now in such a case all depends, as regards the legibility of the ribbon, upon the correspondence in thickness of the truncheon used by the general in relation to the particular truncheon kept at Sparta. Suppose the home truncheon to be four and a quarter inches in diameter, then the ribbon, when wound about a truncheon chosen at hap-hazard by an enemy (as, for instance, three inches in diameter), will not bring its consecutive spiral folds into proper correspondence; the whole text of the despatch would be mystified into Babylonian confusion, something like what we see continually in a London daily paper, where, from hurry at the press, a false crease (or unintentional folding of the paper for a few inches) has had the effect of bringing the initial words of several lines successively into a higher level than the remainders of those lines; so that the fourth line, for instance, in its beginning, lies level with the ending of the first line; and so on. To read across the several spires of the ribbon, it is clear that these spires must be brought into contact at the proper points of junction, which can be effected only by a staff or cylinder, whose diameter has previously been adjusted to the particular spiral sweep assumed by the writer. This was the first rude artifice invented towards a cipher. It is true that, by trying the ribbon upon a series of cylinders, gradually increasing in diameter, the solution of the difficulty would at length be attained. But it is equally true that no cipher, the most exquisite, is impregnable to the deciphering skill of the mathematician, as was demonstrated in 1645 by Wallis, when applying his science to the cabinet of letters captured in the king's coach at Naseby. However short of perfection, each of these contrivances — the ancient Spartan *scytale*, and the modern European

cipher — interposes alike an obstacle between our own despatches and the enemy's power to read them; which obstacle may sometimes baffle the *skill* of the enemy, but must always have retarded him. And even as regards that single advantage of time, there were instances in the great war with Napoleon where officers were killed in carrying hasty orders to distant quarters of the field, and the orders, of course, counteracted by the enemy; which orders, if kept in darkness for but one hour, would probably have changed the face of the campaign.

Note 32. Page 115.

"*An alien land:*" — What land? With regard to the earlier captivity of the *ten* tribes, this question has often been raised as involving a great mystery. And, in particular, of late years, an American missionary, Dr. Asahel Grant, has applied himself in a separate book to its solution. But the story of the last migration, the Exodus, and dispersion of the two tribes, is not at all better known. Dispersed they certainly were, and the traces of Hebrew remembrances, lingering to this day in the names of mountains, and (as it is said) in the physiognomy of the nations amongst the mountains of Affghanistan, of Beloochistan, and other regions approaching to the Indus, make it not improbable that, according to the Oriental custom (a custom illustrated occasionally, to this day, in Asiatic Muscovy), a large proportion of these Hebrew exiles in *both* captivities had been applied to the purpose of making good some casual depopulation from famine or disease in the easternmost parts of the Median empire. At all events, the enigma is as clamorous in the one case as in the other, since the children of the second captivity, the house of Jacob and Benjamin, no more experienced any *commensurate* restoration than the children of the first.

Note 33. Page 120.

This is true, at least, when the reference is to cultivated and intellectual languages. Meantime, I have a great jealousy that serious misapprehensions may have been diffused through barbarous and half-developed languages. Christianity is itself the great organ of improvement and expansion for uncultured languages. But for that very reason the language of an uncivilized

people, when first applied to so spiritual a purpose as that of translating the Scriptures, is as yet presumably in an unspiritual and unexpanded condition of its powers. Not used hitherto for any spiritual purpose, it is not yet in a state of development.

Note 34. Page 121.

"*Of our own country:*" — I was not thinking, at the time when I wrote, of any one particular divine; but, as some personal example may be demanded, I will cite that of Dr. S. Bloomfield, in his critical edition of the Greek Testament, a work of much labor and learning, and specially designed as a bulwark *against* infidel speculations.

Note 35. Page 122.

Writing to a young lady, I could not separately and pointedly notice the form, "A begot (ἐγέννησε) B, B begot C," etc.; and this form may be fancied to heal the ambiguity in the word *son*. Not at all. Both forms are equally ambiguous. It might be said, and often *was* said, "Abraham begot David, David begot Christ;" taking leaps of a thousand years, or thirty generations, at one bound. The inadequacy of ancient languages to the definite expressions of consanguinity is absolutely beyond the healing resources of all human skill or dexterity.

Note 36. Page 216.

Recupero. — See Brydone's Travels, some sixty or seventy years ago. The canon, being a beneficed clergyman in the Papal church, was naturally an infidel. He wished exceedingly to refute Moses; and he fancied that he really *had* done so by means of some collusive assistance from the layers of lava on Mount Ætna. But there survives at this day very little to remind us of the canon except an unpleasant guffaw that rises, at times, in solitary valleys of Ætna.

Note 37. Page 222.

"*Ganges:*" — Dr. Nichol calls it by this name for the purpose of expressing its grandeur; and certainly in breadth, in diffusion at all times, but especially in the rainy season, the Ganges is the cock of the walk in our British Orient. Else, as regards

the body of water discharged, the absolute payments made into the sea's exchequer, and the majesty of column riding downwards from the Himalaya, I believe that, since Sir Alexander Burnes's measurements, the Indus ranks foremost by a long chalk.

Note 38. Page 223.

Kant applied this illustration to the case where one worshipful scholar proposes some impossible problem (as the squaring of the circle, or the perpetual motion), which another worshipful scholar sits down to solve. The reference was, of course, to Virgil's line —

"Atque idem jungat vulpes, et *mulgeat hircos*."

Note 39. Page 231.

"*Of Landor:*" namely, in his "Gebir;" but also of Wordsworth, in "The Excursion." And I must tell the reader that a contest raged at one time, as to the *original* property in this image, not much less keen than that between Neptune and Minerva for the chancellorship of Athens.

Note 40. Page 234.

In reply to various dissenting opinions which have reached me on this subject from different quarters, it has become necessary to say a word or two upon this famous nebula in Orion. All such appearances, whether seen in the fire, or in the clouds, or in the arbitrary combinations of the stars, are read differently by different people. Even where the grouping is exactly the same, being so rigorously limited as to exclude all action of caprice, the result may yet be very different. The expression altogether changes, if the key-note is differently interpreted: and this difference will be much greater, if any latitude is allowed to the original combination of those starry elements out of which the particular synthesis is obtained. Aware of all this, I cannot complain of those who have not been able to read the same dreadful features in the Orion nebula as I myself have read. But two classes of objectors I am entitled to repel more peremptorily, namely, those who have not taken the trouble to look at Professor Nichol's portrait of this *nebula* in the right position: for it happens that, in the professor's book, it is placed upside down as regards the natural position of a human head.

Secondly, and still more, I am entitled to complain of others, whose sole objection is, that the earliest revelation of this nebula apparition by Lord Rosse's telescope has by the same telescope been greatly modified. What of *that?* Who doubts that it would be modified? It is enough that once, in a single stage of the examination, this apparition put on the figure here represented, and for a momentary purpose here dimly deciphered. Take Wordsworth's fine sonnet upon cloud mimicries, drawn from "all the fuming vanities of earth," either that on the Hamilton Hills in Yorkshire, or that from the plains of France, or that labyrinth of terraces and towers which revealed itself in the very centre of a storm (see the fourth book of the "Excursion")—would it have been any rational objection to these grand pictures that the whole had vanished within the hour? He who fancies *that*, does not understand the original purpose in holding up a mirror of description to appearances so grand, and in a dim sense often so symbolic.

Note 41. Page 235.

"*So scented the grim feature.*"—[*Feature* is the old word for *form or outline that is shadowy*, and also for form (shadowy or not) which abstracts from the *matter*.] By the way, I have never seen it noticed that Milton was indebted for the hint of this immortal passage to a superb line and a half in Lucan's "Pharsalia."

"Et nare sagaci
Aëra non sanum, tactumque cadavere sensit."

Note 42. Page 236.

"*The jewelry of stars:*"—And one thing is very remarkable, namely, that not only the stars justify this name of jewelry, as usual, by the life of their splendor, but also, in this case, by their arrangement. No jeweller could have set or disposed with more art the magnificent quadrille of stars which is placed immediately below the upright plume. There is also another, a truncated quadrille, wanting only the left-hand star (or you might call it a bisected lozenge) placed on the diadem, but obliquely placed as regards the curve of that diadem. Two or three other arrangements are striking, though not equally so, both from their regularity and from their repeating each other, as the forms in a kaleidoscope.

Note 43. Page 244.

It is worth adding at this point, whilst the reader remembers without effort the numbers, namely, forty-one thousand years, for the time (the space being our own distance from the sun repeated six hundred and seventy thousand times), what would be the time required for reaching, in the *body*, that distance to which Lord Rosse's six feet mirror has so recently extended our *vision*. The time would be, as Dr. Nichol computes, about two hundred and fifty millions of years, supposing that our rate of travelling was about three times that of our earth in its orbit. Now, as the velocity is assumed to be the same in both cases, the ratio between the distance (already so tremendous) of Bessel's 61 *Cygni* and that of Lord Rosse's farthest frontier is as forty-one thousand to two hundred and fifty millions. This is a simple rule-of-three problem for a child; and the answer to it will, perhaps, convey the simplest expression of the superhuman power lodged in the new telescope: As is the ratio of forty-one thousand to two hundred and fifty million, so is the ratio of our own distance from the sun, multiplied by six hundred and seventy thousand, to the outermost limit of Lord Rosse's sidereal vision.

Note 44. Page 245.

"*Deep blue of Italian skies:*" — Which deep blue, however, is denied by some people, who contend that, though often introduced into the pictures of the great Italian masters, since the realities of nature must be continually modified by the learned artist for purposes of effect, in reality the skies of Italy are as often of a pale French gray as those of more northern lands.

Note 45. Page 245.

It has been reported ever since the autumn of 1845, and the report is now (August, 1846) gathering strength, that some railway potentate, having taken a fancy for the ancient College of Glasgow as a bawble to hang about his wife's neck (no accounting for tastes), has offered (or *will* offer) such a price, that the good old academic lady, in this her mossgrown antiquity, seriously thinks of taking him at his word, packing up her traps, and being off. When a spirit of galavanting comes across an

aged lady, it is always difficult to know where it will stop; so, in fact, you know, she may choose to steam for Texas. But the present impression is that she will settle down by the side of what you may call her married or settled daughter — the Observatory; which one would be glad to have confirmed, as indicating that no purpose of pleasure seeking had been working in elderly minds, but the instinct of religious rest and aspiration. The Observatory would thus remind one of those early Christian anchorites and self-exiled visionaries, that, being led by almost a necessity of Nature to take up their residence in deserts, sometimes drew after themselves the whole of their own neighborhood.

Note 46. Page 253.

"*Pyrotechnic planetoids:*" — The reader will understand me as alluding to the periodic shooting stars. It is now well known that as upon our own poor little earthly ocean we fall in with certain phenomena as we approach certain latitudes, so also upon the great ocean navigated by our earth we fall in with prodigious showers of these meteors at periods no longer uncertain, but fixed as jail deliveries. "These remarkable showers of meteors," says Dr. Nichol, "observed at different periods in August and November, seem to demonstrate the fact, that at these periods we have come in contact with two streams of such planetoids then intersecting the earth's orbit." If they intermit, it is only because they are shifting their nodes, or points of intersection.

Note 47. Page 254.

Somewhere I have seen it remarked, that if on a public road you meet a party of four women, it is at least fifty to one that they are all laughing; whereas, if you meet an equal party of my own unhappy sex, you may wager safely that they are talking gravely, and that one of them is uttering the word *money*. Hence it must be — namely, because our sisters are too much occupied with the playful things of this earth and our brothers with its gravities — that neither party sufficiently watches the skies. And *that* accounts for a fact which often has struck myself — namely, that in cities, on bright, moonless nights, when some brilliant skirmishings of the Aurora are exhibiting, or even a luminous arch, which is a broad ribbon of snowy light that spans

the skies, positively, unless I myself say to people, "Eyes upwards!" not one in a hundred, male or female, but fails to see the show, though it may be seen *gratis*, simply because their eyes are too uniformly reading the earth. This downward direction of the eyes, however, must have been worse in former ages; because else it never *could* have happened that until Queen Anne's days nobody ever hinted in a book that there *was* such a thing, or *could* be such a thing, as the Aurora Borealis; and, in fact, Halley had the credit of discovering it.

Note 48. Page 255.

"*Disturbing:*" — Neither, perhaps, should I much have sought to avoid alterations if the original had been lying before me; for it takes the shape of a dream; and this most brilliant of all German writers wanted in that field the severe simplicity, that horror of the *too much*, belonging to Grecian architecture, which is essential to the perfection of a dream considered as a work of art. He was too elaborate to realize the grandeur of the shadowy.

Note 49. Page 264.

And all of us detest him reasonably, who remember his treatment of poor Stoddart and Conolly, for no crime alleged but that of trusting to the hospitality and justice of his savage land.

Note 50. Page 268.

'*Revises*' — '*stet.*' — '*delete:*' — All these odd-looking words, oh uninitiated reader, are technical terms in the chapels of the thrice-venerable press. A *revise* is a second edition of the original or probationary proof, in which the corrector is corrected and rash judgments are revised. To *delete* is the old traditional Latinism of the sacred press [which, in fact, ought to be called St. Press] for *cancel*. And *stet.* [*let it stand*] is the authorized form of edict — the only form which a compositor is bound to recognize as legal, and having the force of a *mandamus* from the Queen's Bench, for restoring to its original station some reading that had been injuriously ejected.

Note 51. Page 273.

Hamilton of Preston was, I believe, raised to the baronetcy about the middle of the second Charles's reign. It seems hard to reconcile with that fact a tradition, which I have repeatedly heard in conversation, that the Hamilton of that day was a Covenanter, and even a Drumclog rebel. If this were really so [but generally my impulse is to regard the whole generation of anecdotes as founded in lies], it would argue in the first baronet much obstinacy and perhaps a little lunacy. But these are excellent qualities on which to build a house; for in two centuries they lose their harshness, and mellow down into strength of will and reasonable eccentricity. In these days, when periodic literature traverses society through sections so vastly enlarged, and often not belonging in any sense to the classes professedly literary, it may be necessary to inform the young reader that the order of baronets did not arise until the reign of James I. Consequently, if we divide the duration of the order into four successive stages, the Preston baronetcy dates from the first.

Note 52. Page 277.

However, if this camel-load of languages tended to no useful result, it ought in justice to be mentioned that at least it *originated* in a very useful effort of benignity. One terminus lay in the useful, if the other terminus evaporated in smoke. The army of Napoleon was a polyglot army to a greater extent than is generally known; and in attending the military hospital-beds at Milan, for the purpose of offering spiritual consolations, the pious monk, Mezzofante, is reported to have found three-and-twenty languages indispensable. These being wanted for the necessities of conversation, it happened naturally that they were learned radically. He that *talks* a language cannot deceive himself.

Note 53. Page 280.

From which law there is a proper dispensation in the case of papers which, although related by general title, yet in each division branch off in such way as to be always making a new beginning

Note 54. Page 284.

A portrait of Hamilton accompanied this paper when it originally appeared in the 'Instructor.'

Note 55. Page 286.

I presume the reader to be familiar with the passage in Shakspeare here referred to. But if not, let him look to 'Twelfth Night.'

Note 56. Page 287.

'*In a state of civilation:*' — And what state may that be? As the word is a valuable word, and in some danger of being lost, I beg to rehearse its history. The late Dr. Maginn, with whom some of us may otherwise have had reason to quarrel, was, however, a man of varied accomplishments; a wit, with singular readiness for improvising, and with very extensive scholarship. Amongst the peculiar opinions which he professed was this — that no man, however much he might *tend* towards civilization, was to be regarded as having absolutely reached its apex until he was drunk. Previously to which consummation, a man might be a promising subject for civilization, but otherwise than in *posse* it must be premature, so he must be considered as more or less of a savage. This doctrine he naturally published more loudly than ever, as he was himself more and more removed from all suspicion of barbaric sobriety. He then became anxious with tears in his eyes to proclaim the deep sincerity of his conversion to civilization. But as such an odiously long word must ever be distressing to a gentleman taking his ease of an evening, unconsciously, perhaps, he abridged it always after 10, P. M. into *civilation*. Such was the genesis of the word. And I therefore, upon entering it in my neological dictionary of English, matriculated it thus: '*Civilation* by ellipsis, or more properly by syncope, or rigorously speaking by hiccup, from *civilization*.'

Note 57. Page 292.

Belzoni, it may be necessary to inform *this* generation, was an Italian, who came to Liverpool originally in the character of a

posture-master, an *acrobates*, a walker on the tight-rope, a *desultor*, &c. He ran towards seven feet high, was as strong as a camel, and as agile as a horse. But he was also a very intelligent man, and subsequently his ambition received a higher direction. Under English patronage, he explored the tombs of Egyptian Thebes ; gave a rude shaking to the mummies, who had slept quite long enough ; and amongst the Arabs, Nubians, &c., but especially amongst Turks, who have a childish reverence for physical perfections, turned his fine person to a real diplomatic use in the service of England.

Note 58. Page 295.

Forgetting this particular line, I have coined one, in order to fill up the chasm as to sense and metre.

Note 59. Page 300.

This passage from Leibnitz is cited by Mrs. C. rightly in reproof of a precipitance committed many years ago by myself, who had ascribed the detection of the fallacy to her illustrious father. In apology for my error, I must mention that somewhere or other S. T. C. has (according to my impression) given the solution as his own ; either from haste, or from forgetfulness, or because it really *was* his own — though unconsciously to himself he may have been anticipated by others. In so vast a field as literature *now* presents, many and daily are the inevitable coincidences of profound thinkers when hunting in the same fields ; coincidences that will seem to argue plagiarism on one side or the other, and which yet were *not* plagiarisms. Even in this case I find a verification of that remark. For, in a memorandum of my own, dated some years *earlier* than my erroneous ascription of this idea to S. T. C., I find a reference made to Varignon, and also to some other French mathematician, flourishing about the year 1680–90, (and, therefore, contemporary with Leibnitz,) as the authors of a solution virtually the same. Leibnitz, be it observed, does not formally claim the solution as his own. In a hasty letter, as in conversation, a man uses for a momentary and transient purpose many a borrowed idea, without meaning to appropriate it, and yet feeling no call upon himself to disclaim as his own what he

had no thought of borrowing, not at all for its brilliancy or its felicity, but simply for its pertinence and instant application to some instant question. In his 'Theodicee,' for instance, Leibnitz uses in this way many scores of alien doctrines or ideas without saying (or in honor needing to say) that these were other men's contributions to philosophy. It would not, therefore, tax him with plagiarism, if he had even *consciously* borrowed this explanation from Varignon. For it was the idea, and not the ownership of the idea, that occupied his mind at the moment of pressing it upon his correspondent's attention. The hurry of Leibnitz, I would also remark, is sufficiently evident from the gross inaccuracy of his expression, '*faisaient aller aussi vite qu' Achille*,' for the Greek dialecticians were far from making the tortoise go as fast as Achilles. On the contrary, it was upon the very counter postulate, viz., the assumption that the speed of the tortoise was ten times less than the speed of Achilles, that they founded the irritation of the case. Precisely upon this consideration, that Achilles was by so many degrees the fleeter, rested the whole pungency of the paradox, that nevertheless, and with all his superiority, the divine man was destined metaphysically not to come up with the tortoise. Justly, indeed, it has been noticed of Leibnitz, that, although by native constitution of mind inclined to scholastic rigor of thinking, he was yet betrayed oftentimes by the laxity of *epistolary* discussion into careless modes of expressing truths, and into a dangerous negligence as to the limitations of those truths. Much of Leibnitz's mind revealed itself in letter , and letters are a dangerous form of composition. Not the haste only, not the genial carelessness only, but also the courtesy and amenity of letter-writing, and, in L.'s particular case, his wish to combine the tone of social and Parisian urbanity with the gravity of a philosopher, tempted him into dangerous accommodations of opinion to the temper or prejudices of his particular correspondent. Accordingly, in the case now before us, a gross oversight has escaped Leibnitz, and one which he would himself have acknowledged for such, if summoned to review it, viz. this — that, in a subsequent letter to this same M. Foucher, alleged also by Mrs. Coleridge, he says, 'that P. Gregoire de St. Vincent has shown, by means of geometry, the exact place where Achilles must have caught the tortoise,' p. 115 – 118 I. in Erdmann's ed.

of his collective works. This *pace tanti viri*, is pure impertinence. Of course, as the ratio of motion for Achilles and the tortoise are given, together with the length of the course and the amount of grace (or 'law') conceded to the tortoise, all these things being among the data, it becomes easy, upon assuming a certain number of feet for the stride of Achilles, to mark the precise point at which that 'impiger' young gentleman will fly past his antagonist like a pistol-shot, and being also '*iracundus*, *inexorabilis*, *acer*,' will endeavor to leave his blessing with the tortoise in the shape of a kick (though, according to the picturesque remark of Sidney Smith, it is as vain to caress a tortoise, or, on the other hand, to kick him, as it is to pat and fondle, or to tickle, the dome of St. Paul's). Very little geometry would have sufficed Mr. St. Vincent for reaching such a result. But this is all beside the purpose. We know without geometry that, as the subdivisions of space narrow and narrow between the two competitors, at length they will dwindle to a point so exquisitely small, that one stride of Achilles will carry him past like a gale of wind, and forever invert the local relations of the parties. Indeed, it is evident at a glance, that, upon the principle assumed of ten velocities in Achilles to one velocity in the tortoise, already by the time that the tortoise can have finished the second tenth of the course, Achilles will have finished the ten-tenths, that is, the entire course, and will have nothing left to do, when the tortoise still has an arrear of eight-tenths to perform. But all this only sharpens the sting of the problem. That there should exist for the reason, what to a certainty would *not* exist for the actual experience, exactly this it is which constitutes the difficulty. Where and when this result will take place, at what particular point of the course, answers no question and meets no difficulty that could rationally occur to any man in his waking senses. So far from solving any difficulty, as Leibnitz supposes, St. Vincent's geometrical investigation, on the contrary, would have repeated and published the difficulty in a broader shape. It is precisely *because* Achilles will in practice go ahead of the tortoise, when, conformably to a known speculative argument, he ought *not* to go ahead — it is precisely this fact so surely to be anticipated from all our experience, when confronted with this principle so peremptorily denying the possibility of such a fact — exactly this

antinomy it is, the *will be*, as a physical reality, ranged against the *cannot be*, as apparently a metaphysical law — this downright certainty as matched against this downright impossibility, which, in default of the Leibnitzian solution, constitutes our perplexity, or, to use a Grecian word still more expressive, which constitute our *aporia*, that is, our resourcelessness. Abiding by the one infinity, as the Greek sophists did, we are strictly without resource. On the other hand, arming against that infinity the counter-infinity, as suggested by Leibnitz, then we find the reason is reconciled with itself. But the resource suggested by St. Vincent is simply the re-affirmation of the *aporia*. Achilles will pass. My friend, we know he will; we are sure of it, and precisely in that certainty lies the perplexity of the case.

Let me illustrate this by another case of the same kind. In ancient Greece there emerged suddenly to a musing philosopher what seemed a strong *a priori* argument against motion; that is, against the possibility of motion. Upon this another philosopher, viz., the Eleatic Zeno, without attempting to meet and to dissolve the argument, rose up from his seat, and walked *redarguebat ambulando;* according to his conceit, he refuted the sophist by moving his spindle shanks, saying, *thus* I refute the argument. I move, as a fact, and if motion is a fact of the experience, then motion, as an idea, is conformable to the reason. But to me it is plain that Zeno as little comprehended the true incidence and pressure of the difficulty, as G. de St. V. understood the perplexity involved in our tortoise-shell friend's Olympic contest with Achilles. The case was briefly this: — Reason, as then interpreted, said, This thing cannot be. Nature said, But though impossible, it is a fact. Metaphysics denied it as conceivable. Experience affirmed it as actual. There was, therefore, war in the human mind, and the scandal of an irreconcilable schism. Two oracles within the human mind fought against each other. But in such circumstances, to re-affirm or to exalt either oracle, is simply to reinforce and strengthen the feud. Were some reason alleged in the very opposite direction, viz., for discrediting one of the antagonist forces, that would at least tend towards the suppression of the feud; according to the strength of the reason, it would move at least upon the right line for accomplishing such an end. The conflict depends upon the parity

of the conflicting forces; and whatever therefore disables the authority on either side, or throws doubt upon it, must, by increasing the disparity of the forces, and unsettling their equilibrium, have a tendency *pro tanto*, to terminate the feud. But the man who (like Zeno) simply parades the strength and plausibility investing one of the forces, without attempting in the smallest degree to invalidate the other, does, in fact, only publish and repeat the very ground of your perplexity. That argument, strong as the centrifugal force, which so tauntingly and so partially he causes to coruscate before your eyes, you know but too well. Knowing *that*, however, does not enable you to hide from yourself the antagonist argument, or to deny that in power it corresponds to a centripetal force. How needless to show you that motion exists as a fact! Too sensible you are of that, for what else is it than this fact which arms with the power of perplexing and confounding the metaphysical scruples affecting the idea of motion? But for the too great certainty of this fact, where would be the antinomy? In a doctrine which denies, and plausibly denies, the phenomenon X, what could there be to startle or to shock, unless through some other channel you had learned continually that nevertheless X *does* exist? The antinomy it is — the frightful co-existence of the *to be* and the *not to be* — this it is that agitates and distresses you. But how is that antinomy, a secret word of two horns, which we may represent for the moment under the figure of two syllables, lessened or reconciled by repeating one of these syllables, as did Zeno, leaving the secret consciousness to repeat the other?

NOTE 60. Page 302.

Viz., in the sermon entitled 'The Deceitfulness of the Heart,' p. 515, vol. i., in Longman's edition of the Sermons, 1826.

NOTE 61. Page 303.

'*Spilth*' — a Shakspearian word — see 'Timon of Athens.' The contrivance of the spirit dealer is now universally diffused, but in those days it was only beginning.

Note 62. Page 305.

I do not mean that, failing Kant, there have not been, since his rising in 1755–80, other potent minds capable of the same service; and *eventually* that service would have been achieved by somebody. A treason of that magnitude to a capital interest of the human intellect secretly lodges at the time a promise and a deep assurance of a full and faithful re-action. But still, if the great impulse given to thought, and the direction impressed upon it, by Kant, had been wanting, how many of our great European thinkers since the French Revolution might have been intercepted, and how long would have been the syncope under which the life-blood of philosophy might have stagnated!

Note 63. Page 306.

Accordingly, he made war not only upon those *material* adulterations of logic, which clouded and perplexed the truth, but also upon those *formal* refinements which did no more than disfigure the truth, as, for example, upon the spurious subtlety (*die falsche spitzfindig keit*) of the fourth figure.

Note 64. Page 308.

'*The Orator.*'—The reader must keep in mind, that whilst the Roman distinguished between the orator and the rhetorician, the Grecian expressed both by the same word; and the distinction, which, though not practically developed so much in Athens as in Rome, must have existed, (for such men as Isocrates were but *chamber* orators,) perished to the Greek, as happens with many a distinction, for pure want of an expression.

Note 65. Page 310.

'*In that direction:*' a direction in which Reid faltered, and in effect made shipwreck; viz., in the paper on the 'Organon,' which he contributed to Lord Kames's 'Sketches of Men.'

Note 66. Page 313.

But not always, I fear, under a *mis*interpretation. I cannot at this moment refer to them, but my impression is, that there are passages in Lord Bacon which authorize this fanciful idea.

NOTE 67. Page 323.

'*Cognosced:*'— A term well known to Scottish law, and therefore to Roman law. It means *judiciously reviewed and reported*, no matter in reference to what. But, in common conversation, it has come elliptically to mean — *duly returned as an idiot. Cognosco*, it must be remembered, is the appropriate word, in classical Latin, for judicial review and investigation.

NOTE 68. Page 326.

Sir James Mackintosh though manifestly inclined to adopt this account of the pretended confession, a little weakens the case by saying, — '*If* General Falkenskiold was rightly informed,' as though the invalidation of the confession were conditional upon the accuracy of the General. But in fact, if *his* account were withdrawn, the conspirators are in a still worse position: for the unfinished signature, *confessedly* completed surreptitiously by some alien hand, points strongly towards a physical compulsion exercised upon the queen, — such as had given way, and naturally *would* give way, under a violent struggle, after one or two letters had been extorted by forcibly guiding her hand.

NOTE 69. Page 329.

'*The praise:*' and even the special or separate praise of that writer; which is far indeed from being true.

NOTE 70. Page 330.

In speaking of Ethics, and of the room which it allows for vast variety of views, I confine myself naturally in the text to the part which concerns theory and speculation; that being the part with which Sir James is occupied, and that being precisely the part which Coleridge overlooked in the passage referred to. But, even as regards the practical part, I cannot forbear calling the reader's attention to the gross blindness of that common sentiment which bids us look for nothing new in Ethics. What an instance of 'seeing but not perceiving, hearing but not understanding!' So far from being stationary, Ethics, even as a *practical* system, is *always* moving and advancing; and without aid, or needing

aid, from colleges or professors. A great part of our political life and struggling is but one vast laboratory for sifting and ascertaining the rights, the interests, the duties, of the unnumbered and increasing parties to our complex form of social life. Questions of rights (and consequently of duties) that were never heard of one and two centuries ago, rights of captives, rights of public criminals, rights of pauperism, rights of daily labor, rights of private property amongst belligerents, rights of children born in camps, rights of creditors, rights of debtors, rights of colonists as against the mother country, rights of colonists as against the aborigines of their new country, rights of the aborigines as against the colonists, — these questions, with countless others of the same class, are rising by germs and fractions in every newspaper that one takes up. Civil society is a vast irregular encampment, that even now, whilst we speak, is but beginning to take up its ground scientifically, to distribute its own parts, and to understand its own economy. In this view, one may quote with pleasure a sentence from David Hartley, which is justly praised by Sir James Mackintosh, — 'The rule of life, drawn from the practice and opinions of mankind, corrects and improves itself perpetually.' And as it does this by visiting, searching, trying, purifying, every section and angle of the social system, it happens in the end that this very system, which had been the great *nidus* of evil and wrong, becomes itself a machinery for educating the moral sense. With this eternal expansion in new duties arising, or old ones ascertained, combine also the unlimited invitation held out by growing knowledge to the recasting as to parts, or the resettlement as to foundations, of ethical theories, — and you begin to look with amazement upon the precipitate judgment of Coleridge. If there is any part of knowledge that could be really condemned to stagnation, probably it would soon die altogether.

Note 71. Page 334.

Paley's error was therefore, when scholastically expressed, a confusion between the *ratio essendi* and the *ratio cognoscendi*. About a hundred years ago, Daries and some other followers of Leibnitz and Wolf, made an effort to recall this important distinction; that is, to force the attention upon the importance of

keeping apart the *index* or *criterion* of any object from its *essential or differential principle*. Some readers may fancy it more easy to keep these ideas apart, than sytematically to confound them. But very many cases, and this of Paley's in particular, show that there is a natural tendency to such a confusion. And upon looking more rigorously, I perceive that Sir James Mackintosh has *not* overlooked it; he has in fact expressed it repeatedly; but always in terms that would hardly have conveyed the full meaning to my mind, if I had not been expressly seeking for such a meaning. At p. 14, (vol. i.) he thus distinguishes: — 'These momentous inquiries relate to at least two perfectly distinct subjects: — I. The nature of the distinction between Right and Wrong in human conduct; and, II. The nature of those feelings with which Right and Wrong are contemplated by human beings. The discrimination has seldom been made by moral philosophers; the difference between the two problems has never been uniformly observed by any of them.' At p. 15, he taxes both Paley and Bentham with having confounded them; and subsequently, at p. 193, he taxes the latter still more pointedly with this capital confusion.

NOTE 72. Page 336.

'*Exordium*,' an exordium which virtually (and in parts verbally) repeats a similar passage at pp. 44 – 5 of Vol. I.

NOTE 73. Page 342.

But this is altogether a mistake: English people resident in Southern France (and amongst them I think the late Lady Blessington) have been often made aware of a common nursery artifice for alarming refractory children in the appeal to *Niccolo;* far too profoundly traditional to have been borrowed from any book, much less from a book of doubtful interpretation, and in an alien language.

NOTE 74. Page 343.

'*Life and coloring:*' — Such a change happened, three or four years ago, to what are called The Raphael Tapestries. After having been laid up in darkness for about ten years, they were brought out and exhibited at Manchester; after which the crim

sons deepened remarkably under constant exposure to light, the blues clarified themselves, and the harmonies of the coloring began to revive.

Note 75. Page 344.

The king suffered on the 30th of January, 1649. And I have somewhere read an anecdote, that Royston, the publisher, caused several copies, the first that were sufficiently dry, to be distributed amongst the crowd that surrounded the scaffold. This was a bold act. For Royston, and all his equipage of compositors were in great peril already, by their labors at the press. Imprisonment for political offences was fatal to three out of four in those days : but the penalties were sometimes worse than imprisonment for offences so critically perilous as that of Royston.

Note 76. Page 345.

'*A horror :*' — It is true that Dr. Gauden received a sum of twenty thousand pounds within the first year ; but *that* was for renewal of leases that had lapsed during the Commonwealth suppression of the sees ; and nothing so great was likely to occur again.

Note 77. Page 348.

This ' poor imbecile creature ' was the original suggester of the Steam-engine. He is known in his earlier life as Lord Herbert, son of Lord Worcester, who at that time was an earl, but afterwards raised to a marquisate, and subsequently the son was made Duke of Beaufort. Apart from the negotiations with the nuncio, the king's personal bargain with Lord Herbert (whom he made Earl of Glamorgan as a means of accrediting him for this particular Irish service) was tainted with marks of secret leanings to Popery. Lord Glamorgan's family were Papists ; and into this family, the house of Somerset having Plantagenet blood in their veins, the king was pledged to give a daughter in marriage, with a portion of three hundred thousand pounds.

Note 78. Page 354.

As, for example, to our English translators, who make the Attic bee talk like an old drone both as to sense and expression. See, too, for a specimen of what Plato does *not* mean, the 'Geist der Speculativen Philosophie,' by a tedious man — one Tiedemann.

Note 79. Page 355.

There is, indeed, a metrical version of *Niny* — what? 'Ninithoma,' or *Niny*-something in Mr. Coleridge's earliest volume of Poems: but that was a very juvenile performance

Note 80. Page 360.

Of October! the indignant reader will exclaim — October in what year? You foolish German editor, that belong to the least accurate and wide awake of all peoples, is it your creed in Germany that there has been but one October in all chronology? The reader, I am well assured, is irritated up to a white heat by this insolent neglect of chronologic dates even in their rudest shape: for the wretch does not condescend even to indicate the *century* with which his narrative is concerned. But I for my part am embarrassed even more than irritated.

Note 81. Page 362.

This is more fully expressed by Mrs. Herder upon another occasion, viz. at p. 219, vol. ii. in the course of the interesting account she gives of Herder's gigantic plans and sketches: — 'A few only of his later works were written not altogether from any strong impulse of his own nature, but chiefly with a view to the benefit of others. Hence, alas! more important labors went unfinished — labors that lay near to his inmost heart. In the last day of his life he said to our Godfrey, "He wished he might be permitted to write but two numbers more of the Adrastea; those two should be his last and consummate labor; in them he would deliver his entire Confession of Faith, seeing that many subjects now appeared to him in a far different light." He complained that "he had accomplished so little in his life;" said "that men pitched the tone of their investigations too high and too artificial, when yet human nature lay broad and open before

our eyes — like an unrolled manuscript: nothing was required of us but that we should read; instead of which, we fancy and devise all sorts of difficulties.'' '

It may be judged, from all this, how straitened in point of time Herder must have found himself: so delusive is the impression which Mr. Coleridge has sought to convey in his *Biographia Literaria*, that Herder had found his various duties as a man of business, reconcilable with his higher duties as an intellectual being, working for his own age and posterity! Indeed, of no man who ever lived, is this more emphatically untrue: but of a hundred similar complaints, in the same passionate style, I select two by way of correcting the misrepresentation of Mr. Coleridge. 1. At p. 214, Mrs. Herder says 'How often would he ejaculate — "Ah that I had but time — time — time!" His heart was ready to break at the thought of how much that he wished to communicate must be sealed up with himself in the grave.' 2. (p. 224) 'Many a time in company, when the conversation happened to turn upon confinement in a fortress, he would say pleasantly, but at the same time earnestly — "For my part, I envy the man who is thrown into a dungeon, provided he has a good conscience, and knows how to employ his time. To me no greater service could be rendered, than just to shut me up for some years in a fortress, with permission to pursue my labors and to procure the books I might want. Oh! never was poor soul more wearied out than I am with this hurry of business amongst crowds."' If, therefore, Herder contrived to do a great deal of business in the common sense of the word, combined with a great deal of intellectual work, he did it only by sacrificing just that proportion of the latter: to do that which any stout man might have been hired to do far better for a guinea a day, he left undone that which only intellectual men, sometimes only himself, could have done. Mr. Coleridge's object could not have been to show us that by a sacrifice to that extent a man might gain time for ordinary business: *that* had never been doubted. His thesis was, that the performance of this ordinary business might be so managed as not only to subtract nothing from the higher employments, but even greatly to assist them: and Herder's case was alleged as a proof and an illustration; with what countenance from Herder himself we here see.

How immense were Herder's plans, may be judged by the reader when he is informed that the following are but a slight fraction of his entire scheme of outline:

1. Spanish Literature . .
2. Hebrew; the elder, and the latter Jewish Literature . . . } to be exhibited on a great scale.
3. Icelandic . . . . . .

4. Grecian Mythology to be delivered and interpreted.

5. Natural Philosophy to be studied for some years; this plan was much ripened and extended on occasion of the discovery of galvanism — of his personal acquaintance with Werner, who explained to him in conversation his system of geology — and on occasion of Dr. Gall's Craniological Lectures.

6. Select Tragedies from Shakspeare and from the Greek . . . . . } to be translated.
7. Horace . . . . . .
8. Pindar . . . . . .
9. The Bible . . . . . .
10. Ossian . . . . . .

11. A History of Poetry } to be composed: in 4to, of course.
12. A Life of Luther }

NOTE 82. Page 362.

She died about two years after writing this passage.

NOTE 83. Page 365.

For the sake of English readers I must mention (to those who know anything of the German literature it is superfluous to mention) that Herder, in common with every man of eminence in modern Germany, paid almost divine honors to Shakspeare: his wife tells us in her interesting Memoirs of him, that he could repeat Hamlet by heart.

NOTE 84. Page 366.

In the original 'vor das Säkularische auge;' and in the true meaning of the word 'secular,' as it is exhibited by Milton in the fine expression — 'A *secular* bird,' meaning the phœnix, I might have translated it — before the secular eye: but the vulgar theologic sense of the word in English would have led to a

misinterpretation of the meaning. No other equivalent term occurs to me, except *Aeonian;* and *that* is too uncommon to be generally intelligible.

Note 85. Page 368.

Many readers will have read, in the public journals of Europe, that one eminent *littérateur* of Germany within the last half century had died in the act of shouting out clamorously — "*Light, I say! — more light!*" But, on reading the life of another not less celebrated, we find that he died in effect shouting with agonizing emphasis — "*Time, I say! — more time!*" And who was this frantic patient that signalized his farewell intercourse with the world by maniacal shrieks for time? It was Herder, the very man (or leader of the men) whom Coleridge alleged in proof of his position — that intellectual labors need not *so* to press upon any man's nervous system, but that he might still find ample openings for every sort of worldly business. This doctrine I subsequently disputed, and out of my paper arose some years later, a very beautiful vindication of her father's views, from the pen of his most accomplished daughter (the widow of her cousin). Entertaining myself the very highest respect for the great natural endowments and really astonishing attainments of this interesting lady, I had fancied that the best way to show this respect, was by a grave examination of her arguments and her exemplifications. But before I could accomplish this task satisfactorily, to my own profound sorrow Mrs. Coleridge was carried off by an organic malady for which medicine has no relief. I am suddenly reminded of it, however, and in an impressive way, by the statements of Mrs. Herder, especially at p. 362. These revelations fall with crushing effect — not upon anything separately belonging to Mrs. Coleridge, but upon the whole conduct of the argument (as it stands in his "Biographia Literaria") by her father. Mrs. Coleridge's own beautiful papers will be found towards the end of some volume in the series of her father's select works, as republished by herself.

Note 86. Page 371.

It is a striking proof of the ignorance in which most of us were content to live as regards the *history* of our very complex literature, that thirty years ago a most distinguished literary

journal did solemnly confound our great English Chancellor, that wild Orson of a man, with Shaftesbury, author of "The Characteristics," his *grandson*.

NOTE 87. Page 373.

Precisely the same blunder was made by Winkelmann with respect to Virgil, and was exposed (as the reader will find at the beginning of the Laocoon) by Lessing. Tried by the statue, the poem appeared to be wrong, as the statue might if tried by the poem; but Lessing, by suggesting that poetry and sculpture might have their several laws and principles, has exposed the fallacy, and justified Virgil.

NOTE 88. Page 373.

On this subject see the *Dramaturgie* of Lessing, occasional glances in the Laocoon, &c. The hostility of the French theatre to the English and Spanish was obvious; but Lessing was the first that detected its virtual hostility to the Grecian.

NOTE 89. Page 375.

The *French* school (meaning an Anglo-French school in England, which is a pure childish chimera).

NOTE 90. Page 380.

Lessing is here upon untenable ground; the ancient and modern world are not under a different law in this respect; still less are we Europeans, as Lessing may be understood to mean, opposed to the rest of the world, and to the great rule of nature in our mode of feeling on this matter. Goth, Scythian, American Indian, have all alike placed the point of honor in the suppression of any feeling whatever of a purely personal or selfish nature, as physical suffering must necessarily be. It is the Greeks who are the exceptions, not we: and even amongst them, not all (*e. g.* the Spartans), nor in every age. As to the Homeric Greeks, they are downright children. The case of the funeral lamentation, however, is not in point: for this is a case of the *social* affections, to the expression of which it is true that nations are more or less indulgent as they are more or less cultivated.

Note 91. Page 382.

Every reader will recollect a third, the Prometheus of Æschylus. That Lessing should have omitted this, cannot be regarded as an oversight, but rather as the act of a special pleader, who felt that it would stand in the way of his theory. It must not be objected that Prometheus is the hero of a mysterious mythus, with a proportionate exaltation of the human character: for so was Hercules. Undoubtedly it must be granted that the enduring and (so to speak) monumental suffering of Prometheus, demanded, on principles of proportion, a Titanic stability of fortitude, having no relation to time, and the transitory agitations of passion: so that even Sophocles might, upon a suggestion of good taste, *invitâ Minervâ*, have treated this subject differently But, after all, the main ground of difference between the two poets lies in this — that Æschylus had a profound sympathy with the grandeurs of nature, and of human nature, which Sophocles had not. Now, between two extremes, (as in the management of this case they were,) it is not open to Lessing to assume either as the representative Grecian mind.

Note 92. Page 384.

It is hardly possible to crowd together into one sentence a greater amount of error, or error of a more dangerous quality. First, the right of the state to interfere with the Fine Arts, is asserted upon the ground that they can be dispensed with, *i. e.* that they are of no important use; which ground is abandoned in the next sentence, where important influences upon the national condition are ascribed to one class of the Fine Arts, and more than this can hardly be involved in the character of '*indispensable*,' as attached to the science. Secondly, apart from this contradiction, the following dilemma arises; the Fine Arts have, or have not, important results for human happiness. In the first case, it is dangerous to concede a right of interference with them to the state (that is, a right to cripple or defeat them): in the second case, it is vexatious. The sole pretence, indeed, for such a claim, viz. that it cannot interfere with any important interests because the Arts are no ways essential to the general welfare, carries with it a confession that any interference would be frivo-

lous and impertinent. The moment that such an act can be shown to be safe, it will also appear to be without use or motive. Thirdly, unless the government are to *mis*direct themselves to that particular study, in which case they abandon their own appropriate functions ; or they must surrender themselves to the guidance of a body of artists ; in which case, besides the indecorum of making the state a tool for private intrigues, it is not in fact the government which prescribes rules to the arts, but one faction of artists through the government prescribing rules to another. Fourthly, it is not true that Science is in any other or higher sense 'indispensable' than the Arts ; the fact is, that the gifts of Science would be a most dangerous possession for any nation which was not guided in the use of them by a moral culture derived from manners, institutions, and the arts. Fifthly, the fundamental error lies in affirming the final object of the Fine Arts to be pleasure. Every man, however, would shrink from describing Æschylus or Phidias, Milton or Michael Angelo, as working for a common end with a tumbler or a rope-dancer. 'No!' he would say, 'the pleasure from the Fine Arts is ennobling, which the other is not. Precisely so : and hence it appears that not pleasure, but the sense of power and the illimitable, incarnated as it were in pleasure, is the true object of the Fine Arts ; and their final purpose, therefore, as truly as that of Science, and much more directly, the exaltation of our human nature ; which, being the very highest conceivable purpose of man, is least of all a fit subject for the caprices or experiments of the magistrate.

Note 93. Page 388.

The *Trachinian women* composed the chorus which Sophocles brought forward in his dreadful tragedy on the dying Hercules. So that subsequently *The Trachiniæ* became the current name for this tragedy. *Dreadful*, I call it, because the semi-deity of Hercules did not (like that of Prometheus) protect him from Death. Hence the entire scenical movement, under the Death-Shirt of Nessus the Centaur, is felt to be the Apocalypse of Hard Dying in its last recesses.

Note 94. Page 391.

'*Essentially evanescent.*' — The reader must lay especial stress on the word *essentially*, because else Lessing will be chargeable with a capital error. For it is in the very antagonism between the transitory reality and the non-transitory image of it reproduced by Painting or Sculpture, that *one* main attraction of those arts is concealed. The shows of Nature, which we feel and know to be moving, unstable, and transitory, are by these arts arrested in a single moment of their passage, and frozen as it were into a motionless immortality. This truth has been admirably drawn into light, and finely illustrated, by Mr. Wordsworth, in a sonnet on the Art of Landscape Painting; in which he insists upon it as the great secret of its power, that it bestows upon

> —— 'One brief moment caught from fleeting time
> The appropriate calm of blest Eternity.'

Now in this there might seem at first glance to be some opposition between Mr. Wordsworth and Lessing; but all the illustrations of the sonnet show that there is not. For the case is this: — In the succession of parts which make up any appearance in nature, either these parts simply repeat each other, (as in the case of a man walking, a river flowing, &c.) or they unfold themselves through a cycle, in which each step effaces the preceding (as in the case of a gun exploding, where the flash is swallowed up by the smoke, the smoke effaced by its own dispersion, &c.) Now, the illustrations in Mr. Wordsworth's poem are all of the former class; as the party of travellers entering the wood; the boat

> 'Forever anchored in its rocky bed,'

and so on; where the continuous self-repeating nature of the impression, together with its indefinite duration, predispose the mind to contemplate it under a form of unity, one mode of which exists in the eternal *Now* to the painter and sculptor. But in successions of the other class, where the parts are not fluent, as in a line, but angular, as it were, to each other, not homogeneous, but heterogeneous, not continuous but abrupt, the evanescence is *essential;* both because each party really *has*, in general, but a momentary existence, and still more because all the parts being

unlike, each is imperfect as a representative image of the whole process; whereas, in trains which repeat each other, the whole exists virtually in each part, and therefore reciprocally each part will be a perfect expression of the whole. Now, whatever is essentially imperfect, and waiting, as it were, for its complement, is thereby essentially evanescent, as it is only by vanishing that it makes room for this complement. Whilst objecting, therefore, to appearances *essentially* evanescent, as subjects for the artist, Lessing is by implication suggesting the same class from which Mr. Wordsworth has drawn his illustrations.

Spite of the length to which this note has run, I will trespass on the reader's patience for one moment longer, whilst I point his attention to two laws of taste, applied to the composition of epitaphs, (in Mr. Wordsworth's Essay on that subject,) as resting on the same general principle which Lessing is unfolding in the text; they are these: 1st, that all fanciful thoughts, and 2d, that all thoughts of unsubdued, gloomy, and unhopeful grief, are not less severely excluded from the Epitaph by just taste than by Christian feeling. For the very nature of the material in which such inscriptions are recorded, stone or marble, and the laborious process by which they are chiselled out, both point to a character of duration, with which everything slight, frail, or evanescent, is out of harmony. Now, a fanciful thought, however tender, has, by its very definition, this defect. For, being of necessity taken from a partial and oblique station, (since, if it coincided with the central or absolute station of the reason, it would cease to be fanciful,) such a thought can, at most, include but a side-glimpse of the truth; the mind submits to it for a moment, but immediately hurries on to some other thought, under the feeling that the flash and sudden gleam of colorable truth, being as frail as the resemblances in clouds, would, like *them*, unmould and 'dislimn' itself (to use a Shakspearian word) under too steady and continued attention. As to the other class of thoughts, which express the agitations of inconsolable grief, no doubt, they are sufficiently condemned, even in point of taste, by the very character of the place where epitaphs are usually recorded; for this being dedicated to Christian hopes, should, in all consistency, impress a law of Christian resignation upon the memorials within its precincts; else, why inscribe them *there*?

But, apart from this objection, such thoughts are also condemned, on the principle of Lessing, as too evanescent. In the hands of a dramatic poet they are of great use; for there it is no blame to them that they are evanescent, since they make parts, or steps, in a natural process, the *whole* of which is given; and are effaced either by more tranquil sentiments, or by the catastrophe; so that no attempt is there made to give permanence to the evanescent. But in an Epitaph, from its monumental character, we look for an expression of feeling, which is fitted to be acquiesced in as final. Now, upon general principles of human nature, we know that the turbulence of rebellious grief cannot be a final, or other than a transitory state of mind; and if it were otherwise in any particular case, we should be too much shocked to survey it with a pleasurable sympathy.

This is the place for introducing a most apposite illustration, which is the more interesting for having been a groundwork for much controversy. Sir Brooke Boothby, a Derbyshire baronet, more than fifty years ago lost a very lovely daughter, from eight to eleven years old. He and Lady Boothby were alike inconsolable for their loss: but such consolation as might be possible, they endeavored to draw from a memorial figure of their daughter executed in statuary marble; and Sir Brooke, who was a man of letters, not without considerable talent, briefly recorded the nature of their loss and its infinite extent, in the following English inscription: —

> Upon this frail vessel the wretched Parents
> Embarked the entire burden of their hopes;
> And the *wreck — was total!*

With the sentiment here expressed, and expressed in a Christian church, many people quarrelled; amongst whom was Wordsworth. Others, standing in the same circumstances of hopeless grief, justified the whole.

Note 95. Page 396.

This is surely a very questionable position. To many persons the sickness of Orestes, exhibited with so much pathetic effect by Euripides, will appear better adapted to scenical purposes than any wound whatsoever. But *that* sickness, it will be said, was not a natural sickness; it was exalted by its connection with the

dark powers who had inflicted it, and the awful nature of the guilt which had provoked it. True ; but the wound of Philoctetes was also of a supernatural character, and ennobled by the wild grandeur of the Lernæan poison, independently of the poet's art ; so that the comparison is not an unfair one. On the other hand, with respect to the case of Meleager, referred to in the next sentence, any comparison between that and the case of Philoctetes would be an unfair one, if it were not in fact nugatory ; for the combustion of Meleager was to the full as much a wound as a constitutional disease. But waiving this, the true reason why we should be little affected by a scenical Meleager is —that the supernatural in this instance rests upon the basis of magic — a basis as aerial and as little appealing to the profundities of our nature as the supernatural of a fairy tale. Hence, if we are to take it with Lessing as a representative case of constitutional disease against wounds, it will be most unfair to oppose it to that of Philoctetes — in which, as a divine judgment inflicted through a physical agency, the supernatural rests upon the deep realities of our nature ; for the notion of a 'judgment' is common to all religions. In this respect, again, the Orestes is the fair counterpart of the Philoctetes as to the *quality* of the interest : so that, if it be equal to or superior in the *degree*, the remark of Lessing is groundless. By the way, of both the Orestes and the Philoctetes, as compared with the unsubstantial Meleager, it may be remarked that their power over the affections is held by a double tenure, — grounded equally in the natural and supernatural. They rest in part upon the religious sense, and therefore on the truths of the reason and conscience, in which the 'Dark foundations' of our nature are laid ; upon shadowy, therefore, but still the sublimest of all realities. Yet, if this basis were removed, there still remains a sufficient one in the physical facts of the two cases. The gnawing of a serpent's venom, sickness, solitude, and the sense of deep injury, are adequate to sustain the passion of the Philoctetes : and the most irreligious man, who totally rejects the supernatural, must yet (as a mere psychological truth) admit the power of a wounded conscience to produce the frenzy, the convulsions, and the phantoms which besiege the couch of Orestes.

Note 96. Page 401.

This is a very sagacious remark; and yet it may be doubted whether it is true in the extent to which Lessing here carries it. No doubt the taste of the amphitheatre would confirm and strengthen a spurious taste in tragedy. But it is probable that originally both were effects of a common cause, viz., the composition of the Roman mind. For the whole history and literature of the Romans can make it evident, that of all nations, they had the highest ideal for the grandeur of the human will in resisting passion, but the very lowest ideal for the grandeur of human passion in conflict with itself. Hence the overpowering suspicion of a Greek origin for the Atys of Catullus.

Note 97. Page 408.

As regards the expression of intense bodily torment, possibly this may be admitted; certainly in any greater latitude it is untrue.

Note 98. Page 408.

Here is a singular specimen of logic: — Necessity invented clothes; and, therefore, art can have nothing to do with drapery. On the same principle, art would have nothing to do with architecture. What is the minor proposition by which Lessing would connect his conclusion with his major? Manifestly this — that it belongs to the very idea of a fine art, as distinguished from a mechanic art, to afford the utmost range to the *free* activities of the creative faculty; so that, for instance, it would obliterate this idea if it were to pursue any end to which the understanding could point out *necessarily* the means and shortest course. This is what the understanding does with regard to a purpose of utility in a mechanic art; the means are here given, and virtually pre-exist in the end; and are unfolded by the understanding, gradually and tentatively, as respects the individual artist, but with the severest necessity as respects the object; so that, if ever the artist may seem to have any freedom, it is only so long as he mistakes his course. Such is the ellipsis of Lessing, which, however, is of no avail to his conclusion. Necessity invented dress, and to a certain extent the same necessity continues to

preside over it ; — a necessity, derived from climate and circumstances, dictates a certain texture of the dress — a necessity, derived from the human form and limbs, dictates a certain arrangement and corresponding adaptation. But thus far dress is within the province of a *mechanic* art. Afterwards, and perhaps, in a very genial climate, *not* afterwards but originally, dress is cultivated as an end *per se*, both directly for its beauty, and as a means of suggesting many pleasing ideas of rank — power — youth — sex, or profession. Cultivated for this end, the study of drapery is a *fine* art ; and a draped statue is a work not in one but in two departments of art. Neither is it true, that the sense of necessity and absolute limitation is banished from the idea of a fine art. On the contrary, this sense is indispensable as a means of resisting (and, therefore, realizing) the sense of freedom ; the freedom of a fine art is found not in the absence of restraint, but in the conflict with it. The beauty of dancing, for instance, as to one part of it, lies in the conflict between the freedom of the motion and the law of equilibrium, which is constantly threatened by it ; sometimes also in the intricacy of the figure, which is constantly tending to swerve from a law which it constantly obeys ; and sometimes in the mutual reference of two corresponding dancers or a centrical reference of the whole, where the *launch*, as it were, of the motion, and passion of the music, seem likely to impress a centrifugal tendency. Moreover, it is as inconsiderate in Lessing to suggest any opposition between the beauty of drapery and the beauty of the human form, as between the sun and the clouds, which may obscure, but may also reflect its lustre. They are not in opposition, but coalesce to a common effect ; and the fact is, that in nature neither the grace nor the majesty of the human figure is capable of being fully drawn out *except* by drapery. In part this may be owing to the fact, that we are too little familiar with the undraped figure, to be able so readily, in that state, to judge of its proportions, its attitude, or its motion ; and partly to the great power of drapery under the law of association. But in a still greater degree it is due to the original adaptation, neither accidental nor derivative, of drapery to the human figure; which is founded in some measure on its power of repeating the flowing outlines of the human figure in another and more fluent

material ; whence arises the pleasure, noticed by a philosophic critic as so extensively diffused, of similitude in dissimilitude. That drapery is not essential in sculpture, and that the highest effects of sculpture are in fact produced without it, is in some measure dependent on this very law, of the interfusion of the similar and the dissimilar ; for, in order that any effect should be felt as the *idem in altero*, it is necessary that each should be distinctly perceived ; whereas, in sculptural drapery, from the absence of shading and of coloring, the 'alterum' is not sufficiently perceived *as* an 'alterum.' There is another and a transcendent reason for the ill effects of sculptural drapery, into which the former reason merges. For why *does* sculpture reject coloring ; and why is it that just taste has always approved of the sightless eyes in statues? Manifestly, on the general and presiding law which determines the distinctions of the statuesque from the picturesque. The characteristic aim of painting is reality and life ; of sculpture, ideality and duration. Painting is sensuous and concrete ; sculpture abstract and imaginative. The *existere* and the *esse* of the metaphysicians express the two modes of being which they severally embody. Hence, perhaps, it is, that Jesus Christ has been perpetually painted, and but rarely sculptured ; for in this mysterious incarnation, this entrance of Deity within the shade of time and passion, we must recollect that the divine is the true nature of Christ, and the human is superinduced nature ; consequently it is to his human nature, as in this case the preternatural, that our attention is called. Life, therefore, or being in time — which is here the uppermost idea, fits the conception of a Christ to painting. But if the case had been reversed, and a nature originally human were supposed to have projected itself into eternity, and in some unspeakable way to have united itself with the Deity, the divine nature would, in this synthesis of two natures, have been the preternatural or superinduced, and the human nature the ground. Such a conception would be adapted to sculpture ; and some such conception is in fact embodied in the sublime head of Memnon in the British Museum, in which are united the expressions of ineffable benignity with infinite duration. But, to return from this illustration, if the sense of the enduring and the essential be thus predominant in sculpture, it then becomes plain why

a thing so accidental and so frail as drapery should tend to disturb its highest effects.

Note 99. Page 411.

'*Treated by the poet, on the contrary, they are substantial concrete persons*,' *&c.* — The subject of allegory, and its proper treatment in the arts, is too extensive and too profound to be touched upon in a note. Yet one difficulty, which perplexes many readers (and in proportion as they are thoughtful readers) of allegoric fables, &c. may here be noticed, because it is met by this distinction of Lessing. In such fables, the course of the action carries the different persons into the necessity of doing and suffering many things extra-essential to their allegorical character. Thus, for example, Charity is brought by the conduct of the story into the various accidents and situations of a traveller; Hope is represented as the object of sexual love, &c. And, in all such cases, the allegoric character is for the moment suspended in obedience to the necessities of the story. But in this there is no error. For allegoric characters, treated according to the rigor of this objection, would be volatilized into mere impersonated abstractions, which is not designed. They are meant to occupy a midway station between the absolute realities of human life, and the pure abstractions of the logical understanding. Accordingly they are represented not as mere impersonated principles, but as incarnate principles. The office and acts of a concrete being are therefore rightly attributed to them, with this restriction, however, that no function of the concrete nature is ever to obscure or to contradict the abstraction impersonated, but simply to help forward the action in and by which that abstraction is to reveal itself. There is no farther departure, therefore, in this mode of treating allegory from the naked form of mere fleshless personification, than is essential to its poetic effect. A commentary on Spenser's mode of treating allegory, at one time contemplated by Mr. Coleridge, would unfold the law and principles which govern this mode of exhibiting abstractions as applied to all the arts.

Note 100. Page 421.

A slight attention to this and other passages of Lessing would have exposed the hollowness of a notion brought forward by Dr. Darwin, with respect to the essential idea of poetry. He first directly insisted on a fancy (*theory* one cannot call it), that nothing was strictly poetic, or however not poetic κατ' ἐξοχην, except what presented a visual image. One of his own illustrations was Pope's line,

'Or Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd,'

which, according to the Doctor, was translated into poetry by reading

'Or Kennet swift, where silver graylings play.'

This notion has, in fact, in every age, been acted upon more or less consciously by writers in verse, and still governs much of the criticism which is delivered on poetry; though it was first formally propounded by Dr. Darwin. Possibly even the Doctor himself would have been disabused of his conceit, if he had been recalled by this and other passages in Lessing to the fact, that so far from being eminently, or (as he would have it) exclusively the matter of poetry, the picturesque is, in many instances, incapable of a poetic treatment. Even Lessing is too palpably infected by the error which he combats; the poetic being too frequently in his meaning nothing more than that which is clothed in a form of sensuous apprehensibility. The fact is, that no mere description, however visual and picturesque, is in any instance poetic *per se*, or except in and through the passion which presides. Among our own writers of eminent genius, who had too often submitted, if not sacrificed, the passion to picturesque beauty, one of the principal is Mr. Landor — especially in his Gebir. But this subject will be farther illustrated elsewhere.

Note 101. Page 428.

By 'prophecy *as* prophecy,' Lessing means prophecy in the meaning and from the station of the prophet, not as retrospectively contemplated by the interpreter.

Note 102. Page 434.

The word sympathy has been so much contracted in its meaning by a conversational use, that it becomes necessary to remind the reader that this is *not* a false application of it.

Note 103. Page 436.

Mrs. Barbauld has given a very pleasing sketch on this subject, in her 'Washing-Day;' but she has narrowed the interest by selecting, amongst the circumstances, the picturesque ones, to the exclusion of all those which approach to the beautiful, and also by the character of the incidents, such as the cheerless reception of the visitor; for, as the truth of such an incident belongs only to the lower, and less elegant, modes of life, it is not fitted for a general sympathy.

Note 104. Page 436.

This, for two reasons. 1st, because, whatever is useful, and merely useful, is essentially definite; being bounded and restricted by the end to which it is adapted: it cannot transcend that end; and, therefore, can never, in the least degree, partake of the illimitable: — 2d, because it is always viewed in a relation of inferiority to something beyond itself. To be useful, is to be ministerial to some end: now, the end does not exist for the sake of the means, but the means for the sake of the end. Hence, therefore, one reason why a wild animal is so much more admired than the same animal domesticated. The wild animal is useless, or viewed as such; but, on that very account, he is an end to himself: whilst the tame one is merely an instrument, or means for the ends of others. The wild turkey of America is a respectable bird, but, the 'tame villatic fowl,' of the same species in England is an object of contempt.

Note 105. Page 438.

In the '*Two Noble Kinsmen:*' The first act has been often and justly attributed to Shakspeare; but the last act is no less indisputably his, and in his very finest style.

Note 106. Page 444.

On this word *transcendental*, as most arbitrarily distinguished from the word transcendent, Mr. Coleridge says, (*Biographia Literaria*, Vol. I. p. 241,) that the distinction is 'observed by our elder divines and philosophers, whenever they express themselves *scholastically*. Dr. Johnson, indeed, has confounded the two words; but his own authorities do not bear him out.' Nothing can be more unfounded; and the best proof that it is so, lies in this — that the schoolmen themselves, whom our elder divines, &c., are here supposed to follow, never dreamed of any distinction. Neither was their use of these words, either one or other, at all akin to Kant's. In the scholastic use of the word *transcendentalis*, it was opposed to *prædicamentalis;* if two correlates, as *e. g.* Father and Son, fall under the category of Relation, they were then said to be prædicamental notions; but if the two correlates, as, *e. g.* Causa and Causatum, Subject and Adjunct, did *not* fall under that category, but transcended the limits of all the categories collectively, in that case they were said to be transcendental notions. Now, though it is true that a Kantean category and an Aristotelian category are very different things, — the latter being a mere inert abstraction or generalization, and the former a true operative *conditio sine quâ non* in the genesis of all our thoughts, — yet, so far as our present purpose requires, we may compare them by saying, that the transcendental in Kant's system, was so far from *transcending* the categories, that the transcendental, and that only, constituted the categories.

Note 107. Page 447.

Would that he had adopted the *whole* counsel given in that instance — *to sacrifice to the Graces and to Perpiscuity;* ταῖς Χάρισιν καὶ τῇ Σαφηνείᾳ.

Note 108. Page 459.

Bossuet may have been the person who first gave this notion extensive currency; and in that sense it may be properly attribu-

ted to him. Otherwise, it was used by Papists, and answered by Protestants, before Bossuet was born. See, among others, Archbishop Usher, Dr. Christopher Potter (of the age of James the First); and doubtless many scores besides. The root of the sophism came from Arnobius.

NOTE 109. Page 462.

Kant was eternally using, in his own writings, the scholastic distinction of *objective* and *subjective*; and I readily grant, not without good reason, and great benefit. Strange that he did not see how much that distinction applies to this case! The Romanists talk as though our concession, opposed to their absolute refusal of a corresponding concession, argued something *objectively* superior and more convincing in their faith; but evidently, and *before examination even*, it might be presumed quite as likely to argue only a *subjective* difference in the two parties, viz. in charity. Not any more dubious appearance of error on their part, but on ours, greater charity as to the pardonableness of all error that is merely error of the understanding, extorts from us such a concession. On this view of the case, it is clear that greater impudence and greater uncharitableness will always be sufficient to secure the imaginary triumph of the Papist, or indeed of any other partisans in any other cause. A Cartesian might say to a Newtonian, I presume you do not think me in damnable error? Certainly not, replies the Newtonian. Then take notice, rejoins the Cartesian, that your errors in my mind *are* damnable. Upon this argument, according to Kant, a man would do well to abjure his Newtonianism.

NOTE 110. Page 468.

The idea of a *theory* as it differs from that of a *hypothesis*, is much in need of rectification. Most writers use the terms indiscriminately, and with no sense of any precise difference; and others, who have such a sense, have it so vaguely developed, as to fancy that the word *hypothesis*, means a theory in a state of immaturity, or so long as it is *sub judice* and undemonstrated. But the distinction turns upon quite another hinge. The Grecian

etymology, in fact, points in each case to the true meaning. Imagine, in any science or speculation, that all the elements (*i. e.* the forces, the modes of action, the phenomena, &c.) are given; but as yet they exist to the mind as an unorganized chaos. Then steps in contemplation, or reflective survey (*Θεωρία*) to assign to them all their several places or relations; which shall be first, which middle, which last; which shall be end, which shall be means; which sub-ordinate, which co-ordinate; which force is for impulse, which for regulation; which absolute, which conditional; which purpose direct, which indirect or collateral; and so on. This introduction of organization amongst the facts or data of science is Theory. A theory, therefore, may be defined — an organic development to the understanding of the relations between the parts of any systematic whole. But in a hypothesis it is only one relation which is investigated, viz. that of dependency. A number of phenomena are given, and perhaps with no want of orderly relation amongst them; but as yet they exist without apparent basis or support. The question, therefore, is concerning a sufficient ground or cause to account for them. I therefore step in and *underlay* the phenomena with a sub-structure or *sub-position* (*Υποθεσις*) such as I think capable of supporting them. This is a hypothesis. Briefly, then, in a theory, I organize what is certain enough already, but undetermined in its relations; whereas, in a hypothesis, I assign the causality when previously it was either unknown or uncertain. For exemple, we talk properly of a *theory of combustion;* for the elements, *i. e.* the phenomena and results, are indeterminate only with regard to their reciprocal relations. But with regard to the *aurora borealis*, it is a hypothesis that we want in the first place, for the phenomena are of uncertain origin. And perhaps this hypothesis would demand, as its sequel, a theory of the whole agencies concerned; but this could not be until the causality should have been determined. Again, suppose the case of algebraical equations, here all possibility of hypothesis is excluded. But a theory is still wanted. Many theories have started from the genesis of equations first proposed by Harriot, viz. that which views the higher equations as generated by multiplication out of the lower. But perhaps a different view of their origin would lead to more comprehensive results. Hindenburg with

his disciples, Stahl, &c. have most happily applied an approved theory of combinations to this subject. I conclude with this recapitulation : — Theory is = Ordination. Hypothesis is = Substration.

Note 111. Page 475.

Grotius is one of those names which time is rapidly reducing to its just level. Two centuries ago — that is to say, soon after the publication of his *De Jure Belli et Pacis* (in the summer of 1625) — his name was unquestionably the highest literary name in Europe. More extravagant encomiums might be alleged from Lord Bacon, Thuanus, &c., in regard to him, than any modern writer. [See, in particular, a passage in Bishop Burnet's Speech in the House of Lords on Dr. Sacheverell's case.] But since then he has been wofully cut down. His edition of the Greek Dramatic Fragments, under the keen examination of exquisite modern scholars, has amply exposed his imperfect scholarship. In his work on the Evidences of Christianity, every way an attorney-like piece of special pleading, his ridiculous fable of Mahomet's Dove, which Pocock denounced, would have furnished the Mahometans with a standing handle against Christendom, had it not been omitted in the Arabic translation. His *Annals* are without historical merit. And his main work, *De Jure*, has kept its ground chiefly by means of its early possession of the ear of Europe, and also, in a considerable degree, by means of the little scraps of Latin and Greek with which, in contempt of all good composition, it is tessellated ; these, being generally short, are of the proper compass for poor scholars ; weak birds must try their wings in short flights. Take away the Greek and Latin seasoning, which (in conjunction with the laconic style) has kept the book from putrefying, all the rest is pretty equally divided between empty truisms, on one hand, and time-serving Dutch falsehoods, on the other. Had the book been really the powerful one it has been represented, it would have intercepted the extravagances of Hobbes, which commenced thirty years after. Well and truly did Grotius, when dying, lament that he had consumed a life in levities and strenuous inanities.

Note 112. Page 478.

There is no such thing in morals as a *casus necessitatis*, except in one situation, viz. in a collision between *unconditional* duties on the one side, and, on the other side, duties which, though great, are yet *conditional;* as, for example, suppose an impossibility of averting a calamity from a state, except by betraying an individual that should stand in some near relation to oneself — that of father, perhaps, or of son. Now, in this case the duty to the state is unconditional; but the duty to the individual is purely conditional; viz. subject to the condition that he shall be free of all criminal acts or designs towards the state. The denunciation, therefore, which a man might make to the magistracy, of criminal enterprises, on the part of an individual so circumstanced, though made under the heaviest shock of pain and violence to private feelings, would yet be made under an absolute compulsion — viz. a moral compulsion. But in another case, when it is affirmed of one who pushes a fellow-sufferer, in a shipwreck, from his plank, for the purpose of saving his own life — that he had acquired a right to this act by a case of necessity (viz. physical necessity) — this, I take leave to say, is utterly false. For the duty of self-preservation is a mere conditional duty, (that is subject to the condition that it shall be accomplished without guilt;) but, on the other hand, to forbear taking away the life of another, who is not offering me any injury, nay, who is not the author of that situation which puts me into any risk of losing my own life, — this is an unconditional duty. However, the teachers of general municipal law proceed quite consistently with the privilege which they concede to this self-consideration, in a case of desperate necessity. For obviously, if it were prohibited, the supreme magistrate could not connect any penalty with the prohibition, inasmuch as this penalty could be no other than death. Now, it would be an absurd law that should threaten a man with death for not voluntarily resigning himself to death in circumstances of danger. — *Note by Kant.*

Note 113. Page 479.

Here is another instance of Kant's want of reading. He speaks of Achenwall, and some nameless writers, whom he calls, con-

temptuously, 'worthy men.' But he ought to have known that Locke, Barbeyrac, Noodt, Burlamaqui, and *all* the writers on this subject of any celebrity, since the era of Locke, take the same course as his own 'worthies;' but generally with much more decision and plain-speaking.

NOTE 114. Page 479.

How deplorably weak is this remark! For, suppose that Achenwall, in the circumstances stated, would act as Mr. Kant here chooses most arbitrarily to assume, what would *that* prove, but that a particular individual was a bolder man upon paper, than under the trials of real life and of immediate danger? A very supposable thing, and which might, or might not, happen to be the result, if Mr. Achenwall were summoned to such a test; but in any case, that result could illustrate nothing but Mr. Achenwall's character or temperament — a matter surely very impertinent to the question before us. Manifestly, it could in no degree affect the doctrine under discussion. Let Mr. Achenwall behave in what way he might, we should always be entitled to reduce the whole affair to this simple dilemma: — The case imagined and stated by Achenwall either is, or is not, realized: if it is *not*, then it is impertinent and puerile to talk about it. On the other hand, if it *is*, then we know what is the conscientious decision of Achenwall, — what, as matter of duty, he would both 'sanction,' and 'counsel,' and *do*, far better and more unequivocally from his book, where he speaks, under no possible bias, from promises on the one side, or terrors on the other, than we could ever do from his actual conduct, in circumstances which might probably lay him under disturbing influences from both. What sense in appealing from that which could not be other than a sincere decision to one which, if different at all, must differ by being insincere?

NOTE 115. Page 480.

Few people, it is to be hoped, out of Germany, or rather the cloisters of German universities, will see much logical *consequence* in this 'consequently;' *i. e.* because the English constitution does not openly provide for rebellion, it must secretly reserve such a right? Had Kant, instead of speculating on this

subject, *read* a little of such works as we English allow for faithful expounders of our constitution, he would not have needed to romance in this way. But, as usual, he read nothing.

NOTE 116. Page 480.

Now, here again, had Mr. Kant condescended, (when writing upon the affairs of a foreign nation,) instead of speculating in a transcendental closet, to take the common-sense course of reading that nation's own account of its proceedings, speaking through its great political leaders, at that era, in their parliamentary debates, or speaking through its political annalists, in their secret history of parties and intrigues at that time, (such as Bishop Burnet, for instance,) or speaking through those who have since discussed the great event of the Revolution, he would have learned why, with what explanations, reserves, and temperaments, and to what extent among the ruling parties, contemporary with the case, that particular fiction of the *abdication* was adopted ; and also in what light it has been considered by constitutional critics in the century and a half which have since elapsed.

NOTE 117. Page 481.

But, if there be no contradiction in having rights with no right [observe, not with no power, but absolutely no right] to enforce them, — why might not the gentlemen of 1688, who (in Kant's opinion) secretly reserved the right to a little rebellion, say without contradiction, that the monarch, in case he should happen to violate the constitution fundamentally, had a strict right to the continued obedience of his subjects, but only no right to enforce this right?

NOTE 118. Page 482.

The general or unmathematical public are in a continual delusion about the nature of the barrier which separates us from the perfect solution of these problems. Every six months, the newspapers announce that some self-taught mathematician of original genius has succeeded in squaring the circle. Upon this, the mathematician, without troubling himself to inquire into the particular form of the man's nonsense, contents himself with laughing.

And to this laugh the non-mathematical observer replies by saying, or thinking, that *previous* to inquiry, such a contemptuous dismissal of any man's pretensions is illiberal. But now let me explain to him that it is *not* so, and why. His mistake is in supposing the difficulty to be transcended, merely a subjective difficulty: because, if that were so, he would be right in arguing that all the failures in the world could not be sufficient to preclude the hope that some day or other the thing might yet be accomplished. Not only would it be a really illiberal use of the *argumentum ad verecundiam* to forestall any man with the objection that Plato, Archimedes, Leibnitz, Euler, had not succeeded; and, therefore, what hope remained to a nameless trio? for, obviously, each of these great names might have been urged with the same invidious purpose of stifling in the birth each one in succession of the other three; but, secondly, the man might fairly protest — 'Measure the value of my talent by the discovery I offer, and not the value of my discovery by my talent wantonly and invidiously assumed;' or thirdly, he might say — 'Not as equal, still less as superior to these great men, but as standing on their shoulders, I pretend to have seen farther than they;' or, fourthly, not even needing thus much assumption, but (whilst disclaiming a *higher* station, even upon their shoulders) simply insisting on the accidental *difference* of the station from which he had contemplated the question at issue; on any one of these grounds, the candidate for the honors of discovery might roll back the burden of invidious feeling upon those who laughed at him *in limine,* were the barrier between us and the discovery of these truths merely subjective. But it is not so. The barrier is objective. it lies not in the person attempting, but in the thing attempted. And the commonest reader will understand what I mean, when I tell him, that if it were possible for the relation between the square and the circle (*i. e.* between the diameter and the circumference) to be assigned exactly, and not (as it now is) infinitely near, — the consequences would be, not merely (as he supposes) that a mind had arisen which saw what had escaped all former minds — so far all would be pure gain — but also that, for the first time, an internal war would arise in mathematics: antinomies would be established: A and non-A would be equally true: contradictory positions would co-exist; in

short, the supposed discovery would be inconsistent with existing truths. The objection, therefore, to a pretended squarer of the circle is not — ' You, sir, by adding to our knowledge in a point impregnable to others, would compel us to believe you a greater than the greatest of those we honor ; ' — But this — ' You, sir, by propounding a discovery that would unsettle the foundations of our former knowledge, oblige us to disbelieve you on the faith of that very science to which you do and must appeal.'

Note 119. Page 485.

An hereditary kingdom is not a state, which can be inherited by another state, but one whose governing rights can pass by inheritance to another physical person. But in this case the state, properly speaking, should be said to inherit a governor, not the governor *as* such, (that is, as already possessing another kingdom,) to inherit the state. — *Note of Kant.*

Note 120. Page 491.

"*The language,*" &c. : — viz., German. For it was a significant fact — significant of that great revolution in conscious dignity which, early in the eighteenth century, had begun to dawn upon the German race — that Leibnitz, the forerunner of Kant, holding the same station in philosophy for the fifty years between 1666 and 1716, which Kant held for the fifty years between 1750 and 1800, wrote chiefly in French ; and, if at any time not in French, then in Latin ; whereas Kant wrote almost exclusively in German. And why ? Simply because all the sovereign princes in Germany, that found nothing amiss in German dollars and crowns, drew their little Aulic machineries in so servile a spirit of mimicry from France, that the very breath of their nostrils was the foul, heated atmosphere of Versailles, "laid on" (as our water companies say) at second-hand for German use. The air of German forests which once Arminius had found good enough, the language of Germany that Luther had made resonant as a trumpet of resurrection — these were not superfine enough for the *Serenissimi* of Germany. Even Fritz the unique (*Friederich der Einziger*), which was the German name, the caressing name, for the man whom in England we

call the *great* king of Prussia, the hero of the Seven Years' War, the friend and also the enemy of Voltaire, in this respect was even more abject than his predecessors. But, if he did not alter, Germany *did*. The great power and compass of the German language, which the vilest of anti-national servilities obscured to the eyes of those that occupy thrones, had gradually revealed themselves to the popular mind of Germany, as it advanced in culture. And thence it happened that Kant's writings were almost exclusively in German; or, if in any case *not* in German, then in Latin, but Latin only upon an academic necessity. This prosperity, however, of the German language proved the misfortune of Kant's philosophy. For many years *his* philosophy was accessible only to those who read German, an accomplishment exceedingly rare down to the era of Waterloo; or, if in any quarter *not* rare (as amongst the travelling agents of great commercial houses that exported to Germany, and amongst the clerks of bankers), not likely to be disposable for purposes of literature or philosophy. Since then, Kant has been translated into Latin — viz., by Born, whose version I have not seen; and, as respects Kant's cardinal work, admirably by Phiseldek, a Danish Professor; and it is possible by others unknown to myself. He has also been translated into English; but, if the slight fragment once communicated to myself were at all a fair representative specimen of the prevailing style, not in such English as could have much chance of winning a favorable audience. To do *that*, however, it may be said, would be beyond all powers that ever yet were lodged in *any* language wielded by *any* artist. And, if so, does it not seem invidious to tax this particular version, however unskilful, with a failure that must for all substantial results have attended any possible version, though in the highest degree judicious and masterly? I answer, that no doubt mere skill in the treatment of language could not avail to popularize a philosophy essentially obscure. Popular the Transcendental Philosophy cannot be. That is not its destiny. But, in those days, when as yet German was a sealed language, a judicious version might have availed to disarm this philosophy of all that is likely to prove offensive at first sight. The few who in any nation are capable of mastering it might have been conciliated; at any rate, they did not need to find anything *vrimâ facie* repulsive, or gratuitously repulsive in its diction;

and, here as in other cases, these few would gradually have diffused much of what was chiefly valuable amongst the many. Were it only as to logic and as to ethics, there would have arisen the benefits of a new and severer legislation. Logic, with its proper field and boundaries more rigorously ascertained, would have reëntered upon its rights; renouncing a jurisdiction *not* its own, it would have wielded with more authority and effect that which *is*. And ethics, braced up into stoical vigor by renouncing all effeminate dallyings with *Eudæmonism*, would indirectly have coöperated with the sublime ideals of Christianity.

Note 121. Page 491.

"*Exclusively practical:*" — At the time when this was written, it might be regarded as nearer to the truth than now, and so far less needing an apology. But, on closer consideration, I doubt whether at any period this were true in the degree assumed by rash popular judgments. The speculative philosophy of England has at all times tended to hide itself in theology. In her divinity lurks her philosophy. For more than three centuries, the divinity of England has formed a magnificent section in the national literature. In reality there are but two learned churches in the world — not more, therefore, than two systematic theologies — first, the Papal; secondly, amongst Protestant churches, the Anglican. But is there not also the German? Yes, there is also a German theology, and *has* been any time these forty years. And with respect to this, which styles itself (upon mixed motives of cowardice and self-interest) a *Protestant* theology, it is quite sufficient to say, that it presents no *unity* of any kind, good or bad. It is a distracted, fragmentary thing; without internal cohesion; offering no systematic whole; starting from no avowed creed, and controlled by no common principles of interpretation. But is it not a learned theology; and, secondly, a Protestant theology? As to the first question, any candid man will answer by distinguishing — if philology, and *that* alone, were equal to the task of building up a systematic divinity — then is the German in a supreme degree learned. But I deny that the enormous labors of three and a-half centuries, accumulated by our Anglican Church, by the Gallican Church, by various branches of the Romish Church more

strictly Papal, can be resolved into mere philology. All studies connected with language having become in our day more critically exact, and with great advantages for accurate research, so far the German is seen under a favorable light. But, in the mean time, its labors of thought and far-stretching meditative collation are as children's play, by comparison with the colossal contributions of our own heroic workmen in that field. As to the second question, the answer is short and peremptory. Is it not Protestant? No; *sans phrase*, no. Neither could it ever have been fancied such, unless under the following fallacy. The characteristic principle of Protestantism is supposed to be the right of private judgment: without scruple, therefore, it is usual to say, all Protestants exercise the right of private judgment. Upon which comes some German, who reverses the rule — saying, all men, exercising the right of private judgment, are Protestants. Under that courteous indulgence, German theology *is* Protestant, for assuredly there is no want of private judgment or audacity. But, in the mean time, the value or efficacy of such a designation has exhaled into smoke. *That* cannot be Protestant which assumes by fits all possible relations to all conceivable subjects. It is enough to say, that the German theology is altogether at sea, drifting in any chance direction, according to the impulse which it receives: sometimes obedient to a random caprice in the individual writer, sometimes to a momentary fashion of thought in the age. It presents almost as many incoherent theologies as there are of individual authors. And finally, under any feud and schism, there is no recognized court (I speak figuratively, meaning no intellectual tribunal) for arbitration or appeal.

Note 122. Page 492.

By the paternal side, the family of Kant was of Scotch derivation; and hence it is that the name was written by Kant, the father, *Cant* — that being a Scotch name, and still to be found in Scotland. But Immanuel, though he always cherished his Scotch descent, substituted a *K* for a *C*, in order to adapt it better to the analogies of the German language.

Note 123. Page 493.

To this circumstance we must attribute its being so little known amongst the philosophers and mathematicians of foreign

countries, and also the fact that D'Alembert, whose philosophy was miserably below his mathematics, many years afterwards still continued to represent the dispute as a verbal one.

Note 124. Page 493.

"*The first germs:*" — Such, I believe, is the prevailing phrase, but in reality much more than germs. To me this memorable essay seems rather to resemble an abstract of the "Kritik der Reinen Vernunft," from a dim recollection of it, than a foreshadowing of its outline by any effort of imperfect preconception.

Note 125. Page 496.

This was no rule of Lord Chesterfield's, but a rule bequeathed to us by the classical ages of Greece. Not happening, however, to remember this, and looking out for some suitable person to invest with the paternity of so graceful a formula, the German writer showed his judgment in fixing upon Lord Chesterfield; for, though *not* his, the *mot* is really not better than many that *are:* it ought to be his.

Note 126. Page 497.

His reason for which was, that he considered the weather one of the principal forces which act upon the health; and his own frame was exquisitely sensible to all atmospheric influences.

Note 127. Page 497.

Something is said or insinuated, by some of the contributors to this record, about second courses. But, in strict truth, when speaking of so humble a *menage* as that of any scholar possessing no private fortune, or (like Kant) none beyond that modest one of about £4,000 sterling, which forty years of frugality had won from the narrow appointments of his academic office, one is obliged to recollect that anything whatever in the shape of a *remove* will stand good for a technical "*course.*" I knew a man who presented his guests with a plate of water-cresses and radishes, as what he called a third course, and two kinds of biscuits as a *fourth.* Meantime, I have myself drawn from a private source some information (liable to no doubt whatsoever) which would partially set aside the reports of Wasianski and Rink.

Do I therefore allow myself to question the veracity of these gentlemen? Not at all. The mere triviality of the whole case is a sufficient guarantee of their accuracy. But of necessity they (one as much as the other) spoke to a particular period — a month, or a year. My two informants spoke to far different periods — differing by five and nine years from the period of Wasianski, and each from the other differing by four. These two informants (one of them an Englishman, long settled as a merchant at Königsberg) described to me a dinner in all its circumstantial features. The sum of their information was, that in those days Kant's dinners, if at all of the festival class commemorating any interesting event, were long and loitering, as indeed all dinners ought to be which minister to colloquial pleasures as their primary objects. They lasted through three or four hours; and the dishes were not placed on the table at all, but were handed round one by one in succession. On this plan it was out of the question to talk of courses. People leaned back in their chairs, as at any aristocratic dinner in England, for half-hours together, simply conversing, and recurring only at intervals to the business of eating, when any dish happened to be offered which specially attracted the particular guest.

Note 128. Page 499.

And even with a searching spirit of skepticism, for which all the journals in central Europe (as then conducted) furnished but too much justification. In none of the German States was there, nor could there have been, either illumination to discern, or freedom to choose. The French Revolution had suddenly begun to rock, like a succession of earthquakes, beneath and round about all thrones. Awful chasms in the midst of portentous gloom, equally uncertain for their extent and their direction, seemed opening and yawning beneath men's feet. And at a time when the kings of Christendom could rationally have faced the new-born dreadful republic on the Seine in no rational spirit of hope, but such as rested on fraternal alliance and absolute good faith, most of them were perfidiously undermining, by secret intrigues for purely selfish objects, those great military confederacies on which ostensibly they relied. Prussia, above all, in the very noon of her aggressive movements against France, and in the mid ravings of her hellish menaces against

Paris (such as furnished but too colorable a plea to the atrocities that subsequently turned France into a butcher's shambles), was playing the traitress to her engagements from the first — fixing her hungry eye upon the approaching wrecks of Poland; and in captivity to this fierce vulture instinct, as if scenting continually the odor of distant carrion in the East, altogether overlooking her great military interests in the West, so perilously confided to the Duke of Brunswick. To the stern integrity of Kant, all such double-dealing was hateful. That it should be imputed to his own country, grieved him profoundly. Personally he was known to the reigning King of Prussia; had been treated by that prince with distinguished consideration; and thus had an *extra* motive for refusing at first to read the signs of the Prussian policy as many others read them. But he was too sagacious not to suspect them; and the evidences of this deep treachery, which laid the foundation for suffering so incalculable to all the states of Christendom, but to none so much as to Prussia herself from 1806 to 1813, finally became irresistible.

NOTE 129. Page 499.

To which the author should have added — and in regard to the hiatus between the planetary and cometary systems, which was pointed out by Kant several years before his conjecture was established by the good telescope of Dr. Herschel. Vesta and Juno, further confirmations of Kant's conjecture, were discovered in June, 1804, when Wasianski wrote.

NOTE 130. Page 501.

Mr. Wasianski is wrong. To pursue his meditations under these circumstances might perhaps be an inclination of Kant's to which he yielded, but not one which he would justify or erect into a maxim. He disapproved of eating alone, or *solipsismus convictorii*, as he calls it, on the principle that a man would be apt, if not called off by the business and pleasure of a social party, to think too much or too closely — an exercise which he considered very injurious to the stomach during the first process of digestion. On the same principle he disapproved of walking or riding alone — the double exercise of thinking and bodily agitation, carried on at the same time, being likely, as he conceived, to press too hard upon the stomach.

Note 131. Page 505.

This appears less extraordinary, considering the description of Kant's person, given originally by Reichardt, about eight years after his death. "Kant," says this writer, "was dryer than dust both in body and mind. His person was small; and possibly a more meagre, arid, parched anatomy of a man has not appeared upon this earth. The upper part of his face was grand — forehead lofty and serene, nose elegantly turned, eyes brilliant and penetrating; but below it expressed powerfully the coarsest sensuality, which in him displayed itself by immoderate addiction to eating and drinking." This last feature of his temperament is here expressed much too harshly. There were but two things on earth — viz., coffee and tobacco — for which Kant had an immoderate liking; and from both of those, under some notion that they were unwholesome, it is notorious that generally he abstained. By the way, Kant's indisposition to perspire, taken in connection with his exquisite health, may serve perhaps to refute (or, at least, to throw strong doubts upon) a dark fancy, which has been sometimes insinuated as to the misery which desolated the life of Cowper the poet. I knew personally several of Cowper's nearest friends and relatives — one of whom, by the way, a brilliant and accomplished barrister, with a splendid fortune, shot himself under no other impulse than that of pure *ennui*, or *tædium vitæ*, or, in fact, furious rebellion against the odious monotony of life. *Tædet me harum quotidianarum formarum:* this was his outcry. Ah, wherefore should Thursday be such a servile *fac-simile* of Wednesday? This, however, argued a taint of insanity in the family. But, said some people, that taint (presuming it to exist) rested upon the incapacity of perspiring. Cowper could not perspire. This I know to be a fact; and connecting it with Cowper's constitutional tendency to *mania*, one might fancy the one peculiarity to be the cause of the other. But, on the other hand, here is Kant equally non-perspiring, who never betrayed any tendency to mania.

Note 132. Page 508.

This theory was afterwards greatly modified in Germany; and, judging from the random glances which I throw on these

subjects, I believe that in this recast it still keeps its ground in that country.

Note 133. Page 508.

It seems singular, but in fact illustrates perhaps the dominion of chance and accident in distributing so unequally and disproportionately the attention of learned inquirers to important and suggestive novelties; and in part also it proclaims the very imperfect diffusion in those days, through scientific journals, of useful discoveries — that, in the treatment of *fevers*, Kant seems never to have heard of the "*cold-water affusion*" introduced by Dr. Currie; nor again of the revolutionary principles applied by Dr. Kentish and others to the treatment of *burns*. Dr. Beddoes, who married a sister of Miss Edgeworth's, and was the father of Beddoes, the poet (a man of real genius), Kant had heard of, and regarded with much interest. In which there was an unconscious justice. For Dr. Beddoes read extensively amongst German literature in the first decennium of this century, when a few dozens composed the entire body of such students in Great Britain. *He* was, in fact, the first man who uttered the name of Jean Paul Richter in an English book; as I myself was the first (December, 1821) who gave in English a specimen of Richter's style. (It was a chance extract, such as I could command at the time, from his "Flegel-jahre.") Beddoes, meantime, an offset from the school (if school it could be called) of the splendid Erasmus Darwin, Kant knew and admired. But Darwin, the leader in this freethinking school, Kant had not apparently ever heard of.

Note 134. Page 509.

Kant, in his primary objections to the vaccine inoculation, will be confounded with Dr. Rowley, and other anti-vaccine fanatics. But this ought not to hide from us, that, in his inclination to regard vaccination as no more than a *temporary* guarantee against small-pox, Kant's sagacity has been largely justified by the event. It is now agreed that vaccination, as an *absolute* guarantee against the natural small-pox, ought to be repeated every seven years.

Note 135. Page 510.

Mr. Wasianski is quite in the wrong here. If the hindrances which Nature presented to the act of thinking were now on the increase, on the other hand, the disposition to think, by his own acknowledgment, was on the wane. The power and the habit altering in proportion, there is no case made out of that disturbed equilibrium to which apparently he would attribute the headaches. But the fact is, that, if he had been as well acquainted with Kant's writings as with Kant personally, he would have known that some affection of the head of a spasmodic kind was complained of by Kant at a time when nobody could suspect him of being in a decaying state.

Note 136. Page 512.

How this happened to be the case in Germany Mr. Wasianski has not explained. Perhaps the English merchants at Königsberg, being amongst Kant's oldest and most intimate friends, had early familiarized him to the practice of drinking tea and to other English tastes. However, Jachmann tells us (p. 164) that Kant was extravagantly fond of coffee, but forced himself to abstain from it under a notion that it was very unwholesome; but whether on any other separate ground beyond that of its tendency to defraud men of sleep, is not explained. A far better reason for abstaining from coffee, than any visionary fancies about its insalubrity, rests in England upon the villainous mode of its preparation. In respect to cookery, and every conceivable culinary process, the English (and in exaggerated degree the Scotch) are the most uncultured of the human race. It was an old saying of a sarcastic Frenchman on visiting that barbarous city of London (foremost upon earth for many great qualities, but the most barbarous upon earth (except Edinburgh and Glasgow) for all culinary arts) — "Behold!" said the Frenchman, 'a land where they have sixty religions" (alluding to the numerous subdivisions of Protestant dissent), "and only one sauce." Now this was a fib: for, wretched as England is and ever was in this respect, she could certainly count twenty-five. But, meantime, what would the Frenchman have thought of Scotland, that absolutely has not one? Even to this day, the horrible fish, called *haddy* throughout Scotland, is eaten without

any sauce whatever; by which means its atrocities are made ten times more distinguishably atrocious.

Note 137. Page 524.

Wasianski here returns thanks to some unknown person, who, having observed that Kant in his latter walks took pleasure in leaning against a particular wall to view the prospect, had caused a seat to be fixed at that point for his use.

Note 138. Page 525.

Mr. Wasianski says *late* in summer; but, as he elsewhere describes, by the same expression of "late in summer," a day which was confessedly *before* the longest day, and as the multitude of birds which continued to sing will not allow us to suppose that the summer could be very far advanced, I have translated accordingly.

Note 139. Page 528.

For Kant's particular complaint, as described by other biographers, a quarter of a grain of opium every twelve hours would have been the best remedy, perhaps a perfect remedy.

Note 140. Page 530.

Who these worthy people were that criticized Kant's eating is not mentioned. They could have had no opportunity of exercising their abilities on this question except as hosts, guests, or fellow-guests; and in any of those characters, a gentleman, one would suppose, must feel himself degraded by directing his attention to a point of that nature. However, the merits of the case stand thus between the parties: Kant, it is agreed by all his biographers, ate only once a day; for, as to his breakfast, it was nothing more than a very weak infusion of tea (vide "Jachmann's Letters," p. 163), with no bread or eatable of any kind. Now, his critics, by general confession, ate their way, from "morn to dewy eve," through the following course of meals: 1. Breakfast early in the morning; 2. Breakfast *à la fourchette* about 10 A. M.; 3. Dinner at one or two; 4. Vesper Brod; 5. Abend Brod; all which does really seem a very fair allowance for a man who means to lecture upon abstinence at night. But I shall cut this matter short by stating one plain fact: there

were two things, and no more, for which Kant had an inordinate craving during his whole life — these were tobacco and coffee; and from both these he abstained almost altogether, merely under a sense of duty, resting probably upon erroneous grounds. Of the first he allowed himself a very small quantity (and every body knows that temperance is a more difficult virtue than abstinence); of the other none at all, until the labors of his life were accomplished.

Note 141. Page 530.

The English reader will here be reminded of Wordsworth's exquisite stanza: —

> "But we are press'd by heavy laws;
> And often, glad no more,
> We wear a *face* of joy, because
> We have been glad of yore."

Note 142. Page 531.

In this, as in many other things, the taste of Kant was entirely English and Roman; as, on the other hand, some eminent Englishmen, I am sorry to say, have, on this very point, shown the effeminacy and *falsetto* taste of the Germans. In particular, Mr. Coleridge, describing, in "The Friend," the custom amongst German children of making presents to their parents on Christmas eve (a custom which he unaccountably supposes to be peculiar to Ratzeburg), represents the mother as "weeping aloud for joy," the old idiot of a father with "tears running down his face," etc.; and all for what? For a snuffbox, a pencil case, or some article of jewelry. Now, we English agree with Kant on such maudlin display of stage sentimentality, and are prone to suspect that papa's tears are the product of rum punch. Tenderness let us have by all means, and the deepest you can imagine, but upon proportionate occasions, and with causes fitted to justify it and sustain its dignity.

Note 143. Page 534.

To whom it appears that Kant would generally reply, upon their expressing the pleasure it gave them to see him, "In me you behold a poor superannuated, weak old man."

Note 144. Page 535.

"*Present:*" — *i. e.*, that Lord Liverpool who was struck by paralysis when Prime Minister to George IV., and has now, for nearly thirty years, been described as *the late* Lord Liverpool.

Note 145. Page 536.

Mr. W. here falls into the ordinary mistake of confounding the cause and the occasion, and would leave the impression that Kant (who from his youth up had been a model of temperance) died of sensual indulgence. The cause of Kant's death was clearly the general decay of the vital powers, and in particular the atony of the digestive organs, which must soon have destroyed him under any care or abstinence whatever. This was the cause. The accidental occasion, which made that cause operative on the 7th of October, might or might not be what Mr. W. says. But, in Kant's burdensome state of existence, it could not be a question of much importance whether his illness were to commence in an October or a November.

Note 146. Page 539.

Physical geography, in opposition to *political*.

Note 147. Page 548.

"*That I should kiss him:*" — The pathos which belongs to such a mode of final valediction is dependent altogether for its effect upon the contrast between itself and the prevailing tone of manners amongst the society where such an incident occurs. In some parts of the Continent, there prevailed during the last century a most effeminate practice amongst *men* of exchanging kisses as a regular mode of salutation on meeting after any considerable period of separation. Under such a standard of manners, the farewell kiss of the dying could have no special effect of pathos. But in nations so inexorably manly as the English, any act, which for the moment seems to depart from the usual standard of manliness, becomes exceedingly impressive when it recalls the spectator's thoughts to the mighty power which has been able to work such a revolution — the power of death in its final agencies. The brave man has ceased to be in any exclusive sense a man; he has become an infant in his weakness; he

has become a woman in his craving for tenderness and pity. Forced by agony, he has laid down his sexual character, and retains only his generic character of a human creature. And he that is manliest amongst the bystanders, is also the readiest to sympathize with this affecting change. Ludlow, the parliamentary general of horse, a man of iron nerves, and peculiarly hostile to all scenical displays of sentiment, mentions, nevertheless, in his Memoirs, with sympathizing tenderness, the case of a cousin — that, when lying mortally wounded on the ground, and feeling his life to be rapidly welling away, entreated his relative to dismount "and kiss him." Everybody must remember the immortal scene on board the Victory, at four P. M., on October 21, 1805, and the farewell, "*Kiss me, Hardy!*" of the mighty admiral. And here again, in the final valediction of the stoical Kant, we read another indication, speaking oracularly from dying lips of natures the sternest, that the last necessity — that call which survives all others in men of noble and impassioned hearts — is the necessity of love, is the call for some relenting caress, such as may stimulate for a moment some phantom image of female tenderness in an hour when the actual presence of females is impossible.

NOTE 148. Page 549.

"*It is enough:*" — The cup of life, the cup of suffering, is drained. For those who watch, as did the Greek and the Roman, the deep meanings that oftentimes hide themselves (without design and without consciousness on the part of the utterer) in trivial phrases, this final utterance would have seemed intensely symbolic.

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